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CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

III.—WRAITHS; OR, PHANTASMS OF THE DYING.

THE telepathic explanation of phantasms of the living, of which a few examples were given in our last number, would seem to be in general the most reasonable one, and perhaps the only admissible one as yet proposed, if *all* such phantasms are to be explained in the same way. For a purely mental idea, or an imaginary one (in which a picture simply of the "mind's eye" is transferred from agent to percipient), or an auditory phantasm (like that of Mr. Fryer), can hardly be accounted for on any other hypothesis. But for visual phantasms there is, as noted in our last article, another theory, which probably occurs first to most persons considering the subject. This theory is that in some mysterious way an objective reality, formed possibly out of the ether supposed to fill space, is produced by the agent near the percipient, and seen by the latter with the ordinary mechanism of the eye. It is quite conceivable that this objective reality may be invisible to one person, though plainly seen by another; or, in other words, that the percipient's eye may be in a condition to see it, while an eye (even his own) in its ordinary state would not. Such, for example, would be the case if the rays proceeding from the

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phantasm were in the ultra-violet region of the spectrum, and the percipient's eye had for the time an extra sensitiveness, enabling it to perceive such high-toned vibrations.

The only way in which this theory could be fairly well shown to be the true one in any particular case, would be a photographic one. Telepathy is hardly conceived of as affecting a gelatine or collodion plate. If, then, a phantasm should ever actually be photographed, the conclusion would certainly be reasonable that there was something there to photograph. But the mere simultaneous vision of the same phantasm to various persons would be a very poor basis, simply in itself, for such a conclusion. For it would have to be shown that the phantasm presented the appearance that a real object or person would have from their various points of view; if it appeared full face (for instance) to any two of them seeing it in different directions, this would be fatal to the theory of objective reality. The only approach to a demonstration of this theory by the experience of actual vision would be the fulfilment of this condition of the different aspects, as seen by at least three persons, and the meeting of their lines of sight, as determined by the background, at one common point. But it is practically impossible that such conditions can be fulfilled. And though it certainly is not impossible that a photograph of a phantasm can ever be secured, we are not aware of any case in which it has been. Of course there are plenty of so-called ghost photographs; but in them we think that the ghost has not been visible to any one at the time its picture was supposed to be taken; and, moreover, as far as evidence to any one but the photographer himself is concerned, such photographs labor under an unavoidable suspicion of "faking," as every one knows that it is extremely easy to produce this "ghost" effect. What is wanted is to have a ghost which is visible (to several persons at once, if the ghost will be so kind), and to have a kodak ready at the moment.

We may then consider this "objective reality" theory as comparatively improbable, till time may verify it by photography, or perhaps in some other way. It is one, however, not to be simply ridiculed; it cannot be altogether disproved; and it is well worth investigation. We shall see some positive arguments for it later, especially in the case of ghosts properly so-called, or phantasms of the dead.

Let us pass now to the special subject of this article, that of phantasms of the dying, or "wraiths." The word "wraith" is defined by Webster as "an apparition of a person in his exact likeness, seen before death, or a little after." In popular use, as he notes, it has come to have a wider and less exact meaning, and to signify any kind of apparition; just as the word "cyclone" is used by people generally to mean a violent storm, the same as "hurricane" or "tornado"; whereas, properly speaking, a "cyclone" may be accompanied by very little rain or wind. Webster gives its correct definition. It is a pity that words get their corners rubbed off in this way, but it seems unavoidable.

The definition of "wraith" given above, however, is not quite as exact as it should be. As it stands, it would cover the phantasms of the living, already discussed. Instead of saying "before death, or a little after," it would seem better to say, "a little before or after death, or at the very moment of death." Furthermore, there seems to be no need of restricting the term to visible apparitions, as seems to be intended. There may be auditory phantasms of those near death, as well as visual ones, and they may as well be called by the same general name.

Indeed it is not improbable that auditory wraiths, if we may use the word in this sense, are more common than visual ones. The present writer happens to be well acquainted with two persons, of more than ordinary intelligence, and not at all imaginative or superstitious, who have had an experience of this kind. Both heard moaning sounds, as of a person near death, and recognized the voice of one well known to them (in one case a brother, in the other an intimate friend), not known at the time to be dying, and located some three thousand miles away. News arriving later showed that the persons heard in this way were actually dying at the time. It is probable that this sort of experience is not very exceptional. But as it is, of course, less startling than that of a visible phantasm, it is not so likely to seem, even to the subjects of it, worth putting into print.

But visible wraiths are not so very uncommon as some may suppose. They are, we think, more common than genuine phantasms of the living, or of the dead. It has, indeed, been statistically established by the Psychical Society that apparitions of the dying, or of those recently dead, are much more frequently reported than those of such as have been dead for a long time. Of course the sceptical will say that imagination is more active with regard to those known to be seriously ill, or recently deceased, than it is about those who are more probably forgotten or seldom thought of. But an examination of the actual facts will show that this explanation is hardly sufficient.

In the first place we have, in the lives of the saints, instances tending to show (at least to Catholics) a special tendency to their appearance just at the time of leaving this world, as is reported in the case of St. Scholastica, as seen by St. Benedict, in that of St. Benedict himself, of St. Francis of Assisi, of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, of St. Catharine of Genoa, and others.

An instance, which seems to be very similar to these, is to be found in Part VI. of the Proceedings of the Society, and is of so interesting a character that it may be well to give the greater part of it word for word. It was reported to the Society by Miss K. M. Weld, of the Lodge, Lymington, one of the two original witnesses, and is as follows:

> Philip Weld was the youngest son of Mr. James Weld, of Archers Lodge, near Southampton, and a nephew of the late Cardinal Weld. (The chief seat of that ancient family is Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire.)
>
> He was sent by his father, in 1842, to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, for his education. He was a well-conducted, amiable boy, and much beloved by his masters and fellow-students.
>
> It happened that on April 16, 1845, it was a playday (or whole holiday), and some of the boys went out on a boating expedition upon the River Ware.
>
> On the morning of that day Philip had been to Holy Communion at the early Mass (having just finished his retreat), and in the afternoon, accompanied by one of the masters and some of his companions, went to boat on the river, which was a sport he enjoyed much.
>
> When one of the masters remarked that it was time to return to the college, Philip begged to have one row more; the master consented, and they rowed to the accustomed turning-point.
>
> On arriving there, in turning the boat, Philip accidentally

fell out into a very deep part of the river, and, notwithstanding every effort that was made to save him, was drowned.

His corpse was brought back to the college, and the Very Rev. Dr. Cox (the president) was immensely shocked and grieved; he was very fond of Philip, but what was most dreadful to him was to have to break the sad news to the boy's parents. He scarcely knew what to do, whether to write by post or to send a messenger.

At last he made up his mind to go himself to Mr. Weld, at Southampton. He set off the same afternoon, and, passing through London, reached Southampton the next day, and drove from thence to Archers Lodge, the residence of Mr. Weld; but before entering the grounds he saw Mr. Weld at a short distance from his gate, walking towards the town.

Dr. Cox immediately stopped the carriage, alighted, and was about to address Mr. Weld, when he prevented him by saying:

"You need not say one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter, Katherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing on the path, on the opposite side of the turnpike road, between two persons, one of whom was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed: 'O papa! did you ever see anything so like Philip as that is?' 'Like him,' I answered, 'why, it is him.' Strange to say, my daughter thought nothing of the circumstance, beyond that we had seen an extraordinary likeness of her brother. We walked on towards these three figures. Philip was looking, with a smiling, happy expression of countenance, at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they all seemed to me to have vanished; I saw nothing but a countryman, whom I had before seen *through* the three figures, which gave me the impression that they were spirits. I, however, said nothing to any one, as I was fearful of alarming my wife. I looked out anxiously for the post the following morning. To my delight, no letter came. I forgot that letters from Ware came in the afternoon, and my fears were quieted, and I thought no more of the extraordinary circumstance until I saw you in the carriage outside my gate. Then everything returned to my mind, and I could not feel a doubt that you came to tell me of the death of my dear boy."

The reader may imagine how inexpressibly astonished Dr. Cox was at these words. He asked Mr. Weld if he had ever

> before seen the young man in the black robe at whom Philip was looking with such a happy smile. Mr. Weld answered that he had never before seen him, but that his countenance was so indelibly impressed on his mind that he was certain he should have known him at once anywhere.
>
> Dr. Cox then related to the afflicted father all the circumstances of his son's death, which had taken place at the very hour in which he appeared to his father and sister; and they felt much consolation on account of the placid smile Mr. Weld had remarked on the countenance of his son, as it seemed to indicate that he had died in the grace of God, and was, consequently, happy.
>
> Mr. Weld went to the funeral of his son, and as he left the church, after the sad ceremony, looked round to see if any of the religious at all resembled the young man he had seen with Philip, but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them.

For brevity, we will give merely the substance of the rest of Miss Weld's narrative; which tells us that Mr. Weld subsequently identified the face of the young man in a picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka, which he happened to see at the parish priest's house, when on a visit to his brother, Mr. George Weld, at Seagram Hall, in Lancashire. This naturally added to the consolation which he had felt on seeing the happy expression of his son's face.

The interpretation which would naturally be given by a Catholic reader, of the very remarkable occurrence just related (and which is apparently fully confirmed by Miss Weld, as far as the original vision and its likeness to her brother is concerned), is quite evident. We should be inclined to regard it simply as a vision of the real Philip Weld himself, accompanied by St. Stanislaus and probably some other saint, granted in some mysterious way to his father and sister, for their consolation. But it is also very plain that telepathy may also be considered as giving an explanation of it. If it is possible for a person in full health to produce a telepathic phantasm of himself in the optic nerve or the brain of some other person, there is no reason why he should not be even better able to do so at the moment of death, when the desire to manifest himself in some way to that other person might be specially strong. It is, however, true that it does not usually seem that one is able to produce also a phantasm of some other person either separately, or together with his own. The triple phantasm of the case just given is an exception to the usual rule. But if it is possible for an "agent" to produce, by the effort of thought-transference, a mental image, and perhaps really a visual one, of a diagram or drawing of any kind, or of some material object, in the mind of a "percipient," which we have seen to be a fact fairly well established by experiment, why should it not be also possible to produce in the percipient's mind an image, though purely a mental one in the agent, especially if that image is strongly fixed in that agent by frequent actual vision and memory?

If then, in this particular case, Philip, knowing that he was drowning, recommended himself to St. Stanislaus, and invoked his aid, forming in his mind a representation of the saint from the very picture which his father saw later on, and which, though not familiar to him, may well have been so to Philip himself, it seems possible that this image may have been united with Philip's own in the telepathic phantasm transmitted to his father and sister.

It may be remarked, in favor of the telepathic theory in this case, that the figures seen by Mr. Weld are expressly stated by him to have been transparent, that of the countryman having been seen *through* them. Transparency, as previously noted, would naturally be a characteristic of the telepathic image.

The following case (also from the "Proceedings") is specially interesting, from the circumstances, which seem to make an imaginary apparition of any kind very improbable, also from the precise coincidence of the times of apparition and death. It is from a physician, Dr. Rowland Bowstead, of Caistor, who says, moreover, that he has never experienced any other hallucination. He says:

> In September, 1847, I was playing at a cricket match, and took the place of long-field. A ball was driven in my direction which I ought to have caught but missed it, and it rolled towards a low hedge; I and another lad ran after it. When I got near the hedge I saw the apparition of my brother-in-law, who was much endeared to me, over the hedge, dressed in a shooting suit, with a gun on his arm; he smiled and waved his hand at me. I called the attention of the other

> boy to it; but he did not see it, though he looked in the same direction. When I looked again, the figure had vanished. I, feeling very sad at the time, went up to my uncle and told him of what I had seen; he took out his watch and noted the time, just 10 minutes to 1 o'clock. Two days after I received a letter from my father informing me of the death of my brother-in-law, which took place at 10 minutes to 1. His death was singular, for on that morning he said he was much better and thought he should be able to shoot again. Taking up his gun, he turned round to my father, asking him if he had sent for me, as he particularly wished to see me. My father replied the distance was too far and expense too great to send for me, it being over 100 miles. At this he put himself in a passion, and said he would see me in spite of them all, for he did not care for expense or distance. Suddenly a blood-vessel on his lungs burst, and he died at once. He was at the time *dressed in a shooting suit, and had his gun on his arm.* I knew he was ill, but a letter from my father previous to the time I saw him told me he was improving, and that he might get through the winter; but his disease was consumption, and he had bleeding from the lungs three months before his death.
>
> ROWLAND BOWSTEAD, M.D.

The italics above are ours. The coincidence of the real man and the apparition, in dress, seems very remarkable, as he had been sick and apparently not likely, in the mind of the percipient, to be so attired. And surely the moment of the apparition, just after the boy percipient had "muffed" a ball, was about the least favorable that could be imagined for ghost-seeing. His ideas at the moment would naturally be a mixture of disgust at his error and eagerness to retrieve it. It is also quite plain, as in the previous case, that the time of day was not one popularly considered probable for apparitions.

The case, however, seems to give a special support to the telepathic theory. Just before the death of the agent, he is possessed by a violent determination to see the percipient, to whom he was much attached; and an emotion of this kind seems to be a strong factor in telepathic transmission.

The next case which we will give is from Mr. Myers' book, already referred to, quoted from *Phantasms of the Living*. The account is somewhat long, but seems very well attested, and is specially remarkable on account of the persistence in time, and also apparently in place, of the phantasm. It is from Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N. B., and is as follows:

> I was at home for my holidays, and residing with my father and mother, not here, but at another old family place in Mid-Lothian, built by an ancestor in Mary Queen of Scots' time, called Inveresk House. My bedroom was a curious old room, long and narrow, with a window at one end of the room and a door at the other. I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, Lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him; and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him, he must let me know by appearing to me in my room, where we had often as boys together sat at night and indulged in a surreptitious pipe and chat. This letter (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the Sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the fact to me. Having done this, he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of the company falling, took his place, and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him on the right temple and he fell amongst heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or rather he fell, though he may not have died immediately, on the 8th of September, 1855.
>
> That night I awoke suddenly, and saw facing the window of my room, by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak but could not. I buried my head in the bedclothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts or apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and, indeed, had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy, and the moonlight playing on a towel, or something out of place. But on looking up, there he was again, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced

> through the window, and saw that there was no moon, but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sound against the panes. I turned, and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it, and reached the door of the room. As I turned the handle, before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned round his head slowly, and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it is almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went to a friend's room, and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house; but when I told my father, he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know.
>
> On the Monday following he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house, in Athole Crescent, in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said: "I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect"; and he said: "Yes." Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death-wound was exactly where I had seen it. But none could say whether he actually died at the moment. His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later a small prayer-book and the letter I had written to him were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of his tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now.

It must be acknowledged that in this very clear and, we may say, cool-headed account there are some particulars which seem to be against a telepathic explanation. The phantasm, it will be noticed, remains, as was remarked at the outset, fixed in place. The percipient goes to the window, and no longer sees it; when he turns round and looks toward its former place, it is still there. He walks, as it would seem, right through that place; we cannot wonder that he shuts his eyes as he does so. He does not see it till he looks again toward the same place, before leaving the room. All this seems very strongly to indicate a real localization of it. Indeed it would appear that a telepathic phantasm, on the theory which we have mentioned, and which seems reasonable for it, *ought to be still seen and even better than before, if the percipient should shut or cover his eyes;* for it is less interfered with in that case by the ordinary operation of the retina. It ought to occupy the ocular field alone, and stand out more vividly than before. But when the percipient, in this case, buried his head in the bedclothes, it seems to have entirely disappeared. It certainly seems to have been seen by the ordinary action of the lens of the eye, and to have had, therefore, an objective reality of some kind.

It may also be remarked that this does not seem to have been, strictly, a phantasm of the dying, though of course it is included in the definition of the word "wraith" as given above. For the storming of the Redan began shortly after noon (presumably local time, and therefore earlier by English time), and only lasted about an hour and a half. It would seem that Lieutenant Colt must have received his mortal wound by or before noon by English time. But the phantasm does not appear till some fourteen hours later. It is true that it was credibly reported at the time that "the dead, the dying, and the uninjured* were all lying in piles together," and that the search for the wounded continued on the morning of the 9th. But still it seems hardly probable that one who had received a wound in the temple would continue alive for so long a time as fourteen hours. Still, from recent researches, it seems probable that the actual separation of soul and body does not necessarily occur when the ordinary manifestations of life cease, but may be deferred for quite a considerable interval, especially in cases of violent death.†

It should also be mentioned that the theory is maintained by some that a telepathic impression may remain latent in the mind of the percipient, and not develop itself in the form of a visible phantasm, or in any other way, till some hours, or perhaps even days, later. We must say that this hypothesis seems rather strained; the explanation just given seems, in the matter of apparitions of the dying at any rate, a more probable one.

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* It so reads in the original.

† This matter evidently has a great practical importance with regard to the administration of the Sacraments, but this is not the place in which it can be properly discussed, especially since much has been already published concerning it.

And also as it is certain that, as there is plenty of evidence, as we shall soon see, for phantasms of those dead for a long time, there is no reason why we should hesitate, if need be, to refer the wraith occurring so long after apparent death that real death is sure to have occurred, to this regular "ghost" class.

A phantasm somewhat similar to the one last described, but in some ways still more extraordinary, is described by a Colonel H——, known to Mr. Gurney, of the Society. He states that a friend and brother officer (initials J. P.), when leaving London in 1879 for the Transvaal war, had breakfasted with him at their club, and in reply to his parting hope that they might meet again, had said: "Yes, we shall meet again." There may just possibly be some connection between promises of this kind and subsequent apparitions. At any rate, Colonel H—— says that one night, after retiring at nearly one o'clock, and sleeping some three hours or so, he awoke with a start. "Dawn," he says, "was stealing in through the windows.*

He thus continues:

> The light fell sharply and distinctly on the military chest of drawers which stood at the further end of the room. Standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, I saw a figure, which, in spite of the unwonted dress—unwonted, at least, to me—and of a full black beard, I at once recognized as that of my old brother officer. He had on the usual khaki coat worn by officers in active service in eastern climates. A brown leather girdle, with sword attached on the left side, and revolver case on the right, passed round his waist. On his head he wore the ordinary white pith helmet of service. I noted all these particulars in the moment that I started from sleep, and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his bright black eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked upon me as he stood, with one foot on the hansom, bidding me adieu.
>
> Fully impressed for the brief moment that we were stationed together at C——, in Ireland, or somewhere, and thinking I was in my barrack-room, I said: "Hallo! P——, am I late for parade?"
>
> P—— looked at me steadily, and replied: "I'm shot."
>
> "Shot!" I exclaimed, "Good God! how and where?"

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* If this was the case, it seems certain that he had slept much more than three hours; for the sun, at the time of year that this occurred, does not rise in London till nearly eight o'clock, and there would be no dawn at all at four.

> "Through the lungs," replied P——; and as he spoke, his right hand moved slowly up the breast, until the fingers rested over the right lung.
>
> "What were you doing?" I asked.
>
> "The General sent me forward," he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes, to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then 4:10 A. M. by the clock on my mantlepiece.

It was found afterwards that the officer (J. P.) was actually killed, at the battle of Lang's Neck, by a shot in the right lung, and that he was wearing at the time the uniform described by Colonel H—— as seen by him in the phantasm. It seems also that the time of the vision was on the morning of the day of the battle. This, at first sight, seems improbable, as the battle, according to the General's despatch, did not begin till 9:30, which would be a little later than 7:30 in London. However, as stated in our note, it is evident that the time of the phantasm must have been later than that which Colonel H—— says was indicated by the clock; and it seems certain that the clock, if indicating that time, must have stopped. But there remains some difficulty, for by eight o'clock it would be daylight. Still, it must be remembered that daylight, in London, in January, might easily be mistaken for quite early dawn.

The case for the reality of this phantasm—which was both visual and auditory—is certainly quite strong; and as anything so minute and circumstantial, as to the manner of death, seems extremely improbable as occurring before the fatal shot was received, we must conclude either that J. P. was shot early in the battle, or that the phantasm occurred on the next or some subsequent day.

A very similar case is that related by Mr. Ira Sayles, of the United States Geological Survey, to the effect that one day, in the spring of 1857, his near neighbor and intimate friend, Mrs. Stewart (now dead), told him that on the night previous she had awoke her husband (now dead) with a scream. "What is the matter?" said he. "Why, don't you see Johnny there? He says to me: '*Mother, they've shot me. The bullet entered right here*'; and he pointed to a hole right over his right eye."

Mr. Stewart saw nothing. But in fact Johnny (their son) had been actually shot, in Kansas, just above the right eye, about six hours before the time of his mother's vision. It hardly needs to be said that she had received no telegram informing her of the fact.

The cases which we have given are of sudden deaths, which are, perhaps, best usually as evidence, as apparitions in such cases are less liable to be telepathic communications from the living, possibly lying latent for a time. But there are a great number of well attested cases of wraiths occurring shortly after death coming from illness. As in the matters previously discussed, however, a thorough conviction of the reality of these phenomena can only be attained by realizing the very great amount of evidence that has been collected for them.

Clairvoyance can be brought in, no doubt, to explain some of them; but, after all, this is as mysterious and "uncanny" a matter as the telepathic or even the objective phantasm itself. And it will not account for most of the instances, even of those given above. Moreover it does not seem likely to occur when the percipient is in an ordinary or normal state.

It is, we think, important that we should convince ourselves that the stories of wraiths, or of ghosts properly so called, of which we next have to consider, are not by any means all mere superstitious fancies. The better we realize this, the better we shall understand that the matter of spiritist communications, the most important, practically, of all those of psychical research, though mixed with much trickery, no doubt, has underlying it a very solid and extremely dangerous reality.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

CYNIC AND HUMANIST.

ABOUT two or three fields back from the sea, which could be seen glimmering from the heights above Lisheen, and situated on a high knoll, was a mansion, whose broad pediment, large high windows, and stately porch were indications of that massive solidity with which country houses were built in Ireland in the latter years of the eighteenth century. A terraced garden lay along the slope fronting the sea; and behind the mansions a wood of hazels, oaks, and beeches formed the base of a conical hill that seemed to be always blue-black, even in the summer suns. This mansion, restored from the general ruin and dilapidation that had fallen on all such relics of ancient wealth and splendor in Ireland, was at this time inhabited by one of those Englishmen who have, of recent years, taken up their residence in remote places in Ireland, where they reign like little kings. What the motives or reasons are that drive so many excellent Englishmen away from their own country, and even civilization, to take up their abode in such uninviting surroundings as are to be found in the Clare or Kerry mountains, or Connemara bogs, it would be difficult to conjecture, did we not know what a vast variety of influences are forever actuating human minds, and driving men into situations that seem to the ordinary mind so very undesirable. Perhaps loss of station or of wealth; perhaps cupidity and the desire to utilize the hidden wealth which the blind, dreaming Celt passes by unseen and undesired; perhaps the tedium of civilization

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and the hidden passion in most men to get back to the simplicities of a natural life—are amongst the causes that have brought about this curious exodus, which, strange to say, seems to be unnoticed. But there the strange fact remains that, in many places along the western coast, a solitary Englishman and his family are often the only Protestants in parishes of three or four thousand Irish Catholics; and, for the most part, they are idolized by the people around. Having no landed interest, they are not concerned about dragging out the vitals of the poor, farming population; they often establish valuable industries, inconceivable to the unenterprising Celt; they give liberal English wages; they are benevolent and humane; and they assume a kind of feudal sovereignty, which a people, accustomed to feudal traditions, most readily acknowledge.

Amongst these was Hugh Hamberton, the gentleman who occupied the mansion on the seacoast described above. He had been in Ireland about three years; and had already secured a kind of local kingship in this wild Kerry country. The mansion had been refitted and refurnished with elaborate taste and at great expense; he had a large staff of servants, mostly English; and he had already created, in the cottages and cabins around, a condition of comfort and a sense of independence, which to these poor people, eternally struggling against poverty, seemed too good to be real. "Too good to be true," was one of their melancholy adages; and their new conditions were so happy, that they sometimes rubbed their eyes to see was it all a dream; or mournfully shook their heads, like sad, prophetic Celts as they were, and declared it could not last.

Hugh Hamberton had been a London merchant, and had amassed an immense fortune by speculations and in the shipping trade; and, like so many Londoners, he had varied his business anxieties and ambitions by little excursions into the vast world of literature, which has a curious exoteric attraction for many who cannot be numbered amongst its high-priests, or even its votaries. He numbered amongst his acquaintances several very distinguished litterateurs; and seemed to take a special delight in having at his dinner-table not the great stars of commerce, nor the leading lights in politics; but the successful, and even, more frequently, the struggling, poet or journalist, who was just embarking on dangerous seas. Rumor had it, that he extended to the struggling brotherhood even more useful assistance than dinners; and even once a grateful poet had the courage, or hardihood, to speak of him as a Macænas of literature. Like all other literary patrons, he did venture, once or twice, into the sacred precincts; but those vergers of the temple, the reviewers, asked him politely to retire. But he kept up his interest in the craft to the end.

In religious matters he had no defined beliefs. He professed to live the life of Christ, without any attachment to religious creeds. One of his reasons for seceding from the Anglican Church was that, on a certain Sunday, he heard from the pulpit a certain text from the Gospels; and the preacher, interpreting the text, declared that its application was limited to the Apostles, who had to do certain things in order to break down, by the sheer audacity of their lives, the vast fabric of Paganism; but that now, when Christianity had conquered the world, it would be absurd to accept such teaching in its literalness. This amiable and accommodating theory was very grateful to the majority of the well-dressed Christians present, who had laid up their treasures in Consols, and not in the phantom Banks of Eternity. But one man arose from his pew, pale with indignation, and walked down the aisle amidst the startled congregation. Next day he called on that preacher, and put the pertinent, or impertinent, question:

"If what you say is true, and these words of Christ do not apply to any age subsequent to the Apostolic, wherein does Christ differ from Aurelius or Epictetus?"

And not receiving a satisfactory reply, he did not darken a church door again; but read the New Testament, and Robertson's (of Brighton) Sermons every Sunday.

It will be seen from this that the man had a terrible taint in his character, the taint of inability to compromise, the sin of too great sincerity. And as it is the oil of compromise that makes the wheels of life revolve with smoothness, it may be supposed that Hugh Hamberton got many a rude shake and stumble, as he plunged along the ruts, or rode over the smooth asphalt of life. It is one of the most shocking things in this sad world to see a generous, large-minded man compelled to become cautious and prudent, and sometimes even hardened and sceptical. That terrible "Timon of Athens," that still more terrible "Lear" show how the bitter truth had sunk into the mind of the greatest interpreter of humanity the world has ever seen. And if Hugh Hamberton did not receive such rude shocks as these mighty phantoms of Shakespeare's imagination, at least he saw enough of human nature to wish to have as little as possible to say to men during the remainder of his life. His business relations showed him brutally and indecorously all the seamy side of human nature; once he was savagely attacked for an innocent poem that he had foolishly published in a tiny volume, and he was not very long in discovering that the attack was made by a hungry poet, who had partaken largely of his plate and purse. He made no allowance for that exuberant sarcasm which must be interpreted as the "scorn of scorn," of which another poet speaks. Finally, he was dishonored by a wretched creature, a gentleman of fallen fortunes, whom he had rescued from poverty, and placed in a confidential position. This was the last straw; and Hugh Hamberton determined to fly from civilization, his only companion being the criminal's daughter, who was his godchild, and whom he had adopted as ward and heiress, whilst her father was paying in enforced exile the penalty of his embezzlements.

Why he had selected this remote spot on the Kerry coast can only be conjectured from what afterwards happened. Very probably during some autumn holiday he had skirted this coast in a steamer, or driven along its splendid roads on an outside car. And very probably, whilst his fellow-passengers were listening to the rude jokes or time-worn anecdotes of the driver, he had, with his shrewd English eye, seen in the rude seams where quarrymen had blasted for road metal, or which the mountain torrents had chiselled among the hills, indications of mineral or stone, that might be wrought into something profitable or useful. For just behind that conical hill was seen, at the period of which we write, a vast quarry torn open with pick and powder; and—most unusual sight in an Irish landscape—huge derricks with great chains swinging in the air to lift from the bowels of the earth the blocks of porphyry and black and green marbles that were to fill yonder luggers, riding in the offing, for exportation to England. Rumor, too, had it that iron ore had been discovered; and there was a secret whisper, that was heard only about the firesides at night, that Hamberton had picked up some heavy stones that glittered in the sunlight, and that he had gone hastily away from home a few days after the discovery. However, here he was, the "masther" of this little colony, stern but kind; exacting a full day's labor for very liberal hire; and leading a lonely, solitary life, unbroken save for the companionship of Claire Moulton, godchild and ward.

She, too, was worshipped; but in another way. She was worshipped for her extraordinary loveliness that made people cast down their eyes when they first beheld her; then worshipped for her bereaved condition, that of orphan, as they believed, an instantaneous passport to the sympathies of an affectionate people; finally, worshipped because she entered every cabin, and spoke "like one of theirsels"; showed the women how to cook and knit; "hushoe'd" the baby and rocked the cradle; and did all manner of kindly offices to the sick. And they worshipped her all the more, because she was English and a Protestant; and because, disdaining the gewgaws of London fashion, she dressed in the plain skirt and bodice of the natives; and, when she went abroad, never wore but that most becoming of all outdoor dresses, the hooded Irish cloak. True, she yielded to feminine vanity so far that the lining of her hood was daintily quilted in red or blue satin; but that was all. And she wore no head covering but her hair. One companion she had, an old nurse, who acted as duenna, and watched over her with incessant and affectionate attention; and who could never understand how one so delicately reared could fraternize so easily and so warmly with these "dirty Hirish." And the silence of Ireland oppressed her. She yearned for the roar of London, and the soldiers, and the parks.

Withal, Hugh Hamberton was a melancholy man. All men are melancholy who think deeply, or who suffer deeply, especially if they still hold in reverence that abstraction "humanity," whilst they have come to loathe their fellowmen. He cannot be said to have loved anything except his godchild; and this was a pure, ethereal love, where there was not a particle of sense or self; only a perfect, disinterested affection, that sought the happiness and well-being of the beloved, and no more. The sole object that would redeem his life from absolute failure was her happy settlement in life. There was a kind of secondary duty towards these poor serfs that surrounded him. But this was paramount, and then? And then—a certain thought would rise up before him, at first vague and easily put aside; then recurring with irritating persistence, until it became at last an obsession. But he hid it away, away even from himself. He would wait, wait. "Sufficient for the day is its own evil."

He had met the old priest, Father Cosgrove, in one of the cabins during a hurried visit; saluted him in cold, English fashion, and no more. Then he made a few cautious inquiries of his workmen, afraid to touch too closely on that most delicate topic of religion, with the result that, some weeks later, he asked the priest to his house. Father Cosgrove, in his simple, humble way, trying to be "all things to all men," accepted the invitation. It was winter time, and a huge fire was burning in the splendid library, whose high windows let in a pale sunlight from east and south. It was a large room, and literally crammed with books, exquisitely bound, from floor to the heavy moulded cornices that ran beneath the ceiling. The fireplace was framed in white marble, richly cut into all kinds of Cupids and Bacchuses and grapes and roses—ancient splendor and modern luxury side by side.

After a few commonplace remarks, Hamberton suddenly stood up, and standing on the hearth rug, his hands behind him, he shot these questions at the priest in a quick, peremptory manner.

"I understand, sir, that you were at one time rector or parish priest here?"

"Yes, yes; at one time, long ago, long ago," said the priest, repeating himself as if it were a matter of very little consequence to any one.

"You were silenced?" said his examiner.

"Well, yes, yes, yes; there was a little misunderstanding, a little misunderstanding"—and he waved his hand in the air, as if to blow it away.

"Then you recommenced life in your old age as curate, I understand?"

"I did, I did, I did. No responsibilities, you know; no responsibilities!"

"And after a time you, at your own request, were sent back here as curate, and in a subordinate position, where you had before to suffer disgrace?"

"'Twas my own wish, my own wish," said the old priest, shuffling in his chair. "I wanted to see the old people before they passed away forever; I wanted to see the boys and girls

I had married, and to see their little families grown up about them; I wanted to see the little children I baptized, now young men and women; I wanted to see the old mountains and the glens, and to run down here sometimes to hear the sea talking. And so the bishop took pity on me, and sent me back without any care or trouble, without any care or trouble." And he waved his hand again in the air.

"That's very good," said Hamberton; "but you have come back in a manner that's humiliating to human nature; and I believe you are on a much lower stipend, and have all the rough work?"

"As to the humiliation," replied the old man, "it is just about what I deserved, neither more nor less. As to the stipend, I have seven pounds a year and what the poor people choose to give me; and I want for nothing—absolutely nothing, absolutely nothing. As to the work, I have a purty boy of a parish priest, who finds every kind of excuse for doing what I should do. This Sunday he wants to see a certain person in the outlying chapel, and he must go; next Sunday he wants to see the schoolmaster, and he must go; next Sunday he hears there's a leak in the roof, and he must go. He's just like the people in the Gospel, that found an excuse in buying farms, marrying wives, etc.; only that they excused themselves for not going; and he invents excuses for going, and sparing me the trouble."

Hamberton looked at the old man long and earnestly. There was nothing very attractive in his appearance. He was about the same age as Hamberton himself, grizzled too in his hair, and wrinkled in his cheeks; but there was a strange, quiet, serene look on his pale face and in his fearless eyes that Hamberton never saw before.

"But," said Hamberton at length, "I understand you have to get up at night and go long distances in snow and storm, and face all weathers, and every kind of disease—"

"There you are again!" said Father Cosgrove, "not a bit of it! My parish priest has left strict orders to his housekeeper, on pain of dismissal, to send every night call to his room. He says he can't sleep; and he'd rather be out in the fine fresh air at night. Once or twice I thought to beat him, but he was out the front door before I was on the stairs. I sometimes tell him he'll be damned for telling lies!"

"He won't!" said Hamberton emphatically. "Would to God, if there be a God, that all men were such liars as he!"

He had become suddenly excited, and had lost, in an instant, and to the old priest's consternation, the equanimity he had up to this manifested. He turned almost fiercely on the old man, as he asked:

"Tell me, are there many more men like that in this country?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes; lots, lots!" said the priest, "everywhere; everywhere!" And he made circles in the air with his hands.

"I haven't seen them," said Hamberton. "Up to this moment I believed that horses and dogs were the nobility of creation."

"Well, horses and dogs are good, too," said this modern St. Francis. "Everything is good that the good God has made—"

"Except men!" said Hamberton bitterly.

The priest was silent. He had never heard these opinions before.

"Look here, sir," said Hamberton, pointing his finger at the priest, "what you say may be true. I'm not in a position to deny it. But I have walked through life, as through a forest, where I had to pick my every step for snares and pitfalls; and where every moment I might expect to hear the snarl, or feel the bite, of a wild beast. In the beginning I opened my heart to men; but I had to shut it with a snap. I wanted to be generous, to give freely and royally; I found I was despised as a fool. Men took my gifts and laughed at the donor. I brought a wretched, scraggy, half-starved tatter-de-malion—but a genius—into my house, clothed his nakedness, fed his hunger, and opened to him my purse. The frozen wretch, when he had thawed, bit me. But—let me not do a class an injustice. It was only amongst the lower classes, as they are called, that I received gratitude; and hence I hold that it is civilization that makes men selfish and brutal. There is honor among thieves; there is love and kindness among street-walkers. Did you ever read De Quincey?"

"No"; said the old priest. "I haven't read much at all, at all!"

"Well, you will read in his *Confessions* one of the most wonderful examples of fidelity and truthfulness ever recorded, which shows that the higher you advance in civilization, the more hardened and brutal men become; till deception and lying are the recognized virtues of good society; and the lower you go, the more Godlike men become, until, as I say, the horse and the dog are the nobility of creation."

The old man was silent. These were strange and ominous sayings. Hamberton was watching him closely out of half-shut, angry eyes.

"I think," said the priest at last— "No"; he said at once, as if checking himself on the verge of an admission or an avowal, "I shouldn't think at all on these matters. They are beyond me!"

"But they are your experience, too?" queried Hamberton.

"Oh, not at all; not at all!" said the priest. "I find everybody good and kind and generous. Look at yourself, now! You never saw me before. Yet you introduce me into this magnificent house, and speak to me as an equal."

Hamberton would have smiled at this naïveté. He had never met anything like it before. But he was too much in earnest; and too puzzled about this phenomenon.

There was an awkward silence. Then the priest, as if a sudden idea had dawned on him, said with an air of triumph:

"I have it. It is because you were great and wealthy and gifted that men envied you and coveted what you have. If you had nothing, men would love you. Look at me! I have no brains; no position; no talents. I am down below most people. And they look down on me and love me. I have no money, no lands—only a few books and these old clothes; and, therefore, they have nothing to covet. If you have all that the human heart can desire, you must not complain because men would like to have a little share."

"But my horse and my dog don't want a share," replied Hamberton. "They are content to toil for me, to defend me, to love me for myself—for what I am, not for what I have."

"True, true"; said the old priest. "Everything is good; everything is good that the good God has made!"

"Except men!" repeated Hamberton.

The old man shook his head, and rose up to depart.

"You will come again?" said Hamberton.

The priest was silent. He did not know what to make of this strange man.

"You'll find me, perhaps, somewhat different from what you expect," said Hamberton. "Come for your people's sake!"

"I will come," said the priest, about to leave.

"One moment," said Hamberton, his hand on the bell-rope. "You must see my ward."

"Tell Miss Claire to step here for a moment," he said, when the footman appeared.

Claire Moulton was then hardly more than a child. She was a little more than fifteen years old; but, being of a dark complexion in hair and eyes, she looked somewhat older. And she had acquired all the manners of a young mistress of the household—quiet, self-possessed, and sometimes imperious. Her great beauty was set-off, or, as some thought, lessened, by a quick gleam in her great brown eyes, that might be pride, or temper, or genius. With this sudden gleam her great eyes shone when she appeared to answer her guardian's summons. She had never spoken to a priest before, and had been trained by her English nurse to all manner of ugly preconceptions and prejudices against everything Catholic. Nevertheless, when she approached the old man, she glanced quickly at him; and when her guardian said:

"I want to introduce you, Claire, to Mr. Cosgrove!" she bowed. The old priest, in his simple, kindly way, stretched out his hand. She seemed for a moment surprised; but instantly, and with great gravity, she raised the priest's hand to her lips. Hamberton could hardly speak with astonishment.

That evening, before dinner, as the two stood by the fire in the drawing-room, he suddenly asked her:

"Why did you kiss the old priest's hand to-day, Claire?"

"Because he is a good man, and he does not know it," she said, looking him full in the face.

"You never kissed me?" he said reproachfully.

She put her arm around his neck, and drew down his face to hers.

"You are a good man, too," she said, "and you don't know it."

The strong man, his heart hardened and annealed from the hard blows of the world, burst into silent weeping; but that was the happiest dinner he had had for many a long day.

Legislative Library Ontario.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW SAINT.

The acquaintance, thus auspiciously commenced, ripened into something like intimacy. There was hardly a day that called the old priest away from his presbytery, which did not see him installed by that fireside, or wandering for a leisured hour or more about the grounds, which Hamberton had now laid out with great taste and at no little expense. And different as these two men were in temperament and education, they seemed to have some affinity with each other. Perhaps each supplied the other's defects. Perhaps Hamberton saw in this guileless man the simple, unsophisticated, disinterested character he had so long sought for in vain in the world of London. And to the priest there was quite a novel attraction in this strange being, who seemed to his simple mind to have been dropped from another planet, so different were his habits, thoughts, principles from everything to which the priest had been heretofore accustomed. And although sometimes the latter shrank from expressions that seemed to him irreligious and even blasphemous, he imputed the evil to ignorance or inexperience; and here under his eyes were ample compensations for the crudities and irregularities that seemed part of Hamberton's education. For now "the desert had blossomed like a rose." Where a few years ago was a barren and blighted landscape, wintry looking even in summer, and fronting a cold and barren sea, was now a smiling upland, gay with the colors of many flowers, and feathered with the plumes of handsome trees. And where there had been but wretched hovels, mud-walled and thatched with rotten straw, and surrounded with putrid pools of green, fetid water, were now neat cottages, stone-built, red-tiled, each bright in front with carpets of flowers, and glowing in the rear with all kinds of fruit and vegetables. And all day long to the sound of the sea rang the clink of steel upon marble; and the hiss of the steam which swung the huge derricks around rose like the fall of the surf on the shingle and sand beneath. Tourists, rushing by to Glenbigh or Waterville, stopped their cars, and rubbed their eyes, and asked incredulously: "Is this Ireland?" And many a palefaced and withered and shrunken American girl, home for the holidays, bade farewell with tears in her eyes to this little paradise; and looked across the darkening ocean with dread forebodings in her heart of the life that was before her in the gehennas of Pittsburg or Chicago.

Claire Moulton, too, was a bright and peculiar feature in this picture. Scarcely emerged from childhood, she retained a certain wilfulness of character, a kind of girlish despotism, which gave her unquestioned power over these primitive people, who feared her for her imperiousness, loved her for her goodness, smiled at her impetuosity, so very like their own impulsive and emotional ways. She endeared herself to them more particularly, because she never stood aloof from them, but walked into their cottages with the familiarity of an equal; gave her little impetuous orders, which she helped to carry out; scolded the women for untidiness or indolence; and challenged the men if ever they were remiss in their duties. Once, when a rude workman uttered a profane word in her presence, she slapped him across the face; and every one said she was right. The poor fellow came shamefaced to the hall door in the evening, and made a most abject apology.

It was this vein of impetuosity in her character that made Hamberton somewhat anxious about her. A firm believer in the inviolable laws of heredity, he knew there was an oblique line somewhere in this very beautiful and perfect picture; and sometimes he caught himself watching her as she read or worked by the fireside at night, or stooped over her manuscripts, copying or inditing strange, wild verses, that to him seemed incantations.

She was often, too, the subject of much intimate conversation between Hamberton and his new friend. For, although the latter was absolutely guileless and ignorant of the world and its ways, there was a shrewd power of discernment in his character —that kind of intuition which makes children know instinctively who are enemies and who might be friends. Hence, Hamberton spoke often to the priest about the girl; and as she grew into womanhood, and all the strong features of her character became more pronounced and developed, his anxiety increased, and she became a more frequent subject of conversation.

The Sunday evening on which Bob Maxwell had driven up the cattle to the glen in the hills, the three, Father Cosgrove, Hugh Hamberton, and Claire, were seated around the fire in the library. The weather was cold and drizzling without, and although there was no cold within doors, the sight of the fire in the dark evenings was cheerful. They had been talking of many things; and just then the name of General Gordon turned up, as having come in some more prominent way than usual before the British public.

"*Voila un homme!*" said Hamberton enthusiastically. "Yes, Mr. Crosgrove, Gordon does not bring me around to your optimism, but the existence of one such man redeems the race. Look now, if Gordon were in your Church, you'd have the whole tribe of pious Catholics running after him; and you would canonize him, and call him St. Gordonius, and put him into stained-glass windows, and turn him into marble statues, with a helmet and sword and breast-plate, with Satan wriggling beneath his feet, and representing all the d——d money-grubbers through the world. Yes; your Church is a wise Church. She knows her best men; and honors them. Macaulay was generally silly; but he was right there!"

"I don't know," said Father Cosgrove meekly. "Some of our saints were never discovered until years after their death. And some got pretty rough handling during their lives. But that is only as it ought to be!"

"How is that? I don't understand," said Hamberton.

"Neither do I," said the priest, who was always most unwilling to enter into religious matters with a man whose training had not fitted him to understand them. "What does Miss Moulton think?"

"I have but one hero and one heroine," said Claire. "And they bear out your contention, Father. General Gordon and Joan of Arc. We English burned the latter. She was troublesome and they turned her into bone-ashes. As to Gordon, we shall probably erect a statue to him, if we can find a niche somewhere between tallow-chandlers and soap-manufacturers."

"There, there"; said Hamberton. "Claire must say something spicy. By the way, you never met Gordon?" said Hamberton to the priest.

"Oh, never, never"; said Father Cosgrove. "I was never out of Ireland."

"No; but Gordon was here," said Hamberton. "He was around here touring I suppose; but he kept his eyes open, and he saw many more things than fifty purblind English statesmen would perceive in twenty years. Where have you put that letter, Claire?"

Claire Moulton went over to a table, and picked up a scrap-book, in which she had pasted every little picture or poem or extract she deemed interesting.

"Read it for us, Claire," said her guardian.

And Claire read slowly and with emphasis that famous letter of General Gordon's, containing his bitter comments on the agrarian system in Ireland; and suggesting remedies which only now, and slowly and with reluctance, are being adopted. She read over twice, as if to imprint the words on the memory of her hearers, the lines:

"'In conclusion, I must say, from all accounts and from my own observation, that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made as we are; that they are patient beyond belief; but, at the same time, broken-spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation in places in which we would not keep our cattle. The Bulgarian, Anatolian, Chinese, and Indians are better off than many of them are. The priests alone have any sympathy with their sufferings; and naturally alone have a hold over them.'"

When she finished, Hamberton was looking steadily into the fire, a deep frown on his handsome features. Father Cosgrove was softly crying. She took the scrap-book over and laid it aside on the table.

"There, mark you," said Hamberton, as if he were arguing against an adversary, "that's no partisan, no politician. But we have seen the thing with our own eyes—'man's inhumanity to man'—injustice and cruelty legalized."

"Well, no matter, no matter"; said the priest. "'Blessed are they that suffer persecution'—there, I forget the rest!"

"I have no patience with that kind of thing, Mr. Cosgrove," said the Englishman angrily. "That kind of religion doesn't appeal to me. No man is bound to lie down and get himself kicked, when he can stand up and punish his aggressor. It seems to me that your religion has emasculated this people, and turned them from a nation of fighters into a race of whimpering slaves."

"That's what old Ossian said to St. Patrick," said the priest. "The old pagan couldn't understand why he shouldn't smash his enemies in this world and send them to hell hereafter. But you know—"

"I know that I agree with that old pagan gentleman thoroughly," said Hamberton. "In public or in private, in races and in individuals, the law of self-preservation holds; and that cannot be if a man is not at liberty to defend himself and punish his aggressor. But, Claire, you forgot something. Gordon ended that letter with a comical proposal. Just get that letter again, and read it."

Again Claire Moulton took up her scrap-book, and read: "'I am not well off; but I would offer —— or his agent £1,000, if either of them would live one week in one of these poor devils' places, and feed as these people do.'"

"A safe offer," said the priest. "That is an impossible condition, an impossible condition," and he waived it away.

"I think I would marry that man," said Claire laughing. "That is if the fellow came out of the ordeal alive."

"Who is he, by the way?" asked Hamberton.

"The landlord of a large district many miles from here," said the priest. "He has a bad name; but we don't know; we don't know; we don't know!"

And the old priest dropped into silence, as Claire Moulton left the room.

Hamberton had noticed that he had shivered when Claire uttered the word "marry," and had looked towards the girl, as if beseechingly. He understood well the emotion and the look; and he closed the door carefully, and came over, and laid his hand on the old priest's arm.

"Fear not!" he said. "All will come right. Claire will never marry, and I—"

"How do you know? How can you know?" said the old priest passionately.

"There, now, don't be disturbed," said Hamberton soothingly. "You'll find all will be right in the end."

"It cannot be right. It must be wrong, all wrong," said the priest, still in the passionate tone that contrasted so painfully with his usual meekness. "Oh, how can you think of it —you who are so good, so good—whose life is so perfect before God?"

"There is no God!" said Hamberton solemnly. "And I am not good."

"But you are, you are," reiterated the priest. "You cannot deceive me. Cannot we see your goodness around us everywhere?"

"What you, my dear friend," said Hamberton, "in your simplicity and guilelessness, call goodness, is only selfishness in another form."

"No, no, no"; said the priest. "I cannot, I will not, believe it. Look at all these poor people whom you have made happy. Look at their cottages, their gardens, their flowers, their steady weekly wages, where there was but poverty and dirt and ignorance. And all this the work of your hands. And you, *you*," he cried emphatically, "to even think of such a thing."

"Listen!" said Hamberton, sitting down and speaking slowly. "I appreciate your kindness and your good opinion; but you do me wrong. You impute to me virtues which I do not possess, which I never possessed. I have money, more than I know what to do with. I could have gratified myself one way by purchasing a yacht and fooling around the world; but I had no taste for seasickness and tarred ropes and danger. I could have traveled; but I had no fancy for being packed into the narrow compartments of Continental trains, squeezed between sweating women, who would not allow the eighth of an inch of a window to be raised in the dog days. I could have spent my money on rioting and dissipation; but I had no fancy to be racked by the gout; and, thanks to my dead mother, I abominate uncleanness, physical or moral, in every form. What then? I come here. I create a certain beauty out of a certain ugliness. It pleases my taste, which is fastidious, I admit, by placing certain pretty pictures before my eyes, where there were but certain deformities. I enjoy all the pleasures of a poet—a maker of things. I can now look from my window, and enjoy the beauty of that harbor and those sands and cliffs, and that sea, without having the prospect marred by rotting roofs, and gaping mud-walls, and ragged babies. I have made these men decent workers out of drunken loafers. I like to hear the click of the chisel, and the hiss of steam, and the creaking of the derrick, But I am not such a fool as to call all this virtue. I know it is nothing but the selfishness of the ordinary parasites of society under another form. All this altruism is but *self* disguised; and sometimes, I think, *self* disguised in an ignoble form."

He stopped, and remained for some time buried in deep thought. Father Cosgrove was silent. These were psychological positions never before presented to his mind. Hamberton continued:

"Believe me, my dear friend, self is the only God—egoism the only religion. All the great deeds of the world, that sound heroic, are done simply through selfish impulses. Scævola putting his arm into the flames—what was this but pride, or vanity—the desire of that most contemptible thing called fame? Sidney giving the drink of water to the dying soldier—what was this? The same impulse of 'self' that made me build yonder cottages. And all your patriots, statesmen, churchmen, masquerading in their rags and tinsel before the world—each rogue or fool, admitting to his valet or his looking-glass that he is but an actor—why, he is not even that. He is but a poor puppet in the hands of that mysterious thing, called Nature, which keeps up its little show, lighted by its little lantern, through the selfish impulses of these marionettes."

"I cannot follow you, I cannot follow you," said the priest. "These things are beyond my comprehension. But it seems to me you wrong yourself. You are not the man you have painted. I saw you the other day take up in your arms and kiss the child of that unhappy woman—Nellie Gillespie. A bad man wouldn't do that!"

"I didn't say I was bad," replied Hamberton. "In fact, there is no good or bad—"

"And you must admit your affection for Miss Moulton. At least, there is no self there."

"Right. None, absolutely none. And hence, when I see Claire happy beyond question, I shall obliterate self and blot it out forever!"

"Then," said Father Cosgrove, rising, I shall do all in my power to thwart every attempt at having Miss Claire settled. The cost would be too great, the cost would be too great."

"You cannot," said Hamberton. "This is beyond your power or mine. Behind blind Nature is the blinder force called Fate. If it is Claire's destiny to marry, the mighty wheel of Fate will turn round slowly and blindly, and place at her feet the man she is to wed. She cannot escape him, nor can he escape her. And it isn't you, my dear friend, that can grasp the spokes of that wheel and stop it, or turn it back."

"But if I tell Claire—Miss Moulton—what will happen after her marriage, she never will, she never can, marry," said the priest.

"But you won't, you cannot, tell Claire anything that I have told you. You know," he continued, laughing, "that we are taught to believe that all priests are casuists, and can find an excellent reason for every violation of pledge or honor, or every contravention of truth. But I know you—know you well. I won't say but that you are at liberty to thwart Claire's marriage, although you have perceived, I think, that hers is not a character to be thwarted without peril. But you know that you are not at liberty to thwart *me* by any unseasonable revelation of my principles or purposes."

"Then, may God help me!" said the old priest, rising up. "I am going to say a dreadful thing—I'm sorry I ever knew you or Miss Moulton. My parish priest, who is only half my age, often told me to beware of intermeddling in other people's affairs. He meant, of course, that I am an old fool. And so I am; and so I am!"

"Well, we mustn't be premature," said Hamberton smiling. "Let us await the development of things. And I shall be more complimentary than you, and say that it has been a pleasure and a profit for me to have known you."

"Ah, you're too good, too good," said the priest, shaking his hand in farewell. "God will save you both! God will save you both!"

CHAPTER III.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

Like so many others in the hour of their dereliction, Bob Maxwell did not think that he was still an object of interest—of hope, or commiseration, or contempt—to many. We are prone to think, in the hour of agony, that we stand solitary in our trial. It is not so. Even as a matter of self-interest, we centre the thoughts of many, whose images may have faded from our own minds.

There were two places, at least, where Maxwell was not only not forgotten, but where his memory was kept in frequent and fragrant remembrance. The one was the cabin of the Widow Leary, up amongst the bracken, where the burn sparkled across the road, and the birds never ceased from singing even in the winter time. The other was the couch of almost perpetual agony, on which Major Willoughby lay.

In the little homely conferences, about "ways and means," between Darby Leary and his mother, the "masther" was often mentioned. For Darby had very pleasant recollections of that little camp down there in the glen; and before the bright, fragrant fire of pine logs and turf during that winter, whilst the wind soughed dismally outside, and whilst his bare legs were almost scorched and blistered with the heat, his fancy summoned up the long, sweet, summer days in the glen, when he lay flat in the sun, on a bed of fern, or leaned up against a sunny ditch, and eat, with a relish unknown to the most fastidious epicure, the mashed potatoes and the rich creamy fat, that his master had to cut away carefully, by doctor's orders, from the sirloin or the steak.

It almost made Darby cry, there in his cabin and condemned to potatoes and milk, to think of that beef-fat—to think of his ecstasy when he held it in his fingers, and watched its creamy transparency; to think of the bite of the hot potato, which was dry in his mouth, until, oh, ye heavens! he liquified it with that delectable jelly, and rolled the morsel in his mouth, whilst the crisp skin crackled under his teeth. No colored son of Africa with his juicy watermelon, no Esquimo with his whale-blubber, ever enjoyed such ecstasies as Darby; and when he had wiped his fingers on his corduroy breeches, he wondered, as only a pleasant digestion can make one wonder, what strange folks these rich people must be, to reject the most glorious delicacies of life, and limit themselves to lean beef and soda-water.

His mother had her own interpretation of these anomalies.

"It keeps them from gettin' shtout an' fat," she said, "in ordher to plaze the ladies."

And Darby said: "Begor, mudder, you're right. That's it!"

He told his mother, too, that the "masther" wanted him to drink ink from a black bottle; but that he only tasted it, and spat it out. But he said nothing, wise fool that he was, about the "wee drap" of spirits which sometimes, but not often, Aleck had given him on the sly, and which gripped his throat and made him cough, and then say ecstatically: "Ah!" as he rolled his eyes towards heaven.

Very minute and graphic, too, were the stories Darby told his mother of the "doin's" and "carryin's-on" of the great people; and very great was her wonder when she heard what a complicated thing civilization was. How people could eat eight or ten courses of soups, fish, entrées, fruits, sweets, cheese, etc., etc., without becoming what she called "porpushes," surpassed her understanding.

"Where the dickens do they shtow it all away?" she often asked. "And why are they so shlim and yallow, when they have the besht of 'atin' and drinkin' every day?"

When Darby told her that the "masther" had two kinds of "mate" for his dinner, it produced great surprise in the old woman's mind, who never saw meat but at Christmas and Easter. But when she heard of the *à la Russe* dinner, she decided the world had gone mad.

Then, one day, in a moment of inadvertence and communicativeness, Darby, with a blush mantling his already red neck and face, told his mother how fine ladies dressed for dinner, and described their toilettes rather minutely as he had seen them, after much hesitation and many scruples, one summer night. The poor old woman, who, in Oriental fashion, wore several coverings across her breast, and several wrappings around her head, was slow to grasp his meaning. When she did, she gave way to a regular paroxysm of passion.

"Be off, you blagard you," she cried, snatching up the bellows, and smiting this unfortunate reporter across the back. "What do you mane by bringin' sich things into a dacent house? What the divil timpted you to invint such shtories? I suppose thim grooms and gamekeepers. Go out and wash your dirty mouth in the river; or, be this and be that, you'll niver set down to a male in this house agin."

"Shure, I didn't mane no harrum, mudder," said the poor fellow, whimpering. "Shure, I only tould you what I saw with me own two eyes—"

"You niver saw nothin' of the kind, you ruffian," said his mother. "Don't be tellin' me sich shtories as that. You were listenin' to them blagards at the hotel talkin' of things that no dacent Christian ud mintion; and you want to pershuade yer ould mother you saw thim yourself."

"Pon me sowkins, I saw thim," said Darby. "And, more'n that, I saw the gould bracelets on their bare arrums—"

"That'll do now! That'll do now! I want no more of yere blagardin'. Take that where 'tis welcome. Be the way, whin were you at yere juty?"

"The fust of de mont," said Darby. "I never missed it yet."

"Did ye do your pinnance?" asked his mother.

"I did, begor, twice over, for fear I'd make a mistake"; said Darby confidently.

"Thin, you'll go to the priesht agin next Saturday, and tell him of your bad talk; an' av I don't see you at the althar Sunday morning, cut the head aff av me if you inter this cabin agin!"

It will be seen from this that Mrs. Leary's temper was variable; and really Darby, after all his experience, didn't know, as he said, "Whin he had her." Sometimes when Darby was facetious, and put on the airs of a fine gentleman, Mrs. Leary was amused, and even proud of her poor boy. When, for example, Darby rushed in with a ploughman's appetite and in glorious spirits, and demanded, in an affected accent:

"What for dinner to-dee, mudder?" the old woman would answer good-humoredly:

"Oh! everything, everything, yer 'anner; and plinty of it!"

"Shawl we have roshe-beef to-dee, mudder?"

"To be sure, to be sure; an' lashin's and lavin's of it, yer 'anner!"

"An' plum-puddin', av coorse?"

"Oh, yeh; av coorse, yer 'anner. Is there annythin' else yer 'anner 'ud like?"

"Lemme see! No; I think that'll do!" And Darby would sit down with a relish to the potatoes and salt, sometimes improved with a little dip; and the old mother would think:

"Wisha, who knows? Quarer things happen. Look at Mrs. Mulcahy's boy, that I knew a bare-legged gossoon, like Darby, a few years ago; and look at him now home from America. Why the masther is not aiqual to him. And perhaps, who knows, wan of thim foine ladies may take a fancy to me poor bhoy—sure, he's straight as a pike-staff, and as light on his feet as a bird. And, shure, didn't ould Captain Curtis' daughter elope wid the coachman? Not that I'd be wishin' that, God forbid! Shure, his soul is fust and foremost! But, if it was right, an' they had the priesht's blessin'—"

So the maternal fancy wandered, throwing up its little castles here and there, whilst Darby, with much emphasis, gobbled up the floury potatoes and swilled the skim-milk from his wooden porringer.

But, once or twice, Mrs. Leary caught Darby suddenly "doin' the gran' gintleman," and she resented it. For when she caught Darby in the kitchen, the sugan chair tilted back, till it nearly upset the centre of gravity, whilst Darby with crossed legs, and an attitude of ease and voluptuousness, smoked a cigarette of brown paper or straw, she gave him the bellows across his back, and sent him howling into the haggard.

But, whilst thus maintaining proper discipline in her household, and keeping Darby within proper bounds, she never tired of hearing him talk of the "masther." What the "masther" did; what the "masther" said; how the "masther" dressed; what the "masther" ate; the "masther's" fine round curses, when he was in a passion; the "masther's" acts of generosity, when he was in a better mood; these were endless topics around that humble fireside there amongst the Kerry hills. And these gloomy December days, when the leaden skies stooped down and wrapped mother earth in their heavy folds, and while Maxwell lay, in agony and desolation of spirit, there in Owen McAuliffe's cabin, many were the conjectures made by the widow and son about his surroundings and occupation, and many were the hopes and wishes that the winter would swiftly pass, and the little bell-tent shine out once more down there amongst the furze and bracken in the glen.

"'Twon't be long comin' now, agra," the widow would say. "Sure the days will be lengthenin' soon; and thin we'll be into Aisther; and, sure, 'tis only a lep from that to summer. We won't know where we are, whin the Scotchman will be up here lookin' fer you agin."

"That's thrue fer you, mudder," Darby would reply. "An' shure if the 'masther' doesn't come this time, there'll be always gintlemen at the Hotel. I hope that foxy scoundrel won't come, though; or I'll give him a worse duckin' thin he giv me, bad luck to him!"

"Sh! Shtop that cursin', Darby. 'Tis no good here nor there. An', shure, 'tis always betther say the good thing. An' the walls have ears."

"The masther wouldn't do it," Darby would reply. "He was a rale gintleman. No wan knows where the foxy fellow kem from. An', shure, I hard the byes saying that he tuk the masther's young lady away from him."

"Begor, thin, she must have the quare taste intirely to turn her back on the masther an' go after an *object* like him But I wondher what's the masther doin' now?"

"Oh, shportin' an' injyin' himself, I suppose," conjectured Darby. "Yerra, what else has they to do but divartin' themselves? They gets up whin we're goin' to bed; and goes to bed whin we are gettin' up. They does everythin' by contrayries. Begor, I wouldn't be shurprised now if the masther was away in the West Injies, or some out of the way place injyin' himself; or, maybe, he's rowlin' about Dublin in his carriage with the Lord Lieutenant himself."

"You wouldn't be afther sayin' that?" said the mother. "He must be a gintleman out an' out to do that. But, shure, wherever he is, may God save him. Only for him, we wouldn't have the thatch above us to-day. I wondher will he keep it out of yer wages, Darby?"

"The masther? Not him. He thinks no more of that five pounds than you would about a thraneen of male."

"'Tis a fine thing to be rich and happy and continted," the mother would reply. "I suppose we'll have somethin' ourselves in the nixt wurruld, as we haven't much in this!"

In quite a different manner, and not with less sympathy, did the Major brood over Bob Maxwell these dark December days. His thoughts wandered after the young man, although he had cursed and blowed his folly a hundred times, and had mentally excommunicated him for his Quixotic ideas and his treacherous abandonment of his own class, and the great central dogma of ascendency.

"'Tis all d——d rot," he would often say to himself, "this talk about justice and equality—all d——d Socialism. The next thing will be the barricades and the guillotine, with all the insufferable poltroonery of this Government. But this comes from ourselves—ourselves! Good God! to think I should live to see a gentleman so forget himself! I hope the fellow, if ever he comes back alive from the hands of these moonlighters, will be ostracized, expelled, and blackballed in every club in Dublin. What will these ruffians think, by that we're afraid? And then—'tis all up. By heavens! They'd think nothing of lighting the Smithfield fires again and roasting every man of us."

But the Major had gentler moods. Thoughts of Bob—Bob, the son of his old friend; Bob, the splendid sportsman; Bob, the soul of honor, who would no more touch another man's money than he'd take his life; Bob, who challenged that coward, Ellis, and wanted to bring back that gentlemanly amusement of dueling amongst a retrograde and cowardly generation; and Bob, who he thought would take Mabel to the altar, and be to himself a son and a support in these sad days that were stretching down the declivities of life—would come back; and sometimes Freeman, his valet, would detect him talking sadly to himself; or, be not incredulous, O reader! for human nature is always and everywhere the same, wiping his eyes secretly behind the friendly shelter of the *Times.* And the Major, too, had misgivings about Mabel's future—misgivings which made more poignant his anger and sorrow for Bob Maxwell. It was not only the little episode we have mentioned in a former chapter, but sundry other little things—little revelations of character in a look, in a word, in a gesture—that made the Major uneasy. Above all, there was that secret repulsion, that original, intuitive dislike for Outram, which he could not explain, which he strove to conquer, which remained in spite of every effort to dislodge it. And sometimes, although he hated and despised himself for doing so, he would speak on the subject to Freeman.

"No further telegram about Master Bob, Freeman?"

"No, sir; I was hup at the hoffice yesterday; and they 'ave not an ideer where the master is. They thought once they 'ad 'im; but they were mistook!"

"Oh, no matter; no matter"; the Major would say. "Only I should be glad if he were home for Miss Mabel's wedding. It would be nice!"

"Very nice, hindeed, sir! I'm quite sure both Miss Mabel and Mr. Houtram will miss 'im very much!"

And Freeman moved the Major's couch as imperturbably as if he were the impersonation of truth.

"Look here, Freeman," the Major would cry, "that's all rot. That doesn't go down with me. Do you believe that either Miss Mabel or Outram would care one jot whether Bob Maxwell was at the marriage, or half-murdered down in a Kerry bog?"

"Well, sir, it's not for the likes of me to hoffer hopinions about those above us. But I thought you would ha' liked to be told that Mr. Maxwell was still hinterested in Miss Mabel."

"And do you think he is? Come now, do you honestly believe he is?"

"No, sir; I can't say as I do. When a genelman goes away, and leaves the young lady halone, and doesn't pay 'er those hattentions that young ladies hexpec's, well, then, he can't hexpect nothin' in return."

"I'm sorry for Bob Maxwell," said the Major meditatively.

"So am I, sir!" said Freeman. "And so are we hall!"

"Why should you be sorry?" asked the Major.

"Because you see, sir, he's losing such a splendid gir—ahem—young lady; but we're sorry for Miss Mabel, too!"

"For Miss Mabel? Why should you be sorry for Miss Mabel?" queried the Major.

"Because we hall liked Mr. Maxwell, or Master Bob, sir! And because Mr. Houtram—"

Freeman suddenly stopped.

"Well, what about Mr. Outram?" sharply queried the Major.

"I beg your pardin, sir. I should not ha' mentioned Mr. Houtram's name."

"That's all right. But now you have mentioned it, what is it you were about to say?"

"Oh, nothink, sir, nothink at all. 'Tis not for the likes of me—"

"Stop that d——d rot, Freeman! You know me now too well to believe that kind of stuff. What were you about to say concerning Mr. Outram?"

"Oh, nothink, sir, nothink, hi hassure you. But we do be saying among ourselves, how it were well for young ladies to know hall about their hintendeds before taking the big plunge. The cook is agoin' to be married soon to a feller from Hindia—"

"Yes; I know, I know"; interrupted the Major. "What has that to do with Mr. Outram?"

"Oh, nothink, sir, nothink; honly hi says to cook, says hi: 'You should know somethink habout the feller's hantecedents.' 'Oh,' sez she, 'the priest must see habout all that.' These poor Papists believe that their priests knows as much as Halmighty Gawd. 'That's hall right,' sez hi, 'but when the knot is tied, can the priest unloose hit?' 'No'; sez she, 'not on this side of the grave.' 'Well, then,' I sez, puttin' it plain like, 'if that feller has a girl or two abroad in Hindia or Haden, what can the priest do when you diskiver it?' 'Nothin',' sez she. 'Well then,' sez hi—"

"Look here, Freeman, I want no more of that d——d nonsense," interrupted the Major. "What has all this got to do with Mr. Outram?"

"Oh, nothink, sir, nothink," said Freeman. "We don't know nothink about Mr. Houtram; leastways, we don't think as how Mr. Houtram—Mr. Houtram is a very nice genelman, sir!"

"He is—very," said the Major. "When I ask your opinion about Mr. Outram, Freeman, you can give it."

"I'm sure, sir, I meant no offence. Leastways, I thought that, maybe, you would like to know what people think—"

"No; I can think for myself," replied the Major. "I don't want to hear kitchen gossip. There's always too much d——d nonsense and gossip going on downstairs. If we had less talk, we'd have better dinners."

"I'll tell cook so, sir," said Freeman imperturbably. "You're quite right, sir. It's not the business of servants to discuss their superiors' affairs. Shall I move that couch, sir? A little towards the fire?"

And the Major was not quite sure whether he ought to fling a spittoon at the fellow's head, or offer him an increase of wages.

But he was much disquieted at what he had heard. Clearly, this forthcoming marriage was much discussed downstairs Clearly, too, it was not highly approved of. There were little inuendoes about life abroad, which, to the Major, who had seen a good deal of Simla, meant a good deal. What if Outram had had a "past"? What if his reputation could not bear investigation? What if—

Yes; the Major was disquieted. But what could he do? Whom could he consult? There is the evil of being without friends in this world. For if friends are sometimes troublesome, and would like to share with you the material things of life, they are also useful, and may sometimes give disinterested advice. You may have to pay for it in one shape or another; but, then, you must pay for everything worth having. The world is but a Chamber of Commerce, whether you play with counters or coins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN NATURE AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

I.

AFTER all arguments against Socialism have been fairly examined, it is found that one, drawn from human nature simply as human nature, appears to be strongest. "Socialism is impossible, since human nature is what it is. If men were perfect, they might risk Socialism; but in that case they would not need it." Yet, the strongest appeal that Socialism makes for sympathy is based on that same human nature. "Because human nature may be perfected Socialism is right and imperative. Socialism alone provides an environment which enables human nature to realize its best." Similarly, human nature is alleged in defence of competitive industry. "Only the whip and spur of necessity can compel any large number of men to overcome laziness, shortsightedness, and undisciplined emotions." Yet we hear against that, that "competition degrades man, exalts selfishness, and hardens hearts." When it is alleged against the labor union, for instance, that its policies are unfair, and its principles false, its leaders look back of both for the common human nature which they express, and point to the same principle of human nature at work in the antagonist, showing that aim is not nobler, or method more honorable, or abuse more certain in one case than in the other.

A definition of human nature, as it is thus referred to, is not easily made, or, if made, defended. But, for present purposes, it may indicate the range of feeling, emotion, instinct, choice, valuation, and action which, found in endlessly varying combinations among men and women, and constituting individual temperaments, governs or tends to govern them in the relations of life. We may set over against this undisciplined human nature, the culture or spiritualizing agencies which aim to discipline and co-ordinate human desires and action toward ideal ends which show the whole reality of life. The State, religion, schools, the home, the community create institutions, codes, customs, standards, and sanctions in order to produce ideal individuals who shall be in harmony with others in all relations of life. But all such institutions, codes, and standards, containing the note of discipline, self denial, thought of others, are more or less unwelcome, and human nature recoils from the obedience, sacrifice, and effort called for. The margin in motive, instinct, preference, action, which is left in individuals unconquered and unrelated to ideals, remains a constant source of disorder, sin, confusion, and is ordinarily had in mind as human nature, though this use of the term misses all of the power for noble aims, brave action, and purest consecration which is to be found in it as well. The Socialist loves to dwell on this strength and promise, just as the conservative finds joy in advertising the meanness, weakness, and disorder found among men.

The genius of the race has always loved to explore the human heart, to study its mysteries of motive and passion, of sacrifice and surrender. Literature is great and noble when the reading is profound and the narrative sympathetic, because thus we find humanity—universal experience; and the narrative is classical because forever true. "Through what is most personal in each of us, we come upon the common soul; let any man record faithfully his most private experiences in any of the great affairs of life, and his words awaken in other souls innumerable echoes. The deepest community is found not in institutions or corporations or churches, but in the secrets of the solitary heart" (Bowden, *Puritan and Anglican*).

Human nature makes revolutions necessary, and then denounces them; it builds up institutions, and then undermines them; it teaches moral codes, and then forgets them. No nation assembled in council and led by its bravest and wisest souls, ever decreed a political constitution but that human nature had amended or annulled many a section before the ink was dry. No state ever enacted a law, vital in interest and timely in every provision, but that human nature had it in part repealed before its promulgation. No city of fair fortune and fairer hope, ever set forth, sanctioned ideals of law and order to a willing population, but that human nature organized and policed beneath its foundations another city of disorder, sin, and shameless joy, to which men might resort and seek freedom for passion, encouragement for degradation, and escape from every noble instinct which might disturb their abandon to mistaken pleasure. Human nature is everywhere powerful beyond description, varied beyond all understanding. Its problems have attracted an army of students who are giving to the world masses of literature, but we are far from knowing all that may be known. Human nature is practically the subject-matter of all Sociology which is seeking the great laws which appear in the processes of human association. Attention is directed now to some features of these processes through which human nature passes, in order to describe social questions and social reform in terms of human nature thus understood.

II.

Self-estimate is fundamental in the normally developed individual's life. One does not rise to a sense of moral responsibility, to intelligent self-direction, to a proper sense of proportions, until one has made a conscious self-estimate which will unify views, co-ordinate faculties and aims, and make life a system of related parts. The first business of an individual is to find himself; to discover what he is, what is his business in life, what are his relations; the business of education, religion, and culture is to lead individuals to this stage in due time. Not until, with quick and eager glance, the individual has surveyed the east and the west of life, and has felt the thrill of it, is he developed or are his judgments his own. When he becomes conscious of himself, when he recognizes what he is, what he is becoming, what he may become, idealism is awakened, ambition and hope fill his mind, and he is transformed. Estimates of fellowmen are formed, views are generalized, social judgments are made, and gradually a whole philosophy of life, fixed views of rights and prospects, are adopted.

The result of this process is that society depends on the character of self-estimate which an age is developing among men. When the institutions and established codes of a people are in conflict with their self-estimate, the way is prepared for discontent if not revolution. When the codes and institutions are in harmony with the current estimate of the individual, but the facts of life are in conflict, disorder and agitation necessarily result.

Men are fundamentally alike. A few rudimentary desires explain all life. Men of like self-estimates are inclined to drift together, to create a social ideal, to reinforce one another; the individual ideal is made into the social ideal, and the rights of the individual become the rights of man, and vice versa. It is only through attachment to such a social ideal or estimate of the individual that full inspiration comes to individuals. No great appeal or noble and impassioned speech was ever made by any one for his own sole individual interest. It is only in the name of humanity or great classes that such are produced. On account of differences of constitution and temperament, and conflicts of interest, through many accidents of life individuals are led to differing self-estimates. And most of the conflicts of life are in last analysis conflicts in the self-estimates of individuals. Thus we derive individual conflicts, class struggles, clash of standards, and war of ideals.

A two-fold tendency appears. Culture forces stand or are supposed to stand for universals; for whole estimates of the whole individual. Human nature is constantly producing group views, particular and partial estimates of man. These struggle to be universalized, and the general estimates seek to modify and relate particular views in harmony. Thus the general concepts of God's Fatherhood and man's brotherhood seek to bring about understanding among particular groups, such as nationality, capital, and labor, and religious groups, but the employer would universalize his particular self-estimate; the laborer would establish his, the socialist, his. Viewing the social process and its deeply rooted conflicts, as a whole, it may be seen readily that human nature is working with tremendous force to overcome the particular group estimates of the individual, and establish universal estimates, suppressing the former when it is in the way, and endorsing it when in sympathy. And the general or universal, toward which humanity appears to be working, is derived from its best knowledge of itself, and not from Christian revelation authoritatively accepted. Hence the universal questioning of institutional religions, the challenging of every established interest, no matter what its antiquity, sanction, or defence. Hence the internationalism of Socialism, seeking the universal among men regardless of country.

There are certain features of the self-estimate of individuals which merit notice. When they merge self-estimates into one social class ideal and each reinforces the other, there is a constant tendency toward exaggeration. An individual feels much more assured in claiming much for all men than in claiming it for himself. Hence we find something vague, indiscriminate in class demands. Equality, as a class demand, seems to mean one thing to the thousands, yet, concretely understood, it may mean widely different things to those demanding it.

It is evident that the vast majority of individuals are unable to form an intelligent progressive self-estimate. Relatively few, and they men of capacity, reflection, and insight, can do so. The many must be taught, must act under leadership, learn lessons, repeat them, and rise to understanding of the ideal presented. The natural function of leadership is to feel and think among the larger truths of existence, and to tell the many, in language which they understand, such truths as best may guide them. Poet, dramatist, religious teacher, popular champion, great literature have this great mission: to see for the many, teach them, lift them.

As far as popular movements are concerned, the estimate of the individual, which is to be found among radical circles, is apt to turn more on rights than duties ; to be, by necessity of reaction, one-sided assertion against social and political conditions, in which the self-estimate of many cannot be realized. Culture agencies aim to teach a whole balanced view of the individual, but the circumstances of life usually throw particular and interested views forward, causing great moral and social confusion, out of which come movements of protest and methods of defence with which observers are so familiar.

III.

Once an individual is clear in his self-estimate; once he understands what he is and is becoming; naturally the impulse toward self-realization is awakened. As a rule, nature keeps the aims and hopes of individuals so far ahead of achievement, that few reach self realization in a way to bring entire rest or contentment. Man is always becoming. He always, if normally progressive, sees obstacles to be overcome, new joys to seek, higher levels to reach. The individual is incomplete while life drives all things toward self-completion. In the whole process of self-realization, many features appear, some of which, touching closely on social questions, property, and socialism, are the following:

(a) The individual normally resists extinction or diminution. Self-preservation is at least a first impulse of nature, if not its first law. To whatever level man has reached, normally he fights against reduction. Theoretically this is true of every side of life, physical, mental, spiritual, social; but, in fact, it is found chiefly in the standard of living and social recognition that men enjoy. Individuals lose ambition for learning, forget what they once knew, without struggle, possibly without regret. Men forfeit high spiritual gifts at times, and may cease to feel the loss, but no normal individual sees himself reduced in the circle of life where his heart's sympathies linger without resistance, without a feeling that reduction is annihilation. Nor is great importance attached to physical self-realization, to perfection of health, as may be seen in the recklessness with which it is sacrificed, to many other interests. But when individuals and classes reach a certain standard of living, a given style and quality in food, shelter, clothing, and certain social recognition, they identify these with life itself and resist every force that might threaten reduction or invite it. Men at 4,000, 3,000, 2,000 dollars income resist, with equal determination, any reduction, although it means entirely different things in each case.

When adversity compels reduction, or when a standard of life is kept up to which income is inadequate, one finds remarkable ingenuity displayed in so arranging the details of life that appearances are saved whatever else be sacrificed.

This, then, is to be noted as one feature of human nature; it clings to what it has achieved. It feels a lasting claim on what it has once reached. This is nature's device to protect advance and resist falling back, since, if men were indifferent, there would be neither ambition to go ahead nor security in so doing.

Whether or not an individual or a class will rest content with a standard of life already secured, depends on the estimate of the individual which they hold. In all cases instinct is active, leading men to realize all that they hold themselves to be by right. The magnitude, intensity, the varied and determined organization of the discontent of our day may be measured easily by comparing the ideals of individuals with their circumstances, for we find men believing in freedom, yet not enjoying it; taught equality, and seeing inequality; educated to the worth of the individual, and seeing that, in the industrial advance, he is regarded cheaply; convinced of his right to culture and home, and forced to labor, whose duration and exhausting demands render him unfit for both; taught that manhood alone is man's true test, and seeing it half forgotten in most affairs of life. Thus the conflict between men's self-estimate and the circumstances of life; the setting up of a noble ideal and the hindering of self-realization in fact, give us radicalism, protest movements. When ideals are improved and conditions hinder self-realization, the effect is practically a reduction in the standard of life, and men resist it. Hence active, quick resistance against absolute or relative reduction is found everywhere among social classes.

(b) In the process of self-realization appears also a passion for distinction. Life is individual; consciousness is one, self is isolated. Self is not fully realized when merely part of a mass. To be a part, a fragment, one of many, suggests incompleteness which strong active natures resent. The craving for distinction, the desire to be remarked, recognized, pointed out individually, as being in some way one apart, is so widely found among men, that it must be taken as a part of the natural equipment of the race to work out its ends. It is in human nature for some race purpose. The tallest man in the county, the youngest senator, the strongest blacksmith, the handsomest woman, the brightest boy, all reveal one instinct of human nature, all find the same delight in this singling out. Men and women will, therefore, work incredibly, dream, hope, plan, with no other desire than to win some distinction on which heart is set. It is human nature working itself out, teasing individuals on, and getting desired results in some mysterious way. Dickens gives a curious confirmation of this in *David Copperfield.* When the boy's mother died, he became at once conscious of a distinction shared by no one else. He was the only boy in school whose mother was dead. He became conscious of new importance and added dignity, but concluded that he would treat the other boys as he had heretofore, not permitting any change in his conduct. And he thought that he was rather noble for doing so.

Prizes, medals, decorations, rivalries, envies, jealousies, symbols of rank, and proofs of valor, strewn along the paths of history, are monuments that speak this truth of human nature. As eloquent now in their silent desolation as they were once sources of fervent inspiration and rewards for great achievement, they tell how deeply human nature loves to be singled out, how sweet is reward when it exalts, individualizes, distinguishes one from the many.

The forms which this passion for distinction may take on are by no means alike. It is not so active in circles where life is dulled by exhausting labor, or darkened by moral indifference. In those social Siberias in modern cities, where the sunlight of hope and the cheer of comfort are not found; where arrested development makes every one socially a cripple and only too often morally a savage, this passion for distinction may not be found to be so strong. And yet, the boldest burglar, the heaviest drinker, the toughest character, may derive some human joy and imagined self-realization in that very prominence. Where life works on normally, where the horizon is widened and the fullness of life is seen, then we find this desire for distinction appearing as a normal social force, shaping more lives than we count, and explaining more hopes than we might be willing to admit.

(c) Among higher types of men, those gifted beyond the average, there appears, in the process of self-realization, a passion for power. When a strong man will be fully himself, self-realized, he seeks to dominate other lives. There is joy in conquest and dictation; command is sweet. Strong, keen men, with foresight, intuitional knowledge of men and situations, with genius for organization and taste for it, find no self-realization short of sway over men and situations. The great social facts of leadership show this: the equally striking readiness of the many to follow, to obey, confirm it. Thus human nature again provides for her evolution. When great men are seemingly serving their own ends, and selfishly attempting to capture power for themselves, they are merely working out some feature of race purposes and blindly co-operating with them.

There is a wide range in this feeling in man. He is essentially active; normally he must be doing, satisfying his instinct for workmanship. From occupation, wherein his love of action appears, to command of men and situations, there is the fundamental trait of human nature at work. Man, when growing, self-realizing, when the horizon of life is widening, would be active, would be free, self-directing, under no man's authority, independent of any will save his own; and when all of this is done, he would assume direction, exercise power over others.

(d) The individual readily sees that life is short, yet desire to live is strong within him. Hence he seeks to be immortal in his family. Thus the family enters the scheme of a strong man's process of self-realization. As he steps into retirement from active life, his hopes rest on the son who may succeed him, bear his name, foster his memory. Conditions at one time may strengthen, and at another weaken, this feeling, lack of wisdom may defeat the purposes of such men, as it too often does, yet the desire to establish a family, and live through it, is deep in human nature, and normally one of her forces at work serving the purposes of the race.

The thought so far suggested is this: self-estimate is fundamental in a normally developing individual. It is his centre of thought, test of success, the key to his philosophy of life, and the basis of his ideals. Self-realization, that is, the conducting of life and controlling of circumstances in a way to realize this self-estimate, is practically the sum of individual life. Selecting from the many features of this process, such as bear on social questions directly, we find among them: (a) resistance against diminution or extinction; (b) desire for distinction; (c) desire for power, action, freedom; (d) hope of living on through family. These are alluded to as forms of desire, general traits of human nature which enter largely into life problems. As human desires, they are not rigidly fixed on definite objects. The things on which the desires feed may vary with time, place, and civilization. It is necessary now to look for the factor which determines or chooses the objects in life and action in which these desires find satisfaction. Generally they are fixed by the social valuations to which men are sympathetically exposed.

IV.

Men usually tend to realize themselves in the terms of social valuations. Nature adjusts the individual to environment. Human nature in him seeks adjustment to human nature in the many. As all life is practically reduced to forms of desire, the tendency is strong in men to adjust themselves to one another, in a way to best satisfy desire. Objects declared by common consent to be most desirable, actually appear so to individuals, and these consequently seek them. When the individual first becomes conscious, he is imitating others, seeking praise, avoiding blame, welcoming recognition, conforming to customs, ways, valuations found about him.

Human nature thus shows a process by which it adjusts the life and desires of the one to the many. The culture agencies in life set up absolute valuations, teach their relations, invite, command conformity, and, in a way, they have success. Ideally character is more highly valued than success; the kingdom of God is preferred to earthly grandeur; service of others is nobler than service of self; to minister is holier than to be ministered unto. Yet, actually, human nature places success, enjoyment, self-service, position, higher; values them more highly, and the individual is thus left to confusion. Adjustment to ideal valuations pitted against adjustment to human nature's valuations; self-realization in the one order against self-realization in the other. If we listen to Newman in one of his meditations we discover his valuations in his belief "that poverty is better than riches, pain better than pleasure, obscurity and contempt than name, and ignominy and reproach than honor." "I will never have faith in riches, rank, power, or reputation. I will never set my heart on worldly success or on worldly advantages. I will never wish for what men call the prizes of life."

If we compare such valuations with those which human nature whispers to us every hour in the day, we readily see the sharpness of contrast to which men are subjected, and the divergence which they show, in the whole course of life.

Another way of stating the thought is to be found in reference to the many potential selves in us. Wherever we live, whatever we do, whatever our culture, one circle is dearer to us than any other, one self is supreme—and that is, the self whose realization brings fullness to life. Speaking of rivalry and conflict of selves, Professor James, whose thought is here adapted, says: "The seeker of his truest, strongest, deepest self must review the list carefully and pick out the one on which to stake his salvation. All other selves thereupon become unreal, but the fortunes of this self are real. Its failures are real failures, its triumphs real triumphs, carrying shame and gladness with them." He continues: "I, who for the time have staked my all on being a psychologist, am mortified if others know much more psychology than I. But I am contented to wallow in the grossest ignorance of Greek. My deficiencies there give me no sense of personal humiliation at all." The self that we make supreme is the self by which we live, judge, grieve, or rejoice. And that self infallibly selects the social circles or groups in which our sympathies linger and our ambitions rest. And the social valuations of that group tend to become the supreme factor in life. Here are the laws of life, standards, hopes. Here alone or chiefly we can feel humiliation or triumph. The social valuations in the home have no power over children whose cherished self is some one other than of the family or home. The social valuations of a religion have little power when some self other than the spiritual or religious is supreme.

If a dozen selves are possible in all of us, and if it is largely a matter of circumstance which self shall be supreme, the test of any age, and the heart of its problems and contests, will be found in some conflict between the self that is actually uppermost among the people, and the ideal self that culture forces set up. The ordinary human emotions of fear, shame, defeat, pain, and of joy, rest, glory, self-respect, reward, are not uniformly efficacious on all sides of our being. They are strongest only where we have pretensions, and our pretensions are mainly in the direction of our preferred self. Human nature is constantly working forward one set of selves among men, and culture and spiritual forces champion another set. Social questions, as ordinarily understood, may be expressed in the terms of this conflict.

V.

If an age tends to weaken the social groups made up from nobler and higher selves—groups such as family, religion—and permits almost universal sway of the valuations which represent the lower self, we have in that condition the fundamental social question. If an age produce great classes with a self-estimate which is too low, a great social question, one of stimulating, uplifting, is presented. If a self-estimate is produced which is relatively too high or indiscriminate, another social question, fundamentally different, results, one of toning down, checking, correcting. If in the process of self-realization, contentment and distinction and power and freedom and stability of family are made, by social valuation, to rest largely in money and too little in virtue, or service, or character, still another distinct problem is found. If social valuations are stronger than any institution, it is useless to hope for reform through institutions, when social valuations are to blame. If the social valuation of money is our great social and moral and spiritual problem to-day; if it has become by choice and practice of human nature, the practical condition of all self-realization, a badge of distinction, a reservoir of unlimited social power, no law so orders, no court so declared, no ruler so elected. It is the success of human nature against the forces of culture. In a day when Americans are madly looking to laws to hinder every abuse and remedy every wrong, it may be timely to call attention to these other aspects of the social condition. A study of them will be undertaken in an article to follow.

A WORD FOR THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY JOHN F. FENLON, D.D.

THE long reign of the Bible over the hearts and minds of men gives signs in our own day of coming to an end. Critics have analyzed its parts so minutely that they are believed by many, mistakenly, to have left it little of the divine or inspiring; a new literary generation has arisen that knows not Moses, nor the prophets; our colleges, and even our universities, witness in their students a surprising power of resistance to the infiltration of biblical lore; familiarity with the sacred text, once quite frequent among Protestants devout and indevout, is now, owing largely to the decay of dogmatic belief, becoming very rare; while the mass of Catholics, whose faith in it has been in no wise weakened, show no great intimacy with the book they revere as the word of God. This last condition is accepted, not regretfully, by some who are well versed in modern scriptural problems, with their most widely prevalent solutions; they fear for the faith of the weak and the little ones of Christ, should they acquire an intimate acquaintance with these fields of knowledge. If the Bible is a closed book, on the other hand, their curiosity in things biblical will be quiescent.

The comparative neglect and discredit into which the Bible has fallen has naturally had most effect upon the standing of the Old Testament. We are, in fact, almost in the full tide of a reaction against Hebrew bibliolatry and the worship of Old Testament heroes, so long characteristic of Protestantism. The old book, till lately so revered, has, with many, practically yielded its pre-eminence to certain great teachers of our day; just as the men whom popular devotion made a little less than the angels, are thought to be found not a little less than the average upright man. Sharp distinctions are drawn between the two Testaments; Marcion, who failed in the second century in his endeavor to have the Old Testament rejected, to-day finds many sympathizers. Catholics, of course, are not among them; still, we saw recently, even in these pages, some hard words for the ancient volume, while the author pleaded for the Gospels with the tenderness and grace of an Irish woman and poet, and the sincerity of a Christian.

No one can question the legitimacy of drawing a distinction between the two Testaments. It dates back to him who said on the Mount: "It was said to them of old time, . . . but I say to you." It is implied in the word of St. John that "the law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Upon that idea, too, reposes much of the teaching of St. Paul. Throughout the ages it has been a sentiment as well as a doctrine in the Catholic Church; so that there has never been any danger of the Old Covenant prevailing over the New. But more than this is demanded by those who are attacking or disparaging the Hebrew Bible. They see in it much that is cruel, revengeful, of the earth earthy; they refuse to recognize in it any divine authority. They hold it responsible for religious wars, the product, they think, of a barbarous age, beneath the level of our own civilization. Good books enough there are in the world for all our spiritual needs; the Old Testament was divine, if you will, but so was the Jewish religion; both have had their day, now let them cease to be. Why run the risk of lowering our Christian ideals by contact with the very imperfect religion of the ancient Covenant?

Thoughts and feelings like these are in many minds and hearts, though not always so clearly defined. Our first duty is to recognize that they contain much truth and justice. The Old Testament by itself is not a safe guide in morals; it does seem to sanction much that is imperfect, crude, low, and cruel. It has ever been a commonplace with Catholic writers that the ordinary man is quite likely to gather out of it false moral ideas, and so the Church has reserved its interpretation to herself. By not imposing on her children the obligation to read it, by not indiscriminately recommending it to all, she has shown herself guided by the spirit of truth and holiness that rules over the New Covenant.

It was a mistaken conception, though a venerable one, to regard every part of the Old Testament as a contribution by the Holy Spirit to spiritual and ascetical literature, fit and intended for the daily sustenance of the soul. It would be a quest dreary and fruitless for many a soul to seek immediate edification in certain chapters of Leviticus, of Numbers, of Judges, of Esther, and other books. Doubtless for most earnest people at the present day there is more in a chapter or two of the *Imitation* to make them catch the echo of God's voice, to reveal the secrets of their hearts to themselves, to lift the soul to God, to unite them to Jesus in love and devotion, than they would find after laborious search through certain entire books of the Hebrew Bible. Doubtless, writers nearer our own time or of our own day can often move a soul that is deaf to the voice of Holy Scripture. Considering the many difficulties of the Bible and the readiness of unspiritual Christians to grasp an excuse for their low ideals, more harm than good might easily result to many from any attempt to oblige them to seek their edification in the Old Testament; the Spirit breatheth where he will, and some hear his whisper where to others there is only silence, or even the voice of the tempter.

Despite these concessions, however, which we make to those who would restrict or discourage the reading of the Old Testament, we believe them under the spell of a false idea. For all the passages which to many are only dreary wastes, for all its imperfections and crudities, the venerable volume, now as in the days of St. Paul, "can instruct thee to salvation by the faith which is in Jesus Christ" (II. Tim. iii. 15). By these words the Apostle who gave the death-blow to the sovereignty of the Old Testament points out not only its value, but also the condition on which it retains that value—its subordination to the religion of the Savior. Through that faith we ought to learn a divine alchemy that will enable us to transmute whatever there is of baser metal into pure, refined gold. Most of it needs no such transmutation, having already been purified in the fire of the Spirit. But the New must ever remain the standard by which the purity of the Old is to be tested.

Those who would dig a wide gulf between Old and New, however, must often be puzzled over the reverence which the New professes for the Old. Though our Lord so clearly and unmistakably announces his superiority to the teachers and teaching of the Old, yet is he as emphatic in vindicating its authority and divine origin, and claiming it as a witness to his own divine mission. St. Paul, too, the leader in emancipating Christians from the yoke of the old law—a task which Christ left to his Church to accomplish—praises Timothy, in that from his *infancy* he had known the Holy Scriptures and fitted himself thereby, though a young man, to rule in the Church of God over his elders, "to teach, to reprove, to correct, and to instruct in justice." Yet in this the Apostle was simply following the Jewish ideas of his time, which regarded the Scriptures as the best means of inculcating in children a virtuous life and the love of God. Contemporary scholars who began, like Harnack, with regretting that the Christian Church adopted and recanonized the Hebrew Scriptures, have gone on to reject the authority of the New Testament which honors the Old.

Furthermore, though we may not condemn those whose spirit and tastes lead them seldom to the ancient fields of Judea, but rather to fresh fields and pastures new, we are bound to recognize, nevertheless, that the great masters of the spiritual life themselves have always preferred the biblical ground, whether of the Old or the New Testament. Never was there a truer son of the new law than à Kempis; still his mind was steeped in an intimate knowledge of the older books, not only of the Psalms, which as a monk, of course, he daily recited, but also of the Prophets, Proverbs, and even—and we may say especially—of less known books, Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom, which the Protestant canon rejects. In most unexpected quarters he finds flowers for his own garden; and many a reader unconsciously admires as the finest flowering of mediæval Christianity some thought or sentiment that has been transplanted from Jewish soil. His own advice is to "mislike not the parables of the Elders, for they are not uttered without cause"; while for himself he confesses that "the word of God is the light of my soul."

Again, if we may take a modern instance, few men have produced a deeper impression on their contemporaries than Cardinal Newman. His words burnt themselves into the souls of men like purifying fires; it was as a spiritual force rather than as a theologian that his influence was most widely felt. Now Newman was so deep a student of the Scriptures that he is said to have known them by heart, Old and New, and nothing is more remarkable in him than the naturalness with which his best thoughts seem to grow out of the sacred text, like a flower out of its stem, so that we wonder why we ourselves had never perceived the same vision of truth and wisdom.

Many of his most effective sermons are character sketches of Old Testament saints and sinners, by which he shows us, as St. Paul showed the Corinthians, that "these things are written for our correction on whom the ends of the world are come." Others are in a great part almost a *cento* of Old Testament quotations; and few readers, I think, can have risen from a perusal of his sermons without a new sense of the beauty, the directness, the depth of spirituality of the ancient volume. And can we pay a higher tribute to its superiority than to confess that even on the page of this great master the best things are usually the biblical texts? Newmans are rare; but almost invariably it will be found that they who dispense to others the bread of life have themselves drawn their store from the granary of Israel.

Nor can it be shown that the masters of the new Israel have often, if ever, suffered any injury by sitting at the feet of the Elders. Guided apparently by some instinct of supernatural selection, they are able to reject whatever may be hurtful to the Christian life, and assimilate only the nourishing, the strengthening. And, in fact, the spirit of Christ is so clearly and directly opposed to whatever is exceptionable in the ancient law, that the danger of misguidance is slight. The Christian conscience—that one, at least, which has been formed by the teaching of the Church—almost mechanically rings a note of alarm when the danger line is nearing. Our Lord's teaching on marriage preserves us from sanctioning polygamy, though the patriarchs practised it; his condemnation of divorce saves us from the hardheartedness of the Jews, with which Moses had to compromise; his "blessed are the clean of heart" lifts us into a purer atmosphere than prevails in certain parts of the old law; the command of simple truthfulness in word, "let your speech be yea, yea; no, no," prevents us from being misled by the double-dealing, the lack of straightforwardness, found occasionally in some Old Testament characters; "Love thy neighbor as thyself," with its explanation, while it sums up the law and the prophets, removes at the same time the limitations these seem to put to the obligation of charity: "Love your enemies, do good to those that hate you," brings into relief one of the greatest defects of the ancient religion; while, finally, the rebuke to the sons of Zebedee, "Ye know not of what spirit ye are," when they wished to call down fire from heaven, should be sufficient, though as a matter of history, unhappily, it did not always suffice, to make Christians unlearn the spirit of Elias the Thesbite.

Thus can we ever find in a few simple words of our Savior the corrective of whatever is imperfect, of whatever is undeveloped in the religion and morality of the ancient Covenant. The prime necessity, of course, is to know the spirit of Christ; without it we can easily, we shall inevitably, turn the Old Testament to our hurt. But it is equally true that without it the New Testament can be wrested to our destruction; and those who would recommend the one, and be reluctant to recommend the other, must remember that the most fruitful source of divisions in the Church has been the wrong use of the words of Christ and his Apostles. That most beautiful and touching farewell discourse of our Lord, quoted recently in these pages, was, in fact, the ostensible foundation of the Montanist heresy, which seduced the mind of the great Tertullian. There is nothing that may not prove harmful without the spirit of Christ; with it "all Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable" (II. Tim. iii. 16).

The protection derived from a thorough knowledge of the spirit of the new law may be increased also by the aid of a new and unexpected ally. This is none other than our most dreaded foe, the higher criticism of the Bible. Incalculable harm, it is true, especially to those who have not the guidance and support of the Church, has resulted from the speculations and conclusions of critics; but here again, if only we will possess our souls in patience, we shall find it true that

> The clouds we so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on our head.

For what is the fundamental idea at present in all historical criticism? It is the law of growth, of change, of development; that there must come *first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear;* and even that there is *a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted;* that, as our version has it, *all things have their season, and in their times all things pass under heaven;* that the old order must change, giving place to the new, lest even a good custom should corrupt the world.

This is, indeed, the method and doctrine of Christ, save that the new order inaugurated by him should never grow old, but eternally renew itself. The law of his kingdom was to be growth, development, for it was to live; but a growth without decay, for it was to live forever. And as this law was to preside over the new dispensation, so did it rule over the old. The Christian church is not a pure creation; rather Christ presents his kingdom as the fulfilment of the old Jewish polity, his doctrines as the legitimate expansion of the teaching of Moses and the prophets; and with St. Paul, baptism is the Christian circumcision and the Eucharist the true Pasch; and the Apostle, like his Master, teaches that the members of the Church are the true children of Abraham.

We must, then, allow this idea of growth, of development (which is Christian as well as scientific), to influence us in our reading of the Old Testament, by which criticism, in bringing it forward, does us a real service. This implies that we must not expect final perfection in the first stages of the growth of religion; that we must not be shocked to see God sanction or permit things which the Christian conscience cannot approve. The chosen people, it is well to remember, were called out of idolatry, from a life of low moral standards, and afterwards dwelt in contact with those who practised idolatry and all that it means. To begin by teaching and imposing on these chosen ones the highest spiritual ideals would be to render failure inevitable. The spiritual training of mankind had to be a slow, laborious process; with infinite patience God carried it forward, winking, as the Apostle expresses it, at the times of ignorance.

No great humility of mind is needed to believe that his way was the best way. Fanciful idealists would have it otherwise; but when we consider the grossness, the unsubduable stubbornness of the Jews, we cannot wonder that evils were tolerated which only moral miracles, or the withdrawal of free will, could remove. One by one the spiritual and ethical lessons had to be taught; and most often they were as quickly forgotten as they were learned. A hopeless task, one would think, to get the knowledge and fear of the Lord into the soul of that people. As the prophet exclaimed, if we may so apply his words: "Whom will he teach knowledge? and whom will he get to understand the message? . . . For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line;

here a little, there a little."* And the easier lessons had to be learned first, before the more difficult and higher could be taught. Remembering this, as well as the darkness surrounding the Israelites, we shall hardly wonder that St. Teresa was not raised up to teach the ways of contemplation to her sister of old, the valiant Jahel, or that the doctrine of St. John was not expounded to Samson and Samgar; yet these "also defended Israel."

As the nation's ideals, so her heroes; the men chosen to do the rough foundation work necessary for building the temple of God could hardly be of the same type as the perfect saints of Christendom. The Israelites wanted heroes and heroines who were, like the poet's wife,

> Not too good
> For human nature's daily food,

with faults, perhaps, that showed them of the same flesh and blood as themselves, but with great qualities that proved them the friends of God. Such were given to them. It would be foolish as well as unjust to try them rigorously by the counsels of Christian perfection; that the men of all times and countries should be judged by the same moral standards, as Lord Acton held, must be dismissed as an impracticable dream. The shortcomings of Israel's heroes are frankly enough recorded in Holy Writ; there is no need of recourse to spiritual or allegorical interpretations, dear to some of the Fathers, but foreign to our mental habits to-day, to explain away actions that do not reach the level of Christian sanctity. They were either almost inevitable in that day, or were atoned for; Christians cannot invoke them as excuse or palliation for their own misdeeds, but are to regard them as warning examples, or as indications of God's loving mercy in his dealings with souls. To some, when they regard the condition of the pre-Christian world or of the non-Christian world to-day, the presence of these imperfections and sins in the ancient friends of God is one of the greatest of consolations. They are judged by their light; we, by so much of the light from the True Light as we have made our own.

On the other hand, it would be narrow as well as unjust, because of the sins with which their memory is stained, to deny greatness of soul, a deeply religious nature, and even sanctity to Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Samuel, David, and others. Israel knew and felt that through these men was acquired all that was great and holy in its history; their great qualities, their faith, their devotion to God, their prayerfulness, their zeal against idolatry, their sense of human dignity, their love of justice, their magnanimity, their sense of sin and of Israel's call to be holy as God is holy, all these great qualities, possessed by one or another, were the human means by which religion was kept alive and fostered in Israel and upon earth. To hunt out and gloat over defects of character in those ancient worthies is fit occupation for a small soul; but

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* Isaias xxviii. 9, 10. (Revised Version—our own is obscure here.)

> We live by admiration, hope, and love,

and those spiritual writers who tried, by an accommodating application of allegory, to find the heroes of the Old Testament as little blameworthy as possible, came nearer the truth than the men who see in them little that is great or admirable or lovable. A nation does not mistake its true heroes; and a nation whose ideals were always righteousness and the service of Jehovah —however far it came short of reaching them—knew which of its sons were more faithful to those ideals.

It is a unique thing in history, without parallel, I believe, in ancient or modern times, that a nation's great men should be judged by Israel's standard of righteousness and piety toward God. The heroes of other countries are celebrated in song and enshrined in popular legends for military exploits such as distinguished the "judges" of Israel; services of a purely worldly character, looking to national greatness and glory, are usually their title to the reverence of their countrymen. Much is forgiven them if they have done great things for the fatherland. Traces of this merely patriotic sentiment in regard to the nation's defenders may be found in the Bible, which is natural and, as far as it goes, right; but when the men are judged, it is, in general, with reference to their fidelity to Jehovah, their own moral conduct, and their services to the spiritual Israel. Only those who excel in these respects live in the heart of the race. We must find it most remarkable that a people continually at war should cherish, with a love no modern people can rival, the memory of such figures as Abraham, the peaceful patriarch, full of faith and piety towards God, ever faithful and prompt to obedience and sacrifice, walking with God and entertaining angels; or Jacob with his deep trust in God, his vision of the angels' ladder, his sense of God's presence, his wrestling to obtain the divine blessing, his condemnation of his sons for their warlike and revengeful spirit. These are not the figures which the popular imagination and natural heart of a primitive people create and love to contemplate.

The deep religious feeling which characterizes the traditions of Israel's earliest and most loved heroes tinges, or rather dominates, nearly all the history of its great men. Moses, so favored of God, is punished for a lack of simplicity in obedience, and Saul rejected for a similar fault. The popular enthusiasm for their great king, David, is tempered by condemnation of his sins, and because he is a man of blood he cannot build the temple of the Lord. Solomon is the Augustus of the Jewish kingdom; his youthful piety is lingered over with affection; but though he conferred on his people the height of worldly glory, this does not weigh in the balance with his own apostasy from Jehovah. Down through the ranks of his successors, in both kingdoms, the same standard of judgment is ever applied. And by this standard, too, the people themselves are invariably judged. How differently are praise and blame apportioned in modern works of history, where the private life and personal religion, especially of the great, count for so little.

Here then we touch the peculiar greatness of the Old Testament; it gives us the history of a race, from its rise to the beginning of its decline as a nation, and judges all things in that history by spiritual and unwordly tests, by fidelity to the moral law and worship of God. It applies these tests continuously, naturally, almost unconsciously, without effort on the part of the writer, and without weariness to the reader. This religious atmosphere is the native air of the biblical writers. God is the centre; God is God. All things on earth must be referred to the Creator and Lord of all. Nothing is really great unless it redounds to his glory, or good unless it be in accordance with his holy law. God in his turn watches over all things. He rules the heavens and the earth; he directs the destinies of nations, their migrations, their conflicts, their rise into power, and their decline; he chooses Israel from among the nations, teaches its children his law, chastises and rewards them, and through himself will he bless all the nations of the earth.

Thus does Israel view its own history, its destiny, and its place in mankind; and the Old Testament, from Genesis to Machabees, consistently maintains this throughout all the vicissitudes of history and stages of religious and moral culture. And though at times the brightness of that ideal is obscured, the ideal itself is never lost sight of and never surrendered. It is essentially the ideal of holiness, of personal and national holiness. Compare it with any modern national ideal; compare it with Lincoln's beautiful Gettysburg address; and beside it how paltry appears the proposition to which we as a nation are "dedicated," great and cherished though it be. Israel also was dedicated and consecrated to an idea. Turn to the poor book of Leviticus, nowadays perhaps the most contemned in the Bible, and there, in the midst of what some might regard as a "dreary waste," we come upon this oasis:

"The Lord spoke to Moses, saying: Speak to all the congregation of the children of Israel, and thou shalt say to them: Be ye holy, because I the Lord your God am holy."

Here we have the inner meaning of the Old Testament, its central, guiding, and controlling thought, from cover to cover; it is the ideal of Israel, and though others may be more eloquently expressed, none approaches it in moral greatness or sublimity. It is often said, however, that the sanctity of the old law is merely levitical or ceremonial; but we have only to glance down this nineteenth chapter of Leviticus to see what it meant by holiness. "Let every one fear his father and his mother. Keep my Sabbaths. Turn ye not to idols. . . . When thou reapest the corn of thy land, thou shalt not cut down all that is on the face of the earth to the very ground, nor shalt thou gather the ears that remain. Neither shalt thou gather the bunches and grapes that fall down in thy vineyard, but shalt leave them to the poor and strangers to take. Ye shall not steal, ye shall not lie. . . . The wages of him that hath been hired by thee shall not abide with thee till the morning. . . . Thou shalt not put a stumbling block before the blind. . . . Respect not the person of the poor, nor honor the countenance of the mighty; but judge thy neighbor according to justice. . . . Seek not revenge, nor be mindful of the injury of thy citizens. Thou shalt love thy friend as thyself. I am the Lord; keep ye my laws."

This surely is religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father; it is the modern gospel of fraternity and equality brought down from the clouds of high-sounding phrases, and put within reach of everyday use; it breathes a tender compassion for the poor and unfortunate; it is almost the Sermon on the Mount, centuries before the advent of our Savior.

High doctrine such as this is not exceptional in the Old Testament. On the contrary, this is its usual tenor, and lapses from it are the exception. But if this be so, whence comes the present widespread prejudice? It can be traced, perhaps, chiefly to three sources, to a conception that spiritual religion is entirely independent of anything ceremonial; next, to a delicacy, or, in some cases, a prudery, that finds the plain speaking of the Bible repulsive; and lastly, to an abhorrence of the cruelty and bloodshed that stain the annals of the Jews and seem to have divine sanction. In reply we say, briefly, that a spiritual religion without rites evaporates into sentimentality, or dies away from disuse; that only a social religion has strength and the bond of religious society is a cult, a rite, and that Christ himself instituted a religion with rites. Then, though the Old Testament is dreadfully plain-spoken, this was necessary, and it is equally plain-spoken and unmistakable in its denunciation of everything evil. It was the criminal code of the populace, as well as the prayer book of the devout. Finally, war is war, in modern as in ancient times, and the one is as repulsive as the other to a humane heart; most of us stand in little danger of desiring to emulate the warlike deeds and spirit of the Hebrews, or of believing we have a divine call to preach such a gospel in this day.

Let us admit, then, lapses or imperfections in this long series of books; but it would be as wise to resolve not to read the good Homer, because he occasionally nods, as to leave the Old Testament unopened because it is not always perfect in religion. There is variety enough of treasures within it to appeal to every taste; each may take his choice and leave aside what does not prove edifying. It has been to numberless souls, in every age and country, a guide, inspiration, and comfort; and despite the noises of the hour, its inner worth to the earnest soul, as well as its divine inspiration, will secure it an unending reign.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE:

JULY 19, 1849-DECEMBER 9, 1906.

BY ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN.

ON the 12th of last December all that Paris counts famous in the world of letters, and zealous in the field of religion, conducted to his last resting-place one of the Frenchmen of our time who have contributed much to the advancement of human thought, and who have given generous testimony for Christ.

The interest and sympathy which the death of one so universally known and respected would have aroused at any time, were intensified in their impressiveness, nay, exalted almost to tragedy, because of a crisis in the country's history. That same week, that very day, the famous Separation Law was put into force throughout the whole of France. The new order of things was inaugurated under such hardships and such threats, that the clergy decided to conduct the obsequies with extreme simplicity. Yet they were forced to ask themselves, even then, would they not be prosecuted for conducting these obsequies without the declaration demanded by the Government, and prohibited by the Pope? The funeral chants seemed to mourn as much for the Church of France as for her valiant defender. The words of the responsory, sung for the soul of the dead man, seemed fated with a meaning also for the Church in France:

"Dies iræ, dies illa
Calamitatis et miseriæ."

All our faith and our hope were required to find courage and inspiration in that other verse: "*Tuis enim fidelibus vita mutatur, non tollitur*"—"With thy faithful, O Lord, life ends not, but changes."

This comparison between the condition of the Church in France and the death of her most illustrious convert in recent years, was that day in the minds of all. Still another ground for comparison may be found in the general interest which both have aroused in even most distant countries. It has been encouraging to us to have our Catholic brethren throughout the world express their sympathy with us in the trials and persecutions we now endure. It is consoling, also, in this family bereavement, which the death of M. Brunetière is to us, to find that, everywhere, justice is done to his memory. I gladly take this opportunity to pay my tribute to the late editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Work, energetic and unceasing labor to gain his place in the world of men, and, above all, to win, to champion truth for truth's sake, and to give it unto others, was certainly the dominant note in the life of M. Brunetière. Undeterred by any obstacles in his path, he journeyed persistently, courageously to the end he had in view. Nothing proved too much for him. Neither physical hardship and privation in youth, nor the enmity and dislike aroused by the rough frankness of his criticisms from his twenty-fifth to his forty-fifth year; neither the anger and hostility of politicians, and even of the Government itself, aroused within the last twelve years because of the open, courageous manner in which he defended Catholicism, could deter him in the performance of duty. Illness itself could not conquer him. His last two years were an extended agony of bodily feebleness and suffering, yet, for all that, they were not the less productive. The preface to his latest work is dated just one month before his death, when he knew well that death was imminent; and when dying he completed an article which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* immediately after his funeral.

Brunetière published, during his life-time, thirty volumes treating of the history of French literature, and of social and religious questions. Every one of these volumes met with success. At least five more volumes could be compiled from his scattered articles, to say nothing of his notes and his enormous correspondence. Brunetière was, moreover, a professor, a lecturer, and the editor of a most important magazine, and fulfilled every office with extraordinary conscientiousness.

In 1869, at the age of twenty, Brunetière tried for the *Ecole Normale Supérieure.* He failed. Sixteen years later he entered that same school as a professor. Through 1871 and 1872 he served in the army of his country. After the war, in order to obtain a living, he gave lessons in a school whose specialty was the coaching of students who had already failed in the baccalaureate examinations.

While engaged in this ungrateful occupation, where Paul Bourget was his associate in work as he was afterwards in renown and conversion, Brunetière had four hours a day of class-work without the usual Thursday holiday or summer vacation. After class he corrected copy, prepared his lectures, and, by working at night, succeeded in writing some magazine articles. This hard and obscure life endured for five years, but it was a profitable schooling for him.

In 1875 Brunetière was appointed to the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as a literary critic, and from the very beginning made his ability felt in the literary world. The most capable recognized in him a master of what was best in the past, and what was worthy in the present, a man who, through conviction, defended classic tradition with living, personal, original arguments, and not through a blind devotion or unintelligent habit, or the timid incapacity that is unable to realize the value of original thought. Brunetière had but to reveal himself in order to receive the sceptre of critic and to rule, perhaps with less grace, but certainly with greater power, that kingdom destitute of a sovereign since the death of Sainte-Beuve.

He re-established therein the enforcement of laws; he restored accurate principles of taste, and made the standard of judgment objective, and thus prohibited the individual from appraising a work according to personal and variable sentiments. On the one side he made clear the profound beauty of the classic *chefs d'œuvre*, particularly of Bossuet; on the other, the impotence of new symbolist and decadent schools, and particularly the grossness and vulgarity of realists like Zola. For years his monthly contribution to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which was awaited with impatience, provoked the protestations of the *fantaisistes*, and gave renewed courage to the defenders of sane tradition. If it be true that there are many causes for sadness and depression in France, we may at least rejoice in the consolation that elevation of thought and good taste in style are honored to-day as in the best epochs, and this is due in great measure to the writings of Brunetière. To this same achievement his work as professor and lecturer have also been directed. In 1886 the charge of the course in French literature at the *Ecole Normale* was given to Brunetière, and there, for many years, he formed generations of teachers who carried his methods and his ideas to all the colleges and universities of France. In 1893, and for some years afterwards, he delivered a free course of lectures in the large amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. In these lectures Brunetière first discussed the development of lyric poetry and later, with phenomenal success, the principal works of Bossuet, gaining for the Bishop of Meaux, in the nineteenth century, a greater triumph than the Bishop had won in Paris for himself in the seventeenth. Sought as a lecturer from all quarters of the globe, Brunetière spoke in turn in Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and in America, with which he was always in sympathy, at Harvard University.

Brunetière the speaker eclipsed Brunetière the writer. In fact, he was above all an orator. His exact, vigorous language, full of force and fire, was much better adapted to speech than to the lines of cold type. He spoke with enthusiasm and vivacity; with electrifying and persuasive power; with decision of gesture and of moral, almost physical, authority; to these he joined force of logic and abundance of reasoning and of proof. As a speaker he exhibited passion, but it was a passion like that of Pascal, vigorous but restrained and controlled. In spite of his rare and perfect mastery of the French language, the unquestionable appropriateness and elegant precision of his expressions, his vivid presentation of thought and feeling, his style at first seems complicated and artificial. But the reader, if he had once heard Brunetière speak, would then be filled with admiration for his style. What would otherwise appear as heaviness in his long periodic sentences would show itself then as strength and solidity. The additions, the insertions, the qualifications, it will then be seen, enable one to view the thought in all its aspects; to see it more clearly; prove it, and exact the mind's assent; they but show the connection, the relative value of this idea and of that, so that the mind, illumined and enlightened, can take in every aspect of the question under discussion. His many transitions, his "consequentlys," "therefores," and "the same as," his complication of phrases and dependent clauses, make a page of his writing appear like an ill-jointed manikin; but when spoken, the rough places, the ugly joints, disappear, and the whole becomes living, animated, and moves, glows with attractive life and brilliancy. His written page is like an army in repose, unwieldy, cumbersome; but spoken, like that same army in action, full of fire, and with intelligent order, unison, and purpose, throwing themselves in victorious assault upon the enemy's fortress. Those who have had the privilege of hearing "the lion roar," will ever continue to hear him when reading his pages; so his writings, inseparable from the memory of his spoken word, resound with all the passion and eloquence of his penetrating and commanding voice.

A principal merit of Brunetière's style, and the only one to which he himself attached importance, is that his words had but one object, the exact translation of his thoughts; those words, therefore, are most appropriate, most natural, and the only ones perfectly adapted to express his thought in its every shade. As Brunetière himself has said: "One cannot separate the expression of a great writer from the matter of his thought. In a great writer one cannot separate the expression of his thought from the matter of the thought; together they have existence; they are warp and woof; separated they are destroyed."

A decided, uncompromising adversary of the advocates of "art for art's sake," Brunetière allows to the thoughts and sentiments of a book only what interest and importance they have for practical existence. "Every one must live," he declared, with his habitual energy, "but, as far as I know, no one is obliged to talk or write; if any one decides to do either of these, he is eternally responsible to all humanity for his words and his writings."

Brunetière always conformed his conduct to his theories; always considered his profession of author and critic as a social service; exercised it with perfect loyalty; and remained inaccessible to considerations of personal interest and a stranger to every kind of intrigue and every class of coterie. Conscientious and earnest, obliged to speak constantly on the national literature, in which one cannot judge the works of to-day unless he has made himself familiar with the writings of the past, Brunetière studied the whole of French literature so profoundly that, on this particular subject, he acquired a knowledge seldom surpassed in extent or in depth by any human mind. From his diligent habit of applying his best powers to the consideration of every subject on which he spoke, from his keen appreciation of his responsibility as a writer, in a word, from his constant devotion to truth, Brunetière rose instinctively from religious indifference to a growing realization of the truths of religion, and in the last years of his life to a sincere practice of the Catholic faith.

Under the reign of the Third Napoleon, when Brunetière was making his first study, as well as at the beginning of the Third Republic, when he made his debut as a writer, the government of France was certainly much more favorable to the Church than it is to-day, yet it is equally certain that the intellectual world and the younger students were hostile much more then than now. Since then the Church has lost much with regard to favors from the Government, but she has gained much in the way of respect and consideration in the opinion of enlightened people.

The career of Ferdinand Brunetière well illustrates this change in the Church in France during the last thirty years. At first Brunetière entertained the prejudices then current against the Church, though the innate seriousness of his temperament insured him against the superficial mockeries of Voltarianism. Brunetière was led captive by the exegetical and religio-historical works of Burnouf, Renan, and Strauss. Until after his fortieth year he considered that the works of Schopenhauer, Darwin, Spencer, and Comte would more surely give to society the moral support which it required, than would the Gospels of Jesus Christ. In 1892, when he was already a complete master in the control of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Brunetière refused to publish an article written by Mgr. d'Hulst, in answer to the irreligious declarations of Renan.

This was about his attitude when, in 1894, he journeyed to Italy, partly for pleasure and partly from curiosity. He ended his journey on the 27th of November by a visit to Leo XIII., when he had a long interview with the Pontiff. The meeting bore good fruit, and materially hastened Brunetière's conversion. The way to his conversion had doubtless already been prepared by his close study of Bossuet, the unconscious yet real influence of his Catholic pupils in the *Ecole Normale*, Goyau, Giraud, and Brunhes, and his constant search for the solution of social and moral questions. His visit to the Holy Father did not fail to produce a great sensation. It scandalized beyond expression the partisans of anti-clericalism. Their anger was the greater because Brunetière had just been appointed editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and had been elected a member of the French Academy. Moreover, he was beyond doubt the professor most influential with the University students, was generally recognized as the foremost critic of his day, and enjoyed an authority which no one could belittle, and which few could equal. We must add to this that Brunetière, free from every vestige of human respect, carefully made known to the public, through his articles and his lectures, every step in the development of his mind, by which the beauty and truth of the Church had become evident to him.

On his return from Rome, February 1, 1895, he published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his now celebrated article: "After a Visit to the Vatican." The article raised a veritable tempest. In it Brunetière demonstrated the impotence of science, not only to solve but even to state properly those questions which must transcend all others: the origin of man, the laws that govern his conduct, and his future destiny. He recalled that promise made by Renan: "to organize humanity on the basis of science, such is the final word of modern science, such its audacious and legitimate pretension." Brunetière proved in answer that if the natural sciences of themselves were required to give laws that would govern society, they could give only abominable ones, all of which would be in favor of the strongest against the weakest. He made his own the thought of Edmond Schérer that "morality is nothing if not religious," and, after having summed up the principal teachings of the encyclicals of Leo XIII., Brunetière concluded that, since none of them offended in any way the true principles of science, nor the legitimate aspirations of the modern world, it would be but folly to reject the powerful assistance which the Catholic Church furnished for the maintenance of the future successful application of those principles without which no society could live.

Seldom has any single article aroused such anger. The anticlericals in France arose *en masse*, from the most obscure to the most illustrious, from the village inn-keeper to the great chemist. Berthelot wrote a furious article in the *Revue de Paris* and presided at a banquet of protest. Brunetière was accused of having declared science to be bankrupt, and was overwhelmed with the enumeration of all modern discoveries and inventions. He paid little attention to the talk, and in his answer limited himself to the statement that he had not denied the progress of physics and chemistry, but had stated simply that they were powerless to found a moral code. Encouraged, rather than deterred, by so much controversy, Brunetière continued in the course on which he had started, and followed his attractive watchword: "Let the truth rule." He published successively his article on "The Morality of the Doctrine of Evolution," his lecture on "The Renaissance of Idealism," and his preface to a translation of Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, in which he shows that faith only, and not science, properly so called, lifts us above physical realities into the domain of idealism.

Aroused by the accusations brought in 1898 against the Catholic Church in America, Brunetière proved, against the extremists of the right, that it was thoroughly orthodox, and, against the extremists of the left, that it accommodated itself perfectly to democracy, and ended with this significant conclusion: "Catholicism has nothing to fear from liberty, nor liberty anything to fear from Catholicism. This is what American experience has proved." That same year, before a gathering of young Catholics at Besançon, Brunetière proclaimed the necessity of belief, the necessity which weighs upon all to answer the great questions with regard to human life and destiny, if all are to participate in organized social life, and the impossibility to answer them except through the teachings of faith. He praised Catholicism in that it offered full, complete answers to these questions, and he let it be understood that he himself wished to accept Catholicism, but that as yet he could not. In 1899 Brunetière returned to Italy, and paid another visit to Leo XIII. In the following year, on the 18th of November, he addressed a Catholic assembly at Lille on: "Present Reasons for Belief"; and announced the happy conclusion of his personal researches in these terms: "As to what I believe, . . . ask Rome."

From that moment Brunetière showed himself a resolute Catholic in all his writings and in all his discourses. The Church which he had treated first as a stranger, then for six or seven years as an ally, he henceforth looked upon as his mother, and showed himself, of all her sons, the most zealous in her defence, the most humble in her service. It was in this last touching attitude of submission that death overtook him. He had signed, and it is believed had been the author of, the petition to the bishops,* in which a number of our most eminent laymen expressed a desire to see the Church of France adapt herself to the Separation Law. When the Pope gave a decision to the contrary, Brunetière obediently bowed his head, as did all those who shared in his opinion.

But it would be misleading to represent Brunetière's last years as years of passive resignation. The man was consumed with a passion for activity, a love of contest, a hope for victory. The volume containing his lectures from 1900 to 1903, all of which are devoted to the defence of Catholicism, is characteristically entitled: *Combative Discourses*, and two of the most beautiful of them have for their subject: "Motives for Hope"; and "Religious Progress." Unmoved by the persecutions of the Government, which deprived him of his professorial chair, and the stupid opposition of some Catholics, who no longer treated him with friendliness, Brunetière courageously continued his battle against the sectarian politicians and false democrats who still strive in our unhappy country for the destruction of Christianity. Again and again he proclaimed that human society cannot exist without morality, nor morality without belief in God, nor belief in God without a positive religion, nor positive religion, for intelligent people, without dogmatic Christianity. His address at Florence, in 1902, on "Religious Progress in Catholicism," contained these words: "To attack Christianity after the manner of the freemasons and freethinkers, is to attack the principles not only of our moral life, but also of the progress of civilization"; and this further sentence, which to Americans may appear too evident, but which may well be recalled now in France with profit: "Without these principles atheistic or unchristian society must fall not only into corruption and decadence, but into, what seems worse to us, stagnation."

Brunetière was far from despairing over the future of France. In the preface to his last book, *Present Questions*, he arose in indigation against those who accused us of being enemies of the Republic and of democracy. In the same preface he predicts an inevitable disappearance of the misunderstandings that have done so much harm, and adds that if political ends are mixed with the religion of some Catholics, such Catholics are a small minority, and will constantly diminish in number. "After one or two generations," he said, "we will meet with them no more. Then, I trust, will the teachings of Catholicism be seen in their true value, as the promoters of modernity and of advancement (since that is at present such a powerful word); and that then Catholicism will be recognized, as it should be recognized, as the most efficacious instrument of progress that the world knows."

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* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1906, p. 20, November 1906, p. 205.

A month after having traced with trembling hand these lines, so full of hope and faith, this valiant fighter, this loyal convert, gave his soul to God. He went to receive his reward for having contributed more than any other man to the future triumphs of right reason, of justice, of free thought that is really free, of that science which alone is wisdom, and of a Republic and a Democracy really republican and democratic. The contest in which he was constantly engaged, and in which he championed so noble a cause, is, indeed, far from ended, but his followers and his disciples, though they mourn the loss of their leader and their valiant companion in arms, are determined, under the inspiration of his example, to continue unfalteringly until the final victory has been won.

AN AUTHOR'S POST BAG.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE author's post bag contains many things both joyful and sorrowful. He finds in it rejections and acceptances, cheques, bills, begging letters, charitable appeals, publishers' catalogues, second-hand booksellers' lists, press-cuttings which bring him, with an awful impartiality, uplifting praise and crushing blame. It brings him requests more or less flattering for autographs. It brings him word from unknown correspondents of how he has appealed to them, and occasionally of how they disagree with him. If he writes verses he receives very intimate letters from strangers, whom a chance verse has helped or comforted, whose griefs have found a reflection in his own. Perhaps to no one else is the post a matter of so much interest and concern. So much of the business of his life is contained in the post bag. In the post bag lie hidden in envelopes the love of love, the scorn of scorn, which the author excites in unknown correspondents. Every man or woman who writes to him from an unknown *milieu* either loves or hates disproportionately something he has written and printed.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when the one who shields myself as much as may be from the thorns of life, thought it expedient to withhold my post bag till the contents had been thoroughly sifted. That was after the publication of a book of Irish sketches, the intention of which at least was idyllic. The most thin-skinned people in the world, recognizing in the book bits of themselves and their belongings, resented it furiously. No matter how idealized the characters or their surroundings, the outrage was there all the same. It was not *how* they were written about that was the question. The offence lay in their being written about at all. Worse, these illogical people, if they recognized so much as a nose or an eye, persisted in identifying the whole thing right through. They would not believe that a story could be made up of shreds and patches, a bit of this one, a bit of that one, a bit of no one at all. They insisted on taking everything as portraiture from life; and resented the inaccuracies as libelous.

I remember one old couple, whose house—covered with roses—I had used as the *mise en scène* of a story, resenting the accompanying story furiously. They wrote that I had said they had a son called Pat who went to Australia, while I knew perfectly well that they never had had a son; and they took it very unkindly of an old neighbor's child to have printed and circulated such falsehoods against them.

Another sketch, quite an idealized one, of a poor fellow with whose literary aspirations I had sympathized, gave such offence that his family never forgave me; and, what is more remarkable, never forgave my innocent people, who, of course, knew nothing at all about it. Nor have the years done anything to soften this animosity.

There were the most eccentric grievances in those days among my Irish readers. One lady threatened me with an action for libel for a vague and amiable suggestion I had made that she might be related to a famous beauty of the eighteenth century, whose social status she thought inferior to that of her own family.

Another time a mere suggestion, in an article highly eulogistic of my countrywomen, that the Irish girl, having all the other gifts and graces, was not a good housekeeper, brought such vials of wrath upon my head as cannot be imagined in this less sensitive country. The respectable Irish newspapers, referring to the article, treated me rather with sorrow than with anger. A less respectable organ exhausted itself in vituperation, suggesting finally that I had been obliged to leave my country for my country's good.

Certainly in those days my post bag needed sifting. Nowadays I may deliver my soul as I will, and if my country-people hear of it they do not resent it. I am farther away in these days; and the Irishman can tolerate criticism better if it be not from within. Not that I meant to criticize in those days, when I was, in fact, an Irish idealist; but my honey might have been vitriol, my rose leaves brickbats, for the fury they excited. I used to say in those days that, what with an enemy in this village and an enemy in that, an enemy at every cross-roads and in all the green lanes, I should have to revisit my old home, if I must revisit it, by balloon, dropping into it and departing the same way.

It was all very unlike the way with which my English neighbors regarded my presentation of them in print when they discovered it. Even if they were written of with a humorous intention, the main thing was that they were written about at all, and their feeling was one of pleasurable excitement. How often have I written and printed something in a newspaper or magazine with the fearful excitement of one who gives a runaway knock! How often has my post bag contained a delighted acknowledgment from the benevolent English neighbor who had recognized himself or herself! It is the point of view; and the English point of view is so very different from the Irish.

I am bound to say that during my comparatively early days of journalism my country-people kept a sharp eye upon me. Sometimes I was learned, and there is a deal of antiquarian lore lying hidden in various Antiquarian Journals in Ireland. Did I borrow but the smallest fact, even though I invariably referred to the one who had discovered it before me as "the distinguished antiquary, Mr. So-and-So," Mr. So-and-So, or some friend of his, incontinently wrote a Stop Thief letter to the editor, which was sent on to me with a polite request to answer it. I don't suppose any contributor was more complained of in those days, and the complaints came invariably from mine own country.

Every author who is any way voluminous will have found in his post bag at one time or another the indictment of the one who has found him out in a plagiarism, either of himself or some one else. There are times when the public seems to form itself into a detective corps to watch the unfortunate author. Then the post bag is apt to be unpleasant.

Once a story of mine, founded on an anecdote well-known to all convent-school girls, was discovered by a cloud of witnesses to be a plagiarism from the French. So close, indeed, were the parallel passages kindly furnished by a number of readers, that it was overwhelming to myself. I was obliged to hold my head with both hands, lest it should fly off in my amazed bewilderment. I thought that somehow, somewhere, I *must* have abstracted the contents of that French book. When I became calmer I wrote to various persons who had had, like myself, the privilege of being convent-school girls. I asked them: "Do you remember such and such a story, and can you write it out for me as you remember it?" I found as I had expected that the story was common to pretty well all convent schools; the likeness in the matter of treatment was accidental, if it was not inevitable. That French convent-school girl, who had adapted the story before me, was as much to blame as I. Yet I have hardly ever been sure that I cleared myself with the editor, whose post bag was the more congested because of my coincidental story. Indeed, I am not quite sure that I cleared myself to myself, although I did my best.

Another time when I had developed a short story into a long story, the publication of the short story being delayed over a period of two years, I wrote to the editor who held it explaining the circumstances, and suggesting that he should return me the story, and that I would send him another. He replied that he preferred to keep the story, and that the serial publication of the expanded story would not at all affect his readers. By another extraordinary coincidence, however, the short story and the opening chapter of the serial, which was almost identical, *appeared the same week*, the serial having been postponed some six months later than it had been intended to start it. Then again the post bag contained some unpleasant reading.

To the conscientious author the post bag brings certain difficulties in the letters from the would-be authors, who ask advice and assistance as a matter of course. In nine cases out of ten what they submit is practically worthless, for good writing nearly always finds its own market. There are three courses open to the non-conscientious author: he may ignore, which seems brutal; he may quibble—I am not sure that I have not sometimes quibbled myself; or he may say what he does not think. To the conscientious one there are only two courses: to ignore, or to tell the truth as kindly as may be. The latter course will bring you, perhaps, letters from the disappointed person, in which he tells you what he thinks of you, discovering your secret jealousy of his merit, which has prompted you to write as you have done. Even if you discover, or think you discover, a tiny spark of promise, and do your best to fan it, you are as likely as not to get no thanks for it. You may take trouble to get laudatory reviews of some little book or other, and find your efforts repaid by dead silence on the part of the author, who thinks perhaps that you have not done enough. This experience happened to me twice last year with regard to a book of verse and a book of prose written by two countrywomen of my own, who perhaps believe to this day that the little success of their books was due to what I did not do.

One letter of this kind, dated from a Midland parsonage, began startlingly:

"DEAR MADAM: Will you, out of pure kindness, take my poems to a pub.?"

Sometimes one finds a very pleasant thing in the post bag. Such was this letter, which I received a couple of years ago:

"F. C. S. ESTACION KRABBE.

"MADAM: I hope you will pardon the liberty we take in writing to you, but we are out here on a lonely station in the wilds of Argentine, and a stray copy of the *Strand Magazine*, Jan., 1905, came to us, and among the stories your one (*viz.*, 'The Heart of a Grandfather') we all like so much that we wish to thank you for it; hoping this will reach you in safety, and we hope you will write some more like it.

"Yours respectfully,
"A. POOLE, Tele.
"J. J. MAGUIRE, Assistant Station-master.
"F. MINSON, S. M."

I wrote to these three lonely brothers in blood, promising them a copy of the book in which the story they liked should be reprinted, and after a time I heard again from the survivor of the three.

"DEAR MISS: Just a short Note in answer to your kind letter, which we receive to-day. It was very kind of you to answer so quick. I wish I could send you a curio from this place, but there are no shops of any description here. This station is in the heart of a wheat-growing district, and our nearest Neighbour is an English estantion or Farm about 50 miles away; so you see we have no visiting list. Our other Neighbours are half savages, half black and white, called Argentinos. Some of them are very nice, that is the true Native, but there are a lot of Spanish and Italians and Indians intermarried, so you get a very funny mixture of Blood, all the Badness and none of the goodness of these Natives. Thanking you for your kind offer, but Maguire and Poole are shifted to other station. And I have been very lucky to get 6 months' leave to the Old Country.

"I telegraph the content of your letter to Poole, and he has replied and told me to tell you he is going to write a book, taking as a copy your story, so I hope you will not take proceedings against him for copyright.

"Of course we can telegraph to each other, so I'm not left entirely alone.

"I must now close. I hope you will excuse this bad spelling and etc.; as we have to write all our letters in Spanish, we get out of the way of writing the English language. So good-bye, with kind wishes, yours sincerely,

"F. MINSON, S. M."

"P. S.—Just as I have finished writing this two of Natives have been having a few words, and as usual the Knife is out and one of them is seriously hurt, so you can understand the life we lead."

Scarcely less pleasant than these delightful letters was a scrap of paper contained within a packet of patterns from Belfast:

"We have read a lot of your books and think them splendid. Yours, etc.,

"J. G.,
"M. E. G.,
"M. D.,
"E. C.,
Admirers."

Australians are perhaps the most responsive of my readers, and I receive many letters and messages from the antipodes, some from very lonely people living in solitary stations in the Bush. These letters tell me a deal about the writers. I find that what I write about children or about dogs brings me the readiest response.

Occasionally I have letters from the more bare-faced kind of autograph-hunters, who not only want your autograph, but free copies of your books as well. I commend to them the excellent example of a gentleman known in the United States as "Autograph Jimmy," who sent round to English authors a few years ago complete sets of their books, with a request that they should be autographed. The books were either delivered at and fetched from the author's abode by a secretary of the gentleman in question, or they were accompanied by prepaid postal wrappers, so that the author was considered as much as possible. I don't make any difficulty about giving an autograph when asked for it; but I draw the line at the book hunters, some of whom have the craftiest methods. Here is a typical letter; it came from an address somewhere in the heart of Africa.

"I have undiminished delight in the perusal of your poems, which have cheered me many times in a lonely pilgrimage into the Soudan. When are we to expect a new volume from you? I should esteem it a treasure beyond price if you were to honor me with an autograph copy of one of your volumes.

"Just broke off to laugh. I was on the eve of protesting the disinterestedness of my letter, and then I make a request which could only be justifiable from your nearest friends. Still, I feel sure that you will accept this as the honest declaration of admiration and esteem."

I might have been drawn by this letter, if the rules for book-packets had not been printed at the head of the note-paper, which suggested to me that a good many books were sent to or expected at that address in the heart of Africa. Or, if you did not care to pay so much postage, you might send to an English address whence matter would be forwarded.

Among the most laconic epistles of all time might be placed one which I received some little time ago from Bulawayo. Two neat cuttings from a story of mine, pasted side by side, were enclosed. I had given the hero blue eyes in one page and brown in another. The epistle accompanying them ran:

"MADAM: Be accurate."

I have another delightful letter from my post bag, which is an apology for an assault by a young bulldog on my Irish terrier, who, new from Ireland, had not yet lost "the wild shamroke manners," which John Derricke's soul detested in the Irish. I make no excuse for quoting this, although it might as well have belonged to a post bag other than an author's. The owner of the bulldog was a working builder.

"In reply to yours just to hand I must say I am very sorry My Dog should have caused you any trouble, and I don't realy know how he could have got anywhere near your place. I have 3 different jobs going just now, and the Animal, which is quite Armless unless he is Bitten by other dogs, and I am almost encline to think this would be the case in this enstance, even then I have not seen him do any greevous Arm to another dog; yet you know as well as I, that dogs will snap one at the other, and Ladies are rather encline to be nervous, I am sorry to say, and it really makes sometimes more than is necessry; he is one of the kindest dogs I have known, and realy never attemps to tthack any person, and if he happens to miss me on one job he goos on to another, and so on till he finds eventuly where I am; and I suppose in one of these rounds he happened to get into this trouble; and another thing, he being a Bulldog his Looks dose not pitty Him, but he realy is anything but a verocious Animal, and if you knew him you must say so, and the smallest child can do anything He likes and no Arm comes of it. Anyway I will do my best to keep him within bounds in future, and I hope your Dog is not hurt.

"Yours faithfully,

"B. DODGE."

This letter, which no dog-lover could resist, was rewarded by a full and free pardon of the bulldog, whose name was Charlie, and a withdrawal of all threats of setting the law in motion for the protection of other dogs.

Occasionally a simple reader has taken a book or part of it as fact rather than fiction. Once I had a letter from America, from an old lady who had just read one of my novels, and was delighted to find her own family name in it. She said she was rejoiced to find the —— were "still going strong," and if I would be good enough to find out what survivors of the family there were she would be much obliged. She gave me quite a genealogical tree of the family, with all its ramifications, told me where it was to be looked for, and awaited my report.

It is not perhaps to be wondered at in this dog-loving country that the dogs of fiction seem to make friends for themselves. A very pleasant friendship with an old soldier, whom Thackeray might have drawn, came about through the fact that I had made the dog-hero of one of my novels, a Clumber spaniel, liver and white instead of lemon and white. Also I had called him Sancho which is a pointer's name, the pointer having a Spanish origin. I was very grateful for these blunders, which brought me to know one of the sweetest, simplest, youngest old soldiers alive. This same Clumber spaniel, who was drawn from life—a beautiful, dignified dog of character—brought me a letter from a French demoiselle, who longed to have known in real life Sancho—"*quel adorable animal.*"

But perhaps the most amusing thing my post bag has ever held is the correspondence of an elderly gentleman, whose family name I had used by accident for my hero. Worse, I had called him by a Christian name, one of the most common, which chanced to be his, and also his son's. The letters are very interesting, as showing how little a certain kind of life and character in Ireland have altered since the eighteenth century. This extraordinary readiness to take offence is more like the days of the bucks and the duelists—Buck Whalley and Buck Jones and the Great Ram of Gorey and their fellows—than of these peaceful days. The letters were written to the editor of the magazine in which the story had appeared. This is the first:

"DUBLIN.

"DEAR SIR: My attention has been drawn to a story in your magazine, by Katharine Tynan, in which she has dubbed the principal character with my name, stating that the nephew of Sir —— —— was well known under the sobriquet of 'Master Jack.'

"If you will be good enough to look in any modern edition of Burke's Peerage, you will find that I am the only member of the family who was so-named since my ancestor —— came to Ireland, 260 years ago, and as the family has always resided at ——, my friends who have seen the story and I consider that it was a most unwarrantable liberty for the authoress to take in making use of my name in the way she has done; or supposing she should excuse herself on the ground of my age, the name, Master Jack, under which I was well known in my youth by all the people, could now more aptly apply to my son, Lieutenant John ——, who is generally considered as fine a specimen of humanity as exists in any Irish family.

"This misuse of my name seems to me the more inexcusable as Mrs. Hinkson's maiden name abounds in and about the county where there is no individual better known to the public at large than your humble servant. . . .

"Faithfully yours,

"—— ——."

To this letter the editor returned a pacificatory answer, pointing out that it was very difficult for a writer to find a name which did not belong to some one, and that accidental points of resemblance would occur.

He received an answer as follows:

"DEAR SIR: I am much obliged for yours of the 24th. in reply to my letter of the 19th. instant, in reference to the use of my name in the story by Mrs. Hinkson. I never for a moment supposed that you were in any way responsible for it. If the authoress had not known a good deal about my family, she could not possibly have hit upon the statements she has made simply by chance, and also she could not but know that there is always an article in Burke's Peerage about my family.

"Of course Mrs. Hinkson's story cannot do me any personal injury, but it has, of course, set people talking, and very probably some will chaff my son about it, for he represents the character drawn very fairly both in name and person.

"Faithfully yours,

"—— ——."

At this point the editor asked me to make a statement, so I wrote him a letter intended to be very conciliatory, saying that I only knew the name in a vague way as that of a distinguished Irish family; that I had been thirteen years out of Ireland, and had had time to forget many things if I had ever known them; that it was the most natural thing in the world for me to select this special family name for a young gentleman who was supposed to belong to a distinguished Irish family; that I had never seen Burke's Peerage; that a partial resemblance in the name of my fictitious hero's family-seat to the name of the family-seat of the gentleman I had unfortunately offended might have been a case of sub-conscious memory. Finally, I said that since I had intended my hero to be a very pleasant and manly fellow, as the hero of a simple little love-story has a right to be, I was glad to think the use of his name for such a one could not greatly hurt or harm the young gentleman who bore it in real life.

But my intention unfortunately did not come off. I seemed to have only added fuel to the fire. There was a third letter to the editor, with a copy of which the writer was good enough to favor me.

"DEAR SIR: I have to thank you for sending me Mrs. Hinkson's letter of the 28th. ultimo, referring to the use of my name in her story. I had left home before it arrived there, and having been to the West of England and other parts since, I could not acknowledge its receipt sooner. Mrs. Hinkson's excuses appear to me to be very flimsy ones. She admits, as I felt sure she would, that she had a certain amount of knowledge about my family; and as a little knowledge is generally considered a dangerous thing, she might have taken the very small trouble of ascertaining the Christian names of the surviving members of my family. Neither of my married sons, I am sure, consider it any compliment to be taken for the original of Mrs. Hinkson's 'hero.'

"I did not take exception to her description of his character, to which many in Ireland would doubtless apply the epithet of 'a harmless fellow,' of the meaning of which I suppose that Mrs. Hinkson must have an *unconscious knowledge.*

"Faithfully yours,

"—— ——."

With the Parthian shaft contained in the last paragraph, the correspondence between my editor and the gentleman to whom many in Ireland would doubtless apply the epithet of "a great ould consequince" came to an end.

To my horror I discovered later that I had used the gentleman's family name again for the hero of a novel which it was too late to recall or alter. So far no evil results have ensued.

By the way, anybody might have borne the name about which such a fuss was made, but I confess, with contrition, that, on no less than three occasions, I have introduced in my novels the names of living peers—two Irish and one English—in all innocence. Probably they never knew anything about it for I had no protest, except in one case from a conscientious reviewer. And yet I had taken as I thought the names of places which were most unlikely to have members of the Peerage called after them—in one case a barren cliff face in Donegal; in the second a tiny village in Tipperary; in the third a small Kentish village near to which we had stayed one summer. When I choose a name now for a titled hero or heroine I always look it up first in *Who's Who,* for I do not possess a Debrett any more than a Burke.

I am really a very conciliatory person, and my post bag does not often hold such bomb-shells. But they come now and again. Once a shopkeeper in an Irish village identified himself with a character in a little sketch—pretending to be fiction—in a London evening newspaper, the last one would have expected to reach that Irish village. To be sure no other copy of the paper has in all probability ever reached, or ever will reach, that village; but that did, and the shopkeeper protested. Worse, for he was not an edifying person, he claimed me in print as an old friend, alluding to me rather with sorrow than with anger.

Also, as a reviewer, I have been called "the fool reviewer of the So-and-So," by a lady who did not think I had done justice to her work. But this time I was behind the editor, and very grateful to be so protected.

However, as a rule, the post bag contains far less of the sour than the sweet things of correspondence, for which I offer my thanks to a kind and friendly world.

SOME VICTIMS OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

THE recent beatification of the Carmelite nuns of Compiègne is of more than ordinary interest. These good sisters suffered death on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16, 1794, during the worst days of the "Reign of Terror," whilst the destructive forces of the great French Revolution were controlled by Robespierre, and when the popular passion for blood was hardly satiated by the victims who were daily sacrificed upon the scaffolds of Paris. It is somewhat significant that just now when in France the spirit of the revolution is again manifesting itself by persecution and general hatred of religion, that these simple nuns should have been raised to the altar by the Sovereign Pontiff, as the first beatified martyrs of the great Revolution.

To English-speaking people the event has a further interest, inasmuch as it has been in great measure, if not mainly, through the testimony of the successors of some English Benedictine nuns, who suffered almost a martyrdom in prison with these holy Carmelites, that it has been possible to produce the evidence necessary to prove the cause of martyrdom. The story of the trials and sufferings of these English women during that terrible time is so bound up with that of the French religious, that the one cannot be told without the other. Before giving any account of the contemporary documents upon which the evidence in the cause of the recent beatification was founded, a few words must be said about the convent of Benedictine nuns who were fortunate enough to possess the evidence in their archives.

In the year 1597 Lady Percy restored the English Benedictine nuns at Brussels. Twenty years later a second foundation was made at Cambrai, mainly through the zeal and piety of two fathers of the newly restored English Congregation of Benedictine monks, Fathers Rudesind Barlow and Bennet Jones.

The first Superior, and the one who may properly be called the foundress, since her father provided the money necessary for the foundation, was Helen More, in religion known as Dame Gertrude, a granddaughter of the celebrated and Blessed Martyr, Sir Thomas More. From 1623, when there were nine religious gathered together at Cambrai, till the period of the French Revolution the new foundation flourished, under the guidance of the English Benedictine monks, and as an integral part of their Congregation, which goes back, in unbroken succession, to the days of St. Augustine, the first Apostle of the English nation. Driven from France by the Revolution, the English nuns of the Order came back to their own country, and now exist as a flourishing community at the Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation, Stanbrook, Worcester. It is in their archives that the papers needed for the late beatification of the Compiègne Carmelites were produced, and amongst the most treasured possessions of the abbey are practically all the relics of these holy martyrs.

The chief document is a "Narrative" of an eye-witness of the sufferings both of the Carmelites and the Benedictines whilst in the prison at Compiègne. The writer is one of the Benedictine nuns, Dame Anne-Teresa Partington, who drew up the relation immediately after her escape to England. This "Narrative" has been twice printed: first, in the *Orthodox Journal*, Vol. III., for 1834; and second, in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1904. Both these are printed from early copies of the original, corrections of style appearing here and there, and some slight alterations, evidently made by some of those who were still surviving.

Besides this "Brief Narrative," in which Dame Anne-Teresa Partington relates with true and transparent simplicity, but with all the vividness of an eye-witness, the sufferings endured by her community in the prison of Compiègne, the Stanbrook archives contain a series of original letters, dating from 1761 to 1802, of almost equal interest. They are letters which passed between members of the community and their relations and friends in England, and they throw considerable light upon the state of things in France on the eve of the great Revolution.

Leaving aside the earlier letters, let us turn over those dated 1789 *et infra*, amongst which we come across, year by year, and even month by month, short natural phrases giving the impressions produced by the stirring political events of the day. Startling incidents, occurring at Cambrai, at last bring before us the peril in which the Community was living, yet a peril only half realized by the peaceful inmates of a cloister scarcely open to the noisy rumors of the town in which it was situated.

Some portions of this correspondence serve to illustrate, in further detail, statements but lightly touched upon in the preliminary lines of the "Brief Narrative," whilst gleanings from the letters subsequent to the return of the Community to England, could carry on the story beyond the limits marked out for herself by the narrator in the pages now before our readers.

Rather than interrupt the "Brief Narrative" with too lengthy notes, we propose to offer here to our readers, by way of preamble, some extracts of this interesting collection of letters, or the substance of such as treat on a variety of subjects alien to our present purpose.

The nuns at this date, perhaps because of the troublesome times, nearly always sign themselves by their baptismal, instead of their religious, name.

Sep. 21st, 1789.

DEAR BROTHER: I give you many thanks for your kind letter and present, you was so kind as to send me. I should have done it sooner, but hoped to hear from you. I own I was in hopes we should have seen my Aunt Molly. I had proposed to myself more pleasure than I can tell you but, as things goes, am very glad she is safe arrived to you. You must not be surprised in case you should see us, for I don't know whether they will let us stay here or no, as there is very poor doings on this side, and we all three say we hope you will have charity to give us a corner in your house. We will do what we can to help you. However, we are all pretty well and quiet as yet. We have got our Abbess, one who was pentioner with my mother, her name is Hooke. My sister is grand now, as she has got the title of Rd. Mother Prioress, so hope you will write soon to her, but I don't allow you to forget me. She intends writing in this, so shall leave her Reverence to tell you all the news. Pray give my love to my Str. and my little ones and kiss them all from me, and tell Suckey I think it long since I heard from her. I suppose she is a fine woman by this. My duty to Uncle Dick; love to Cousins and compts. to all friends, and believe me, dear Brother,

Your affectionate Str,

ELIZ. KNIGHT (DAME ANN-JOSEPH).

DEAR BROTHER: My Aunt and I wrote you a long letter and begged you would persuade my Aunt to come this way. As things are I am glad she did not. We had the good fortune to have laid in a provision of corn, which lasted during the extreme hard and dear times. Two convents in the town suffered pretty considerably by the rioters. They consisted of women or men dressed in women's clothes. We had 3 companys one day, but as they knew we had no corn but what we bought, they contented themselves with all the bread we had; since that we have been pretty quiet; the cruelties committed at Paris and other places are beyond idea. There is great talk of the suppression of monasterys. What will be the end God only knows. The whole nation seems in an universal commotion. The King, who used to be so absolute, is at present a *meer cipher;* yet we hope for better times. My duty, if you please, to my Aunt, and love to Str. and little ones. You don't tell us what the last one was. Believe me, dr. Brother,

Your affectionate Str.,

M. KNIGHT (DAME CLARE).

I can't let your Strs' letter go without assuring you, my niece, your aunt, and all your little Family of sincere affection, and tell you how glad we should have been to have seen your good Aunt. If we are turned out we may meet at your house. I hope it won't happen, and all will end in talk. I have nothing to recommend myself to you but that I can knit and spin, and teach your little ones to read and work. Jesting aside, I hope we shall not come to it. It would be a long journey for me at my age. Your last little one is to be mine. Pray tell me what it is. Believe me, my dear nephew,

Your affec. Aunt,

ELIZA ANN (DAME ANSELMA).

CAMBRAY, Dec. 28, 1789.

DEAR NEPHEW: I return thanks for your obliging letter, my pen cannot express what my heart felt in reading it, nor the grateful sentiments I shall always retain for you and my dear niece. Every time I think of your kindness it surpasses what I could ever expect; at the same time, it is a great satisfaction to me when I think I have so good a nephew to go to, tho' I am near 75. I shall give as little trouble as I can. How things will turn out at last, God only knows. You likely know more than we do, as we don't see the gazettes. By what we hear their chief dislike is our Pro.* Some think we shall be allow'd to stay with a pension for life, but not to encrease our number, we don't find any letters missed as yet, we received your first letter and answer'd it by an occasion, I think it was by Mr. Bennet. You need make no ceremony with your Str. Mary, but write to her as usual, tho' she is Prioress. Lady Abbess was an old friend of your mother's, you never told us what your last child is, boy or girl, its name. Everything here is excessive dear, wheat half a guinea a bushel. Part of our income is in France, and we can't get it. Pray all that's most kind to my niece, and kiss all the dear little ones.

Believe me, sincerely, dear nephew,

Your affec. Aunt,

ELIZA ANN.

Accept my best wishes of the season. Indeed, I scarce know it is Xmas.

DEAR BROTHER: I give you many thanks for your kind letter. I assure you it gave more comfort than I can possibly express, and I often think of it. As times are, it is a great comfort to have so good a Brother; but when I think of all the trouble you have had about me, I own it makes me feel more than I can express. But should anything happen that we should once more meet in this world, I hope I should doe all that lyes in my power to help you and my Str. and not give trouble, which is all I could do in return for all your goodness to me. But, however, I can't say I think much that that will come in my life time. We are not to encrease, so you must think we feel but low. I keep very well, and hope for better times. I scarce know it is Christmas, but wish you all a happy one and many returns. The weather is so dark one can hardly see to doe anything but spin. Revd. Mother Prioress intends writing in this, so shall leave her to speak for herself, only

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* Evidently this stands for "Profession."

I must say one thing, which is that I think she is just your Str. Mary as before. I beg, dear Brother, you won't think we want anything that is necessary, for I assure you we don't as yet, and we are also pretty quiet at present, and I sincerely wish we may continue so. If you see my Aunt Molly pray give my duty, and to Uncle, and love to Cousins and compts. to all friends, and my kind love to my Str., and tell her I long to hear from her at her leisure. The greatest pleasure we can have is a line from one of you. All that is kind to all the children, and believe, my dear Brother,

Your affectionate Str.,
ELIZ. KNIGHT.

June 27, 1791.

DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE: It is a long time since I have wrote to you. I assure you my silence does not proceed from want of affection, but from the indolence of an old woman. I have a very sincere regard for you both, and all your little family. The disagreeableness of the times makes me have little courage to do anything. We hope for better; nothing has been done to us, most places of *pr.* are shut up. Our little ch., especially on Sundays and holidays, is stuff'd like a black pudden. The day before your Str. received your letter, Lady Abbess received one from your uncle, to inform her of the death of your Aunt Molly. He says there is no will, therefore his nieces come in for their share.

Then she enters into details that in case a will should turn up, or in case he feels that the money should not be divided on that account, but belongs really to him, they are willing it should be so.

Though at this present a little money would be most acceptable, Lady Abbess would be sorry to take it, if it belong'd to another, therefore she desires to hear from your Uncle again, before she concludes anything. . . . The sum your Uncle named was 60 or 70 pounds each. . . .

I beg to know little Arnold's birthday. He is *my* little boy. . . .

Believe me, unalterably, dear Nephew and Niece,

Your affec. Aunt and humble servant,
ELIZA ANN.

CAMBRAY, Nov. 28, 1791.

. . . . You know our situation by the papers. They are pulling down churches, selling what was in them for next to nothing. A fine Abbey in our town, their house and church new built since your Strs. came here, the choir elegantly ornamented, cost some 100s of pds., pulled to pieces, and sold for 25 guineas; their organ, a noble one, cost several 100s of pds. carried to market and sold for under twenty pds. We have many such things there; those they belonged to reduced to want. How all will end God only knows. We are left quiet as yet. We don't get our rents; we hope for better times; wheat and barley scarce and dear. The common have money given them to drink. We have twenty new ale houses set up in our town. It is said the French have lost some of their sugar islands. The shop keepers have raised their sugar to a great price, and tell us it will be half a crown a pd. I don't believe it, they must want to sell it. I have taken my precaution, and as long as I have any your Strs. shall not want. I know you have a great family, a trifle would be very acceptable to them; they both join me in all that is most kind to you. . . . We have such dark weather, it is scarce light at noon. I am old and my eyes not very good.

Believe me, dear nephew,

Your most affectionate Aunt,

ELIZA ANN.

Feb. 21st, 1793.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . It is the coldest weather we have had this winter. I believe the misery among the poorer sort of people who keep to their religion is extreme, for that is enough to deprive them of work for themselves and family. The abominations commited against the Dead, who refuse to receive the Sacraments from the Priests who have taken the oath, are such as would shock the savages in America. One in particular, upon a woman, they took her out of her coffin, dragged her about, striped her naked, and carried her to the burying place followed by the cross head downwards, and then carried the coffin and windings to her husband. The Magistrates of the town (it was at Lille) seemed not to mind, but those of the Province appear very serious in punishing the guilty. Many instances concerning the morals of the new clergy are equally striking. God knows where it will end. . . .

Your affectionate Sister,
M. K. (MARY KNIGHT.)

Same sheet and date.

Dame Anselma Ann tells her nephew that they pay 34 per cent for paper money, and soon it will be 50. She adds: "Be in no concern about us." (!)

Same sheet and date.

DEAR BROTHER: I should not have been so long in returning you thanks for your last kind letter, as it was upon business which I could not determine of myself, my Aunt was so kind as to do it for me (*i. e.*, Dame Anselma, Procuratrix). I am extremely sorry you have had so much trouble and mortification about it. Had it been in our powers to have assigned it to you (*i. e.*, shares in their Aunt Mary Knight's property), we should have done it with pleasure, but my dear Brother must know we are no more our own mistresses after our Profession, therefore hope you don't take anything ill, as that would mortify me more than I can express. . . .

My Aunt (Dame Anselma) is indeed very kind, and often deprives herself for us. She is not very well. . . .

Believe me, your affectionate and loving sister,
E. KNIGHT.

By the kindness of some friends abroad, the Stanbrook nuns have also become possessed of a collection of copies made from the original documents of the French Democrats referring to the arrest of the Cambrai Community and other matters akin to this subject. These have been found in the more secret official archives at Cambrai, Lille, Compiègne, and Paris. Some of them fill in with precision the various facts mentioned by Dame Anne-Teresa Partington's "Narrative," always proving the truth of her statements, and sometimes giving a yet more lurid glow of horror to terrible scenes which she relates, without being herself fully conscious, in all probability, of the dark motives and bloodthirsty character of the men who were the agents in these scenes thus enacted. We propose to give samples of these documents as footnotes to the text of the "Narrative," where such reference is evident.

We give, however, before concluding these introductory remarks, one document furnished by the town archives of Cambrai, as it bears on the first lines of the "Narrative" itself. It is a letter, or the draft of a letter, written in French to the Republican officials who had exacted certain statements regarding the Cambrai house and inmates. Our readers will prefer a translation.

The letter is dated June 27, 1793, and it is to be found in the *Archives Communales* of Cambrai:

CITOYENS: The English Dames, established at Cambrai since the year 1623, hope that you will take into consideration the following observations, which they flatter themselves will make it appear that they are not comprised amongst Foreigners affected by the Law of the 21st of March last.

1st. Because they never heard that the foreign establishments in Paris, and in other parts of France, had been molested in consequence of this law; although they could not have failed to be informed, if it had ever taken place. On the contrary, they know, by letters, that some establishments, even those of men, have not been troubled on this score, although the law had been published in such localities and Sections formed these many weeks ago. Now it would seem that an establishment of Ladies who never go out of their house, and who cannot communicate, so to say, with anybody, since two-thirds of them hardly know a word of the language of this country, ought not to give umbrage to the Constituted powers. They do not meddle with politics, and the Poor are about the only people who ever come to their door, and this only to receive alms.

2d. During all these one hundred and seventy years, in which they have been legally fixed at Cambrai, they have never been the cause of any complaint against them; on the contrary, they flatter themselves that they have been of some utility to the town which gave them asylum and hospitality, inasmuch as they have brought or caused to be brought to it many millions from out of their own country, since their establishing themselves at Cambrai.

3d. They are foreigners, but they beg you to consider, in the balance of Justice, to what degree they merit to be treated as such; because they were established in this town long before ever the French became masters of it. The French found them there already legally established, and their establishment was confirmed by the Kings; and recently the Constituent Assembly decreed, on the 7th of Nov., 1790, that foreign establishments should continue as heretofore. The English Dames protest that it in no way belongs to them to intrigue in anything regarding the government of a country which has granted them asylum, which has promised them free exercise of their Religion and ownership of their own goods, beyond which, they seek nothing else. It is true France and England are at war, but so they often were under the Kings, and these never molested our establishments on that account. We are persuaded that it is not your intention that we should have reason to regret those times. Under the Kings of Spain, who welcomed us to this country, we were ever gratefully submissive. Afterwards God permitted this country to pass to the Kings of France, to whom our Religion commanded equal submission; the same God has now permitted another change, and we submit to its decrees, for it behoves us not to meddle with the way in which a country chooses to be governed, a country which out of kindness received us into its midst. All we ask is the integrity of our Religion which was promised us on our entering this country, and without which we should never have brought our funds into it.

Nevertheless, in order not to be at fault, in case the section thinks otherwise than we do on the subject, we declare that, over and above our habitation and enclosure, we have twelve houses let out to private persons, perpetual rents on the Hotel de Ville at Paris, and on divers Abbeys of the Congregation of S. Maur in France, which altogether bring in a revenue of about 8,000 livres.

Signed by

D. MARY LUCY BLYDE, Abbess.
D. M. MARGARET BURGESS, Prioress.
D. AUGUSTINE WALKER, } Who serve
D. JACQUES (HIGGINSON), } their oratory.

The name Higginson is omitted, perhaps only by the recent copyist at Cambrai.

A second document, under the same date, and addressed in like manner by the same Community, is also in the town archives at Cambrai; both MSS. are marked for reference GG.

Liasse 241. It is addressed, as before, Citoyens, president, etc. It is concisely in about 15 lines, much the same as the letter just given. It concludes with an entire list of the Community, ages, and places of birth. It is of interest to Americans to learn that one of the Community was born in Maryland, at Bryantown, namely, Dame Louisa Hagen, aged 52.

Of prior date there are some other copies of papers, leading up to the demand treated of in this place. Amongst the rest letters from Dom H. Parker, of St. Edmund's, at Paris, all about the rents and titles demanded or likely to be demanded, and giving advice how to act for the best. These papers belong to the years 1791 and 1792.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHILDREN.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

I saw a little child upon the shore,
  Watched by his mother, running to and fro;
  With wonder-eyes he saw the ebb and flow
Of the green waves, and heard the breakers' roar.
There, at his feet, joyous, he found a store
  Of pretty shells, nor farther cared to go,
  Straining to hear their little trumpets blow,
Content to count his treasure o'er and o'er.

Beside his merchandise and golden gain,
  Broken in years and overwrought by toil,
    I saw an aged man with eager face;
Tireless, he scann'd the earth and distant main,
  Nor dream'd he was, despite his shining spoil,
    An infant playing on the shores of space.

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

THE sun lingered lovingly in the western sky, changing from glowing silver into a ball of red gold as it dipped lower and lower to the sea. It shed wonderfully soft tints upon the blue waters, the gray cliffs, and the heather-clad hills around; and, as the waves beat against the natural breakwater at the entrance of the bay, the white spray shot several feet into the air, changing to dazzling prismatic colors in the glow of the sunset, so that Maurya, standing on the beach shading her eyes from the bright rays, in order to catch sight of her lover's boat as he rowed back from the day's fishing, thought this must surely be Hy-Brasil, the Isle of the Blest, visible at last, after its long immersion under the ever-restless waves.

There is a superstition, firmly believed in by the people living near the western seaboard of Ireland, that a fairy island named Hy-Brasil lies some leagues out on the ocean, fair and smiling; and that any person seeing it—or being able to land on it, for it appears only at uncertain times—would henceforth enjoy perfect peace and happiness. Maurya Dodd was no sceptic as to the existence of this island, rather did she believe over-much, thinking of it by day and dreaming of it by night, until she was often not a little confused as to whether her dreams were reality, or the hardness of her dull, monotonous life a dream.

Maurya was fair to look upon, with clear-skinned oval face, dreamy Irish-blue eyes, soft coil of jet-black hair, and medium-sized, pliant figure, rounded with that tender grace which only a pure life in the open air, far from the haunts of city life, can give. It was well for her that she was no society dame and that she lived in a poor fishing village named K——, on the coast of Clare, where most of the men she met were of her own station, and, if they admired her, were manly enough to confine their troubles to their own bosoms, for Maurya loved and was beloved by Donal O'Daly, the most admired and bravest boy in K——, and the leader of the fishing fleet; so that when she passed up or down the village street, or stood with the other women on the strand to welcome fathers, brothers, or lovers back from the ocean waves, with her brown feet and arms bare, and the wind tenderly kissing the curls around her brow, or boisterously playing hide and seek to loosen the careless knot at the back, cheeks might flush at the sight of her, but there it ended, for Maurya had pledged herself to Donal, and that spoke volumes to those simple, untutored fisher-folk, who would only wear in their hearts that which was theirs by honest right and not the theft from a hard-worked brother.

But Maurya had her own troubles which she shared with no one, for Donal had a stepmother with several fatherless children to feed, who might fare ill or not at all without Donal's strong arms to work for them, so that, when he lost patience and talked of building a cottage for himself and Maurya, the stepmother used not to waste words on him, for she was an artful woman, and knew that a brave man whose heart was overcharged with true love for a good, pure maiden was not to be put off with weak entreaties from gathering the prize into his strong arms. Instead she sought Maurya, playing on her tender, pitiful nature, and, on bended knees, beseeching her, in the honor of the Holy Name, to leave Donal with her yet a while until the children were somewhat stronger. In this wise had their wedding been put off many times during two years, for Maurya's whole being was intensely religious, and, apart from the fact that a request made in the Holy Name may not be refused save under penalty of ill-luck, she pitied the frail little woman and ten children who would cry for the bread that Donal's willing hands won for them from the wild sea.

"Wait a little longer, Donal," she besought in her sweet, plaintive voice, never uttering a word anent her promise to the stepmother; and, being only a woman, not able to gauge the strength of a man's desire, nor the thoughts her tardiness in coming to him might beget in his mind. When she had requested him to wait thus for the tenth time or more, clouds gathered on Donal's brow, and doubts of her love in his heart, as he said:

"*Wait*, Maurya! We might wait ten years. Shiela is only thirteen, and Paddy, the eldest boy, is only seven. Seven years! Why, he must be as many more ere he will be able to handle a sail or trim an oar. We might wait forever."

"Just a wee while longer," she pleaded with downcast eyes. She could not look at him. To do so might betray the tired little woman in whose interest the storm was rising.

Donal's face was grave and set. What ailed his Maurya? The doubts formed into dark shapes and lay like lead on his heart, crushing out the bright smile from his lips and stilling the once gay laughter.

Soon a twin weight lay on Maurya's heart. In turn she questioned herself regarding her lover's changed demeanor. What ailed him? Why had he turned so cold? Was he ill or tired of her? Maurya shuddered as she asked herself these questions—questions asked and unanswered for many days. Her eyes were strained eagerly for a sight of his boat, but no sign or sight gladdened them; and the sun sank still lower, now like burnished gold, and the spray against the bar at the entrance to the little horseshoe-shaped bay danced high into the air in weird, fantastic patterns, heightened by its glowing tints as the rays of the setting sun passed through it.

"'Tis wonderful!" ejaculated Maurya to the evening stillness. "Strange that I never saw it before"; and her cheeks glowed and her eyes brightened like a gladsome child.

Some tiny wavelets rolled in on the beach, and on to her bare feet, breaking up into a thousand bubbles of white foam and murmuring, so Maurya thought: "Hy-Brasil, Hy-Brasil!" She caught her breath in a gasp. Perhaps it was the fairy isle. Ah! there it was again. The dream islet beckoned to her, and the shy baby wavelets came up again, caressing her brown, bare feet, lingering lovingly around them as if loth to turn back to the cold boisterous ocean, and murmuring, now clear, again low and soft like a child nodding to sleep: "Hy-Brasil, Hy-Brasil!"

Maurya's heart was beating loudly—clamoring for its own in quick, even beats, the refrain of which was Donal. She was tired and weary and lonely, and of everything on earth she asked nothing save him—nothing but his strong arms to shelter her from life's storms, his great loving heart to rest upon, and his protecting care to drive away the despair and loneliness from her life. Why did the little stepmother always beg and entreat? She was weary of it, for was not she, also, poor and helpless? She had neither parent, brother, nor sister, and eked out a pitiful existence sewing or knitting, or working in the fields when she could get any to do. She had been rich in Donal's love, but now she was doubly poor, for she doubted that he still cared for her. Why was he so cold? What had she done? Maurya was as simple as a child, and it never once crossed her mind that the little mothereen had been silent with Donal, had asked no promise of him. In her nobility of heart she had never opened the subject before him, thinking surely he would speak himself had he anything to say. He had wanted her once, surely—had loved her truly. Life without him was not a thing to be calmly contemplated. Maurya was growing desperate in her great bewilderment. She must get at the root of the matter—agree to a speedy marriage, if that was the magic word that would bring back the smile to Donal's lips. The little stepmother would get help—the neighbors were kind, the poor rates were paid to help the poor. Let the mothereen ask for that help to fill her ten young mouths. She had a right to it; but she had no right to ask sacrifices of Maurya, continual sacrifices—so continual as to threaten a life-long sacrifice. She, Maurya, had kept her promise. She had waited long and life was changing—growing cold. There was a chill about her heart. She only asked for a little, and Donal might still work for the mothereen. Nay, she would help him to keep the children from want, for with him work would be but play. Without him—dreading his cold, set face—she could not work or eat; indeed, soon she would have nothing to eat, for she spent her days loitering about the beach hoping, yet dreading, her lover's return.

But the sun glowed more brilliantly red and the spray danced at the bar in fairy ephemeral tints, and silver and golden rays spread out and glorified sea and land, gray, frowning cliffs, and brown, distant hills, the ill-built shabby village, and the ragged children playing hide and seek amongst the rocks; the whole scene was a veritable fairyland—a panorama stretching far and wide for all who had eyes to see, for the sunset on a fine evening off the west coast of Ireland is a sight not to be forgotten soon.

Maurya looked westward long and steadily. There was her heart, there her treasure, riding the billows in a frail coracle. A boat lay at her feet on the wet sand. A moment sufficed to launch it, and she was bounding towards the sunset and Hy-Brasil as fast as a canoe made of laths and tarred canvas can be propelled by strong young arms, with love for motive power.

It was the fairy isle surely, and she and Donal might be happy forevermore. Perhaps—who knows—if she let that one chance slip past her, she might never be rewarded with the same sight again. The little stepmother had only asked her to wait for a short time, and she had waited long, a dreary length of time. Surely Donal still wanted her. It was only a passing cloud—an April day in life. In fancy she could see the glad light leap into his eyes and flash over his face when he saw her coming. There would be no more clouds, nor darkness, nor despair. She and Donal would live and love and die in Hy-Brasil. Maurya laughed softly to herself as she remembered the tales she had heard of men who had sailed for years in search of the fairy isle, only to end their days unsuccessfully in a watery grave. Years! And it had revealed itself to her without any seeking. Come to her feet as it were; stood out on the ocean and beckoned to her. The spray subsided for a moment, the next wave broke, the white, filmy, evanescent thing spread like a fairy screen before her eyes, and parted a little here and there to reveal her lover's boat—her lover's face. He was smiling. His look was gladsome. Maurya stood up and stretched out her arms, crying:

"I am coming, Donal, Donal!"

In that instant the sun descended to his bed behind the ocean, making way for the shadows of twilight to creep up over sea and land, and a man jumped out of his light coracle into the ocean, crying:

"Maurya! Maurya!" as he shot out with powerful strokes.

But there was only an upturned boat floating on the waters, a young heart strangely still under the waves, and a leaden weight of despair on Donal's heart as he rowed back to shore to sit and wait until the sea gave up its dead.

New Books.

IN THE DEVIL'S ALLEY.
By May Quinlan.

These sketches of London slum life* have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, whose readers need not be told of their merits. Humorous, but, above all, pathetic, they move to smiles and tears. Miss Quinlan has the gift of observation and charming narration. Imagination she possesses, too; but she had to call upon it only to provide her with fitting expression for the heart-breaking truths, with which many years of work among the London poor made her familiar. We smile, and smiling mourn. If the gifted author were to acknowledge the praise which her excellent work receives she would, perhaps, divide the credit for the pathos with her Mary Annes and Pollys and Billies and Dickies on the same scale as Wordsworth adopted with little Barbara Lewthwaite:

> "And it seemed, as I repeated the ballad line by line,
> That one-half of it was hers, and but half of it was mine."

JOSEPHINE'S TROUBLES.
By Percy Fitzgerald.

As the preface informs us, Mr. Fitzgerald was an eye-witness in some of the events of the great Franco-Prussian war. He escaped from Paris only a week or two before the investment, when the Crown Prince was marching from Chalons; and he was set upon in the streets, having been mistaken for a German. Those were intensely dramatic days, when the strain and fever of life were great. Mr. Fitzgerald has reflected his impressions in a charming story,† the stage of which he fixes in Versailles, during its occupation by the Germans, incidental to the siege of Paris. A wonderfully vivid picture he gives of "the ranks of burly, broad-chested, full-bearded men, filling the street with their dark and dusty uniforms, and pushing on in a torrent! What with spiked helmets and rough glances and bearing, there was suggested the air as of some northern horde rather than of a modern European army." And the bewilderment, the futile indignation, the honest exasperation of the French inhabitants for the profanation of the country and their domestic life! We live through it all, and see it with our very eyes, as, with the author, we are the privileged lodger in the refined home of Monsieur Lezack, over which his daughter Josephine presides with all the grace and good sense of a Frenchwoman. And Josephine's grace and tact and tenderness are called into full play by the presence of the cold, aristocratic, honorable German staff officer, who becomes their unwelcome guest. If you wish to realize what it means for a proud-spirited race to have an army of conquerors encamped on its soil—and how the minor vexations of war, billetings and requisitions and martial law enter as iron into the soul of the conquered—read this book. Then, too, you will learn—what the reviewer is forbidden to reveal—whether Josephine became the Countess von Müller, or was left like poor Maud to muse:

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* *In the Devil's Alley.* By May Quinlan. Illustrated by the Author. With a Foreword by the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle. London: Westminster Art and Book Company.

† *Josephine's Troubles.* A Story of the Great Franco-German War, 1870-1871. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. New York: Benziger Brothers.

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: It might have been!"

THE ILLUSTRIOUS O'HAGAN.
By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A clever, but scarcely edifying, story,* cast in the mold which was brought into fashion by the creator of Rupert of Hentzau and the principality of Ruritania. We have an imaginary German court, pervaded by diplomacy, gallantry, intrigue, and fighting. The plot embraces a comedy of errors, in which the two Dromios are replaced by a chivalrous free-lance and his twin brother from the land of the shamrock. The author belongs to the school, or schools, which take for their guiding principle, art for art's sake, and do not consider that they have any obligation towards ethical prepossessions.

IN TREATY WITH HONOR.
By Mary Catherine Crowley.

This story † is laid in the struggle of the French Canadians for independence in the years 1847-1848; and the principal scene of the events, historical and imaginary, is Quebec and its vicinity. Miss Crowley knows her Canadian types and the Canadian life well, as her former stories have proven. The present one is of the same kind, though it has sufficient individuality to assure it the approbation of those who have enjoyed *A Daughter of New France* and *The Heroine of the Strait.*

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* *The Illustrious O'Hagan.* By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *In Treaty With Honor.* By Mary Catherine Crowley. A Romance of Old Quebec. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

BRIDGET; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?
By Will W. Whalen.

An interesting and a thoroughly Catholic story,* or rather, we may say, combination of stories. There seems to be no need of fastening so many others to the principal one. To have to get acquainted with so many people, and to follow the fortunes of all, distracts one's attention from those who are intended to be the principal characters. It is, we believe, the first attempt of the author, and shows plainly enough that he can write in an attractive way; but next time we would suggest that he use his abundant material more economically, both for his own sake and for that of his readers.

INTRODUCTION TO THEOLOGY.
By Zigliara.

The continued demand for this valuable work,† of which the appearance of a fifth edition is a witness, indicates, at once, its intrinsic merit and the persistence of the impetus given by Leo XIII. to Thomistic philosophy. On the appearance of a new edition, one naturally turns to those sections in which the students' needs demand the treatment of new objections, or new forms of old objections, to traditional positions and arguments, that is, chiefly to the parts involving the history of religions and biblical exegesis. The editor, however, has done nothing towards lessening the burden of the professor who must, with this work as a text-book, acquaint his students with the force and precise direction of the attack directed against many traditional arguments by the rationalist criticism of to-day.

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.
By Rev. J. T. Roche.

This little book‡ offers a goodly quantity of solid, practical instruction, of the kind needed just now to set Catholics on their guard against many of the insidious ideas, customs, and standards which are a snare to the unwary. We should unreservedly recommend the book for circulation, but for one surprising blemish. It is not, we respectfully submit, either profitable or proper, that a priest should sit in judgment upon, and hold up to the obloquy of the laity, one of the most illustrious living members of the Catholic hierarchy; nor is such an offence lessened, when the attempt is made to justify it by presuming to interpret an official appointment made by the Holy See as an implied stigma on the orthodoxy of one of our bishops. The author has some sharp criticisms for the members of the laity who venture to find fault with the clergy: *Physician, heal thyself*, is a golden advice that has most value for us all just when we least suspect our need of it.

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* *Bridget; or, What's in a Name?* By Will W. Whalen. Boston: Mayhew Publishing Company.

† *Propædeutica ad Sacram Theologiam in Usu Scholarum.* Auctore Thoma Maria Zigliara. Editio Quinta. Romæ: Desclée, Lefebre & Socii.

‡ *The Ought to Be's.* By Rev. J. T. Roche. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FATHER BERTRAND WILBERFORCE.

The subject of this memoir,* as, probably, everybody knows, was the grandson of William Wilberforce, the famous philanthropist, who immortalized his name by his efforts for the abolition of slavery in the British colonies. Father Wilberforce's father was the friend of Newman, and brother of Archbishop Wilberforce, "Soapy Sam," of whom Matthew Arnold said that he knew how to make the best of both worlds more skillfully than any other man of his time. From his celebrated grandfather—we quote from the *Life*—"Arthur inherited the statesman's eloquence of tongue, together with that wonderful bell-like voice, whose vibrations, once heard, could not easily be forgotten—gifts which were to prove of immense value to the future friar-preacher."

Eleven years of age at the time of his father's conversion, he was soon afterwards conditionally baptized. He entered the Dominican novitiate as a priest in 1864. In 1868 he took his solemn vows, and was sent to take charge of a mission church near Stroud. There was, says Father McNabb, a certain family idealism about him which unfitted him quite as much for practical affairs as it fitted him to be a preacher: "As it is an historic fact that St. Thomas Aquinas never became prior—thanks to the good sense of his fellow-religious—it is no slight on Father Bertrand to say that his one term of priorship did not altogether justify the confidence of those who elected him. He had not those lesser virtues of the eye and hand rather than of the heart that tend to make a superior the house-band of the community. But he was one of those who could, and did, say with truth and a full heart: 'I was not made for office. It is easier for me to obey than to command.'" Of a forcible and winning personality, eloquent and pious, he found his work in the mission field, where, besides fame as a preacher—which he valued little—he reaped a plentiful harvest of souls till his death in 1904. The greater portion of this large volume consists of correspondence addressed to friends, and to persons who sought direction or consolation from him; to which the biographer adds just a sufficient string of narrative to give it unity.

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* *The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the Order of Preachers.* Compiled by H. M. Capes. Edited, with an Introduction, by Vincent McNabb, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE INTERIOR CASTLE. This translation * is made from a photo-lithographic edition of St. Teresa's original manuscript, and published under the direction of Cardinal Lluch, Archbishop of Seville, on the occasion of the saint's ter-centenary, in 1882. The present is the third English translation. In this case the translators have taken great pains to adhere to the very wording of the original, and to retain, if possible—a difficult task for any translator—every shade of expression proper to the original. The work of the translators has been revised by Father Bertrand Zimmerman, O.C.D., who has contributed the introduction, together with many useful explanatory notes and references. The volume bears the stamp of scholarship, which, happily, is becoming less rare than it used to be in English hagiological and devotional literature.

The work itself is, like all St. Teresa's writings, no systematic treatise, but an expression of her own personal experiences in the mystical life. Yet it covers a profound analysis of almost every stage of the journey which the soul must take till it reaches the goal of love. Throughout it we observe that striking trait of St. Teresa, the cold, objective, judicial scrutiny to which she can submit the highest flights of her own soul, in order to test, by the commonplace standards of orthodoxy and good sense, whether they are of God or not. Let us borrow from the introduction an appreciation of the work by an eminent professor of theology: "As often as I read the books of the holy mother, I admire the wonderful manner in which God instructed her in mystical theology, for the sake of souls giving themselves truly to familiar intercourse with his Divine Majesty. But where I most regret my inability of expressing in fitting terms my sentiments towards this excellent teacher is when I look at, and refresh myself in, the Castle with its seven rooms; for there is seen the effect of infused knowledge such as St. Denis received from St. Hierotheus, and both from St. Paul, and which has been committed to writing in the famous book of *Mystical Theology*. Thence comes as from a fountain-head, notwithstanding the obscurity (to our manner of thinking) of its language, the doctrine of great masters of the spiritual life, such as Hugh of St. Victor, Bernard, Ruysbroeck, Tauler, Gerson, and many others whom I pass by." The substantial justice of this appreciation is nowise imperilled by the fact that we may no longer make an act of faith in "the areopagicity of the Areopagite."

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* *The Interior Castle; or, the Mansions and Exclamations of the Soul to God.* Translated from the Autograph of St. Teresa. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE SINS OF SOCIETY.

The Savonarola-like attack make by the Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, upon the morals of the "smart set" was the great sensation of London society last year. In a series of five sermons* he denounced the fashionable world, or at least a certain section of it, for its callous and flippant contempt or indifference towards the Christian standard of family life. Gambling, matrimonial infidelity, extravagant luxury, riotous living of all sorts, he declared to be cynically and openly rampant to the ruin of men and women, especially of girls and young men just entering the whirl of life. The picture which he draws, though done in a different style, resembles, in many features, that drawn by Miss Edith Wharton in *The House of Mirth*, of life among the very rich in New York society. Father Vaughan's effect was produced not by any surpassing brilliancy of style, though his language is elegant and forcible, but by the directness of his charges, and the realism of his specifications. In an epilogue annexed to the sermons the preacher tells us of the formidable mass of criticism, favorable and unfavorable, that his mail brought to him as a consequence of his course. There was a liberal contribution of counsel, too, for his future guidance: "The amount of advice that these discourses have brought to me quite beggars description. When I think of it, I am almost surprised it has not left me a paralytic for the rest of my life. Fortunately, there is a humorous side to most things, and my many correspondents, who have thought it very wrong of me not to have devoted my course of sermons to vivisection, woman's rights, vaccination, rabbit-shooting, or horse-racing, instead of confining them to the subjects which I actually chose, have proved to me that even those who themselves have no sense of humor may, for all that, provide excellent material for those who have." As a closing chapter we have a large selection of the criticisms passed on the course, chiefly from the secular and non-Catholic religious press. Some of them accuse the preacher of indulging in cheap sensationalism; but the greater number of them are laudatory; and of these the most pronounced are from organs that cannot conceal their surprise at finding themselves compelled, by a sense of honesty, to praise a Jesuit for his stern denunciation of fashionable vice.

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* *The Sins of Society*. Words spoken by Father Bernard Vaughan, of the Society of Jesus, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Mayfair, during the season 1906. St. Louis: B. Herder.

A FRENCHMAN ON FRANCE.

The success which crowned M. Klein's attempt to interpret American life to his countrymen has warranted him making another essay as an international guide.* This time he becomes cicerone to the American who would understand some of the phases of French life, chiefly from the social and religious point of view, which are rather puzzling to Americans. A young college man from Chicago, on a visit to France, with introductions to some families of good social standing, makes a tour which embraces Paris, Rouen, Versailles, Auvergne, and some other districts. In the course of his trip he encounters many charming, well-informed persons who, besides introducing him to some of the most attractive scenery of the country, enable him to inspect some of its most celebrated art collections, typical residences of notable families, and to get from different angles, luminous views on the biblical controversy, the separation crisis, the causes which have estranged the people from the clergy and from the upper classes of society. Needless to say, the abbé is an optimist and a propagandist. The literary form which he has adopted permits him, through the medium of some of his creations, to express frankly and precisely views which, had he to deliver them as his own, would, at the dictate of prudence, clothe themselves in a graceful drapery of obscurity and indirectness, more effectually than could be attained through the help of a dozen formal dissertations. One may, by sharing the information acquired by our Chicago traveler from his courteous and well-informed friends and his own observation, reach an answer to that question which Americans have been vainly putting to themselves for the past few months: If the French people are overwhelmingly Catholic, why do they permit the present state of affairs?

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* *La Découverte du Vieux Monde par un Étudiant de Chicago.* Par Abbé Felix Klein. Paris: Libraire Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

The charm of the book is its accomplished literary art, which encloses a good-sized dose of solid instruction in a very agreeable wrapping of entertainment. If, to avoid the suspicion of partiality, one must attach some reservation to the liberal commendation which this pleasant little volume exacts, it would be that our Chicago student evinces such a tendency to emotional expansiveness, and to taking us into his confidence, that one cannot but conclude to a strongly French strain in his ancestry.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENTS.

By Taparelli.

In comparison with the magnificent work on *Natural Law*, which conferred lasting fame on its author, this other work* of Taparelli is little known—nor is there any probability that, though it represents as much work and science, it will ever prove a rival to it in the appreciation of scholars or students. As its title indicates, it undertakes an analysis of the nature of modern representative governments. The thesis which it starts out to prove—we deliberately choose this phrase instead of saying the conclusions it arrives at—is that modern constitutional governments, one and all, stand upon, and are vitiated by, the Protestant principle of independent judgment. Consequently they are, one and all, essentially and structurally, in conflict, direct and irreducible, with the basic principles of

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* *Examen Critique des Gouvernements Représéntatifs dans la Société Moderne.* IV. Vols. Traduit d' l'Italien. Par le P. Pichot, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux.

Catholicism. Through four large volumes the grand indictment is unfolded with perfect method and acute reasoning, which reaches for the metaphysical ideas underlying the social and the moral. Modern governments rest on false ideas and perverted principles regarding the origin of power, universal suffrage, the emancipation of adult people's liberty, liberty of the press, liberty of teaching, social welfare, the division of powers. The modern nation is the abolition of the natural organization of society; its legislative system is false; its separation of the executive power into departments, injurious to the interests of the people; its economic system is the spoliation of some for the benefit of others. As everything else is wrong, so too is the judicial organization, the manner of appointing judges, the publicity of discussion in the tribunals, and the jury system. Wrong, too, are the standing army and conscription—and the original, never-failing fount of the all-pervading disease is, the principles of Protestantism. The sole remedy lies in the submission of the world to Catholicism, and the universal acceptance by all nations of the supremacy of the Holy See.

It is not a cheerful reflection that the Catholic Church is necessarily involved in an irreconcilable war with the most cherished ideas and institutions of the age in which we live, or that she cannot come into her own until she has effected a revolution which would, practically, mean the overthrow of civilization as we know it. Father Taparelli was one of the founders of the *Civiltà Cattolica.* The views embodied in this work were first expressed by him in that organ, about half a century ago, when they received more official approbation than, probably, would be accorded to them now. His strongly *à priori* bent of mind led the learned philosopher to rely too implicitly on abstract reasoning, without controlling it by a dispassionate observation of facts.

THE GATE OF DEATH: A DIARY.

The Gate of Death is a very unusual and extremely interesting book.* It professes to record the feelings and impressions of a literary man during an illness which brought him twice or thrice to the very verge of dissolution. The author tells us that as soon as he was physically able to do so, he began keeping watch upon his inner experiences, with a view to letting the world know what it means to have the spirit struggling to be free, and to have the consciousness engaged at close quarters with the "Shadow feared of man." On the whole, the impressions recorded here are not such as need terrify us; though they do certainly impress upon one that it is awful to bear our life's deeds to the judgment of God. The author says that in his great collapse what he cared about "was that I had made a few happier, that I had done a few kindnesses, that I had won some love. I was glad that there had been occasions when I had conquered natural irritability and selfish anxiety, had said a kind and affectionate thing." As to the religious side of this uniquely-described experience, we are informed that simple trust in God predominated over every other. The author is one of those men who hold dogma in comparatively low esteem, but of his Christian spirit and earnest religiousness there can be no doubt. Naturally a great deal in the book will not be agreed with by Catholics; but, making allowances for this, we must say we have here a book of more than ordinary interest and power.

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* *The Gate of Death:* A Diary. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS.
By Bodkin.

This volume * is the first of a course intended for advanced schools, and the educated laity generally, in order to impart a thorough knowledge of the great truths of our religion. After a short introductory chapter, the author goes straight to the Church, as the necessary and infallible guide to religious truth. Having laid down the rule of faith, he establishes the divinity of Christ, and, in the usual manner, treats the notes of the Church. He then takes up the consideration of difficulties and doubts regarding faith. With the help of Newman, he shows that the existence of difficulties need not create doubt, and that if difficulties are sufficient to justify the withholding of assent, then we must cease to believe in some of the most fundamental tenets of science. Considerable space is devoted to the refutation, chiefly by the method of citations from scientists, of the materialism of the age of Tyndall and Huxley. That portion of the book which treats of the Church is excellent; indeed, the entire book is ex-

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* *The Great Fundamental Truths.* Book I. *The Church an Infallible Guide.* Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C.M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

cellent as far as it goes. If it had appeared thirty or forty years ago, no reservation whatever might have been appended to the approbation it deserves. But the author has scarcely paid sufficient attention to the change of position which the enemy has affected. The camp of materialism against which he directs his fire is abandoned. The octogenarian Casabianca, Professor Haeckel, to be sure, still remains whence all but him have fled. There are few agnostics or unbelievers, to-day, who do not admit the existence of God, as the First Cause, or the Absolute Being, or the ground of reality. It is the agnosticism which refuses to admit a Personal God, and a vague, shadowy, idealistic pantheism, or monism, against which the minds of the Catholics who come in contact with sceptical thought must be equipped. In like manner, it seems to be a tactical error any longer to devote much of one's energies to the demolition of the Protestant doctrine of an infallible Bible, and, on the other hand, to neglect the rationalistic attacks which have completely captured the Protestant position. The defence of the Church now depends not upon making good against Protestants the Catholic interpretation of a number of texts and passages, but to maintain the historic value of the Scriptures, the fact of supernatural revelation, and inspiration. It is not physical science that can afford even specious arguments against Christian faith. That armory of the enemy was rendered useless when our exegetes, at length, ceased to maintain that the Pentateuch contained a scientific account of creation. Perhaps, however, any criticism, in this sense, of Father Bodkin's volume is premature, as his plan may include a defence of revelation and inspiration in some subsequent number of his course.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.
By Mgr. Bonomelli.

Many circumstances have contributed to draw attention, recently, to the Bishop of Cremona. The celebrity that he has acquired would, however, scarcely be a ground for the translation of one of his Pastoral letters into English. A much better reason, and one that is amply sufficient, for the presentation to the English-speaking world of this Pastoral,* consists in the timely character of the solid instruction it conveys concerning a most important subject. In a very few pages, comparatively speaking, the bishop explains the nature of religious worship, its interior soul, and its necessary external manifestation. His exposition is made in simple words, with the convincing accents of earnest piety and apostolic zeal. The section of his instruction which has claimed most attention, and, we should willingly say, is the most timely, even outside of Italy, is that in which he issues a warning against the abuse of external devotions. The Church, he premises, with the most scrupulous care, establishes the minutest forms and differences in the various degrees of the worship which ought to be practised; but only too often weakness, ignorance, lack of reflection, and many other causes, render all her injunctions ineffectual, and acts and ceremonies which ought to be kept distinct among themselves are all jumbled together in confusion. He points out many instances of such mistakes: "Images of the Mother of God are carried through the streets, or the relics or image of some special saint—and the entire populace uncover and kneel; but Christ in the Sacrament is borne along—and it is a great thing if anybody as much as lifts his hat, or makes any sign of homage! The altars of the Holy Virgin and of the saints will be blazing in gold and silver, before their images quantities of lamps and lighted candles burn; and Christ's altar, on which he dwells, behold it almost neglected." "What would St. Paul think of the little Christ-Child of Prague, with its tiny garments of gold and its insignia of a future kingdom? With what energy would he cry aloud that only one thing was needful for us to study—Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ Crucified."

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* *On Religious Worship and some Defects in Popular Devotions.* By Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona. London: Burns & Oates.

Again he touches upon the exaggeration of the tendency to pay special attention to some particular image. After explaining the true value of the image, in the sense of the Church, according to which "the having of one image or another, *this* statue or *that*, is immaterial," he observes: "Every now and then, it is not so with the faithful. They want a particular image or statue, and honor or venerate it more than another, although very often it may be artistically inferior to the other, and not even artistic or decorous; yet, if it is suggested to alter or remove it somewhere else, or exchange it for a better, they all protest and cry out and oppose its removal. Is not this a sign of superstition? . . . I am afraid that the true reason is that in their ignorance they see in it an indefinable something divine, a certain mysterious virtue, and this is a remnant of paganism and idolatry prohibited by the Council of Trent." He addresses some words directly to the clergy on a similar topic: "Can you image, my fellow priests, a St. Paul—any one of the Apostles, who traversed the world, proclaiming the Gospel and shedding forth their blood, a St. Ambrose, a St. Gregory Nazianzen, a St. Cyprian, a St. Francis Xavier—can you imagine any of them laden with medals, images, *Agnus Deis*, sacred figures, religious emblems of all kinds?" Again, he protests against the inference that, in condemning the abuse, he censures the proper use of religious objects; and he continues: "(It is still worse when) these devotions drag the poor people into puerile, absurd, superstitious practices, unworthy of Christian and civilized countries. In one parish (not in Italy) I found not long ago, among some other devotions, one to the Madonna of Good Counsel. A very good thing in itself—but how was it brought forward and put into practice? A sheet of paper was given to each of the devout, on which were printed a hundred Madonnas, *and every one of these was to be torn off and swallowed!* And this was to be done for a hundred days in succession. Could anything more ridiculous, contemptible, mad, be invented? Does not the superstition which was condemned by the Council of Trent clearly show itself here, of those who recognize in images some hidden virtue and power, precisely as the savages believe in their fetishes, the Indians in their amulets?" Several other customs, among them that of writing letters to St. Anthony and other saints, also the prevalence of applications for merely temporal favors, fall under the bishop's disapprobation. An aggravation of these abuses he considers to be, that very often there is a suspicion of "petty lucre" in their propagation: "Is it never the case that this base passion insinuates itself dexterously into certain religious practices and devotions? The world has its suspicions, and whispers that it is so; and appearances are not wanting to make it appear credible! I observe that all these devotions, and pious societies for devotions, of all sorts and everywhere, always ask for money, some *little offering*, either in a direct or an indirect manner. I know that certain honest and necessary expenses must be provided for, and are so far good. But do *all* the offerings go towards the expenses? And these expenses themselves, do they not conveniently transform themselves into profitable industries alongside the devotions?" In conclusion, the bishop declares that the prevalence of abuses of the above and other kinds tends to bring religion into contempt, to foster prejudice, and injure the Church; and he makes a strong appeal to her priests to "Listen to the voice of Jesus Christ when he cries out against the Pharisees, who, mindful of the minutest ceremonial, yet neglected to practice the divine laws: 'Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because you tithe mint, and anise, and cummin, and have left the weightier things of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith.'"

NEWMAN.

Two volumes have just reached us which, in diverse ways, witness to the continuous expansion of Newman's influence and fame. One is a neat little hand book,* forming a special number of Maynard's *English Classic Series*, which consists of selections from the Cardinal's prose writings, for the use of schools. The editor has chosen judiciously from the riches at his disposal. Several character sketches, the chief being Basil and Gregory and Augustine; three or four chapters from the *Essays on the Turks;* about as many more from the *Idea of a University;* a number of miscellanea, including "The Second Spring," form the body of the book. It contains also a short biographical introduction, two or three pages of appreciations, and a quantity of introductory and explanatory notes. The selections are all of considerable length—a fact which will enhance the educational value of the work, as it will enable the pupil to get a real acquaintance with Newman, which cannot be done by any collection, however large, of disconnected paragraphs and passages.

The other volume† is of a weightier character, being intended as a help to the student who undertakes a serious study of that most difficult book, *The Grammar of Assent.* The author offers a synopsis of the entire work, arranged in the form of an alphabetical index. Generally speaking, Father Toohey retains the words of the text, except when abridgment is necessary in order to keep the work within reasonable bounds.

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* *Selections from Newman.* New York: Maynard, Merrill & Co.

† *An Indexed Synopsis of the "Grammar of Assent."* By John J. Toohey, S. J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

As it is, it contains almost as much printed matter as the *Grammar* itself. Students will find the book a great help towards obtaining a good grip on the contents of the *Grammar*, after they have studied the text itself. Nor has Father Toohey narrowed the value of his work by the introduction of either criticism or interpretation. We trust that it will meet with such practical appreciation that Father Toohey may be encouraged to undertake the work of indexing all Newman's writings; and thereby render a valuable service to religion and literature.

DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS.
By Hastings.

We trust that all our readers who take any interest in Scriptural study are familiar with Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, the final volume of which appeared two years ago. Under the same competent editorship there is now coming from the press a work in two volumes entitled *A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*,* of which the first instalment lies before us. The *Dictionary of the Bible*, with its five ample volumes, had already treated very generously the main topics that fall within the scope of this present work. Still, there was abundant room for a New Testament encyclopædia, particularly for the treatment of subjects which are more conspicuously dogmatic than critical. To do justice to such articles as Atonement, Accommodation, Character of Christ, Covenant, Leading Ideas of the New Testament, Divinity of Christ, Incarnation, and many others of similar import, is hardly possible in a Bible Dictionary, which is especially concerned with matters of critical scholarship. A supplementary work is called for to handle these points of New Testament theology, and here we have it at hand. Not by any means that this new dictionary does not discuss critical problems. It does discuss them, and often at great length and with admirable scientific completeness. But it is the peculiar mark, and perhaps merit, of Dr. Hastings' new venture, that it gives a large place to the consideration of the doctrinal content of the New Testament.

The general characteristic of the articles in this volume is conservatism. The apologetic purpose is very evident, indeed, so evident that it might be well, to the end of a more accurate designation, to include the word "apologetic" in the title of the work. Many of the articles strikingly combine this conservative tendency with the best type of critical method. A few examples of such are: Dr. Allen's brief but thorough paper on Divorce; Dr. Oesterley's article on Demons, which is almost a perfect piece of work; and Dr. Knowling's historical sketch of criticism as applied to the New Testament. Another pair of articles which must impress the reader as particularly fine, are Dr. Bacon's on Aristion, and Dr. Findlay's on the Apocryphal Gospels.

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* *A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels.* Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Volume I. *Aaron to Knowledge.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two articles—"Church" and "Cæsarea Philippi"—which touch upon Simon Peter's great Messianic confession, contain the following words, which sound very Catholic indeed: "The rock intended by Jesus to be the future foundation of his Church is Peter. . . . The address of Jesus is distinctly to Peter." "A still more emphatic commission was given by Christ to Peter and to the disciples. Whatever may be the exact meaning of these words, it is difficult to give them any interpretation which does not include the idea of jurisdiction." Many other articles, notably those concerned with the birth of our Lord, give expression to views equally acceptable to Catholics.

That some of the contributions to this volume do not meet our entire approval, is not in the least wonderful. To satisfy all ranks, classes, and degrees of biblical students were a task from which an angel from heaven would shrink. We do not mean, therefore, to censure any critical opinions which we found in this book, merely because they diverge from those which, at the present time, we happen to entertain. But, apart from the controversies of schools and systems, critical methods and critical scholarship in themselves have rights, which here and there in running through this volume we found in divers ways, but chiefly because of an overdone conservatism, to be set at naught and violated. For example, the writer on the Fall, wishing to maintain that the fall of man underlies our Lord's teaching, adduces as proof thereof that our Lord insists on the inwardness of sin; and tells us that the fall is taught in the parables of the Prodigal Son, and the lost piece of money.

In similar style the writer on angels gives, as proof that there are angels in heaven, the opening words of the Lord's Prayer. A Father in Heaven implies sons in heaven he says. Ingenuity in violating the word and thought of Christ can hardly surpass these specimens of exegesis. Again, reluctant as we are to take issue with so reverent and accomplished a scholar as Dr. Muirhead, we feel constrained to say that his article on Eschatology does not meet the chief difficulty of that question. What we mean is, there appears in his treatment something that looks like an evasion of the very point for information on which most readers would consult the article. Dr. Muirhead pays no attention to the Abbé Loisy's eschatological views, and his contribution has suffered irreparably thereby. The eschatological interpretation of the Kingdom is the backbone of Loisy's conception of Christ's teaching, and it passes our understanding how Dr. Muirhead could have failed to take it into serious account. Equally hard is it for us to understand why the author of the paper on John the Baptist makes no reference to the doctrinal development regarding John which particularly the fourth Gospel manifests, in its apparent purpose to throw John's inferiority to Christ into vivid relief. And, to make an end of adverse criticism, here are words from the article on the Divinity of Christ which we confess astonished us more than anything else has ever done in a critical work: "The Apostles were not so much concerned to prove his (Christ's) Divinity, as to persuade men to accept Christ as their Savior. *The question whether he was God or not, was in this view a subordinate question.*" We trust that our readers will appreciate the provocation to put those words in italics.

To sum up our judgment on this work, we would say that, from the standpoint of a rather strict conservative scholarship, it is a highly creditable accomplishment; and that it will be of great service to students and preachers whose opinions are free from a tendency to radicalism.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 Feb.): "Literary Notes," discussing the liberty of the Catholic Press, says that we are beset by two very different dangers. On the one hand, there is the danger of rationalism and rebellion against the voice of authority. And on the other, there is the danger of excess in the opposite direction. Some zealots may be eager to safeguard the integrity of the faith at whatever cost, and make little account of any loss of liberty. This is really a short-sighted policy. For, in the end, it is the faith itself that suffers most from these hasty measures. After all, the best safeguard against rebellion is found in just and legitimate freedom.

(23 Feb.): A series of articles on the "New Theology." It is to be considered in reference to the five main concepts: "God"; "Immanence"; "Revelation"; "Development"; and "Faith." The concept of God as taught by this new school is nothing else than the Pantheism of a Universal Personality. The Catholic teaching to be found in the Vatican decrees is this: God is and ever must be essentially distinct from all creation, and our personality is essentially distinct from God's personality. This doctrine the writer applies as a corrective to the false conclusions of the "New Theology." ——In a notice of Father Wasmann, S.J., and his recent lectures on the subject of evolution, a writer says these lectures are welcome as the sort of work that is wanted, not only here but in other fields of sacred science and apologetics. We know by experience the ablest efforts of some zealous apologists are apt to miss their mark in dealing with modern difficulties and objections. One is often left with the painful impression that the writer has never felt the real force of the arguments to be adduced on the other side, and though he may treat his opponents with ineffable contempt, it is hardly the contempt that comes of much familiarity.

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): It not infrequently happens in the field of Catholic apologetics that the views of a man of undisputed ability, who lives in advance of his times, and who thinks, as a consequence, along independent lines, is regarded with suspicion by his fellowmen. This is true, Gabriel Aubray tells us, of George Fonsegrive, the philosopher, moralist, novelist, and journalist, who is looked upon by many as a "liberal" Catholic and a bad Christian. A Catholic of the loftiest type, a devoted son of the Church, Fonsegrive is intensely spiritual, and leads the life of a mystic. Of an energetic temperament, he is never idle. Fonsegrive's philosophical works consist of an essay on "Bacon," one on "Efficient Cause," and an "Essay on Free Will." This last mentioned work won for him the recognition of the Academy of Moral Sciences. In the political and social field "Catholicism and Democracy," "The Social Crisis," "Catholicism and the Spiritual Life," "Marriage and Free Love," form his contribution to its literature. Fonsegrive's novels are religious and reveal his truly spiritual character; they are: *The Letters of a Country Vicar; The Letters of a Canton Pastor; The Journal of a Bishop;* and *The Son of the Spirit.* The subject of the sketch is the editor of *La Quinzaine.*

(25 Feb.): In reviewing the work of Waldeck-Rousseau, Jules Delafosse writes that the present sad state of the Church in France is no mere accident, but is the result of a conspiracy of thirty years ago, when French Freemasonry joined hands with the Republican party and secured the reins of government. From the days of Jules Ferry to those of M. Combes the policy of the ministers has been anti-clerical. Waldeck-Rousseau, however, carries a larger share of responsibility than any of the others. He was the incarnation of the epoch; he symbolized the reign of anti-clericalism. To him, above all others, are due the rapid changes in the condition of France, whether in the Government, in politics, or in the soul of the nation.

La Democratie Chrétienne (Feb.): We have over the signature of "L. D.," a stout apology for the democratic Catholic movement of France. The sense in which "democratic" is used, he carefully defines. It is not merely in political structure, but essentially in the spirit of the people, that a nation is democratic. Above and beyond the civic equality which democracy implies in its form, it is a social organization, aiming to bring out to the utmost a consciousness of political duty and responsibility in its citizens. The writer becomes almost bitter in his complaint of that portion of the clergy which sustains the belief that the Church is opposing the Republic in its efforts to realize its ideal. The *Sillon* has come to the fore in the struggle to make French Catholicism what the people want it to be, democratic. The movement has, too, the endorsement of the late Pope Leo XIII.——José-Maria, Bishop of Madrid, writes of the recent introduction of the social sciences into his seminary, and into those of other Spanish bishops. His Lordship thinks a knowledge of sociology essential to the successful priest of to-day.——In speaking of the union of Christian workingmen's associations in Germany, l'Abbé G—— calls attention to the fact that, though successfully organized for ten years, the Germans often find occasion to regret that they did not take steps towards co-operation earlier. Another element in the Germans' success, which he thinks may also be suggestive to his countrymen, is the fact that the clergy and people there have better mutual understanding than in France, for the German clergy seem to appreciate, and to strive to cope with, the conditions which tend to make them distrusted by the masses.

La Quinzaine (1 Feb.): To an inquiring free-thinker Bernard Allo answers that Catholicism, strictly speaking, is neither, in one sense, exoteric nor esoteric. But he says that the latter term may be employed, inasmuch as Catholics believe in and love a personal Being whom others have not been able to discover. This conclusion is reached after a long discussion of what a true Catholic should and should not be.——The series of letters of the Count de Montalembert to the Archbishop of Paris, concerning matters of interest to Church and State, is continued in this number.——E. Dimnet contributes a critical appreciation of a late book, the *Renaissance Catholique en Algleterre*, and praises its author, M. Thureau-Dangin, for his historical and discerning sense.

(16 Feb.): The "System of Equilibrium" is the title of

an article by Charles Dupuis. The author gives in detail the rise in evolution of the principles of the system, the important part they have taken in the governments of Europe from Charlemagne's reign till the latter part of the nineteenth century.——Six hitherto unpublished letters of de Lamennais are contributed and commented upon by F. Duine.——L'Abbé Morien undertakes "with the serenity of a philosopher, without exaggeration, and also without fear," to examine the causes which led to the Catholic defeat in France. In his opinion the Catholics have been defeated, and he attributes the downfall to the faulty intellectual formation of clerics in scientific and moral matters, to the social position of priests, to the lack of Catholic critics and politicians, and to the defective system of education.

Études (5 Feb.): The psychology of self-restraint is ably treated in this number by M. Eymieu. He treats of the weaknesses of the will, as manifested in morbid sadness and outbursts of anger. He then traces out the causes of such manifestations and indicates remedies. The concluding part of the article deals with the phenomenon of bad conscience. The writer claims it has a strong tendency to become chronic. A man's poor health often deranges conscience, so the writer suggests good, normal health as a primary corrective measure for a bad conscience.

(20 Feb.): Under the title "Galileo and the Jesuits," M. de Vregille begins a series of articles with this number. A brief account of Galileo's early life and work is first given. The writer gives the names of many Jesuits—notably that of Bellarmine—who were friendly to Galileo, and quotes Galileo as writing from Rome in 1611: "Every one is well disposed towards me here, in particular the Jesuit Fathers." R. P. Grassi, S.J., who opposed Galileo, is said to have been a "good mathematician, but a mediocre astronomer." It was not the Jesuits but another prominent Order that denounced Galileo to the Inquisition. The attitude of the Jesuits after 1632 is shown to have been conservative, but not hostile to Galileo. They seemed to have realized the truth of his contention, but regarded it as inopportune.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Jan.): M. Clodius Piat points out in a capable manner the weakness, from a logical standpoint, of those who would solve the ultimate problems of life from purely scientific deductions. He thinks the principle of the conservation of energy and other principles of physical phenomena, have been carried by atheists out of their proper domain. Science, by its very definition and self-imposed limitations, has no concern with the question of God. Though the necessity for metaphysics has been repeatedly made manifest by the inadequacy of positivism, the disciples of the latter show little tendency to relinquish their position. However, the author finds encouraging the writings of such men as Professor James, but so thoroughly saturated are present-day thought and institutions with atheistic principles, that hope of complete victory is, he fears, still remote. ——The progress made in laboratory efforts to create life is briefly reviewed by M. L. Wintrebert.——The most interesting part of the number, perhaps, is that devoted to the Newman movement in theology. Much space is given to the recent French works on the great tractarian. Some idea of the important place which Newman's thought is fast taking in the religious life of France can be gained by the perusal of these pages.

(15 Feb.): M. Zeiller discusses the case of Pope Liberius. The writer examines the testimony of Liberius' contemporaries, and finds that the weakness of Liberius is undeniable, the exact nature of it, however, being unknown. Amongst the authors living immediately after Liberius, Philostorgius, an Arian historian, indicates that Liberius adhered to an Arian formula, whilst Sozomen removes all dogmatic significance from Liberius' concession. The only documents which place this pope in a false position are of questionable authorship.——H. Lesêtre explains the Church's opposition to cremation. Burial has been the practice of Christians from the earliest times, and is more economic and convenient than cremation. The grave speaks of death more eloquently than does the funeral urn. The writer admits that different circumstances might lead the Church to tolerate cremation.

THE DUTY OF THE PRESENT HOUR.*

. . . And this is the occasion to take into account a sophism, an anti-clerical prejudice, wherever intolerance and *intransigeance* are attributed to the Church by her enemies. But, as we have spoken to you of this matter on many occasions, we wish today to make use of the authorized Roman periodical, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, July 11, 1906. After explaining and justifying the theoretical-dogmatic intolerance of the Church, it examines the practical side of the question and gives what may serve as a directive rule.

"When from the order of principles and of doctrines," it says, "we pass to that of facts and of practice, then the ideal gives place to reality, the thesis to the hypothesis, theoretical intolerance to practical, civil, or political tolerance. In this field the Church, according to the different conditions of the historic periods, and without ever destroying the integrity of revealed religion, has always adapted herself to her surroundings.

We have the proof in the "Syllabus," and no other example would be more appropriate, especially in the condemnation of Proposition 80, so famous: "The Roman Pontiff can and should reconcile himself with modern progress, liberalism, and civilization." The adversaries of the Church find in this condemnation the most powerful reason for their hatred, notwithstanding the fact that Pius IX., in condemning this proposition, had the intention of condemning the war made on the Church and the violence exercised against her in Italy (1860) under the specious words of progress, liberalism, and civilization, and not what these ideas have of truth and of good. This condemned proposition was taken from the allocution "Jamdudum," where these exact words have the sense indicated. It does no more than affirm the opposition between Christianity and atheism and anti-Christianity.

To pretend, therefore, that in this passage there is manifested, more than in any other similar pontifical declaration, an antagonism between the Church and modern thought, with respect to the practical direction of civil and social life, is nothing more than an anticlerical prejudice.

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* The above extracts are taken from a recent pastoral of the Most Reverend Don Mariano Soler, Archbishop of Montevideo. The pastoral is an appeal on the part of the Archbishop to his countrymen, not to imitate the anti-clericalism of the French Government, which "belittles and shames liberty." We regret that our space does not permit the publication of the entire pastoral.—EDITOR C. W.

The important concessions made by the Sovereign Pontiffs to the exigencies of the times in the framing of concordats, establishing mutual accord between the State and the Church in times and in questions most trying; the willingness of the Church to accommodate herself to the consequences of the separation carried out by the State, and, *in placing herself in the field of common right*, offering to civil society the most solid support for liberty, for order, and for internal peace, as has happened, under different circumstances, in Belgium, in Holland, in Germany, in England, and in other countries, does not all this show how false is the prejudice which consists in affirming that there exists an irreconcilable opposition between the Church and progress, liberty, and civilization; or, let us say, modern thought in whatever it possesses of goodness and of truth?

In declaring to you that there does not exist opposition between Church and modern thought, we appeal to the example of the greatest and freest nation which exists, the United States of America. And this is the reason why I wish to explain to you the visit of courtesy which we made on Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of State in the Government of that great nation.

We wished to welcome the illustrious guest, because we saw in him the representative of the Republic which is a model of that generous liberty, which neither offends nor fears any one, neither individuals nor nations.

We went to present our homage to the eminent statesman, because of our admiration for the Catholics of that Republic, who can create, organize, and carry out such great things, directed by a Gibbons and a model episcopate; and admiration for those free Americans, of every belief, who, not content with allowing to Catholicism the enjoyment of all liberties, and never interfering with the exercise of its worship and the working of its institutions, welcome it with respect and deference, as a great auxiliary in all the works and enterprises of progress and of social order.

"I feel myself honored, as well as pleased, by your visit," Mr. Root told us, "because, though a Protestant, I have the greatest consideration and the highest admiration for the Roman Catholic Church." And he added later that "he was very grateful to the Church, as it had done great good for his country; and that he hoped that this good would become every day greater, owing to its splendid development."

In that Republic apostolic zeal on the one hand, intelligent liberality on the other, have been able to move mountains. This religious fecundity has, without doubt, many causes: generous disinterestedness, spirit of initiative, general prosperity, rapid formation of colossal fortunes; but it proceeds especially from the exceptional security of the creative movement; from the profound feeling that the work will not be in vain, and that good may give itself to action without the fear that legislative or administrative obstacles will be put in its way. Every one feels himself free, because he knows that every one honors in everybody else the honor of being free; and he feels pleasure and power of progress, because every progressive movement is applauded. Life is intense because liberty is intense.

Think a moment—lift up your American hearts. Why should you begin to imitate a crumbling, atheistic,* jacobinical movement which, instead of guaranteeing liberty for all, has converted itself into an oligarchy, which denies liberty to a large majority of its citizens on account of the crime of having other beliefs?

The visit of the Minister, Mr. Root, should cause us to remember that for us Americans, when free institutions are under consideration, our example and model is the Republic of the North, as it is even for France herself.

What more? If, some day, they (the anti-clericals) should come to the point of attempting, as they now threaten, the separation of the Church and the State, we would wish that some Catholic or liberal deputy would propose the following bill, containing this single article: "The relations between the Church and State, in the Republic of Uruguay shall be regulated according to the same system as now prevails in the United States of America."

Catholicism is not an individualistic religion, contemplating only the personal salvation of its adherents. It is, essentially, a social religion, capable of uniting men into a union, which is a fountain of strength for peoples as well as for individuals.

It was said of the first Christians: *anima una, et cor unum;* they were one single soul and one single heart; and thus they conquered.

Those who imagine, therefore, that Catholicism claims from us nothing more than the acceptance of its dogmas and precepts, do not understand true Catholicism. The Church, in fact, is a perfect society; she has her traditions, her hierarchy, her discipline; she is absolutely one and homogeneous, so strong that, in holy liberty—which is manifested everywhere in her many enterprises and associations—she is never in danger of breaking the bonds of a unity so much the more solid, because accepted voluntarily and for love.

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* A reference to the anti-clerical agitation in Uruguay.

How, then, could it be supposed that, when the Church sees herself menaced, when her liberty is attacked, all Catholics should not feel themselves necessarily united under the direction of religious authority, which should be obeyed by all, as the present Pontiff has just recommended?

The Catholic union resides, therefore, in the union of heart, sanctuaries of one self-same God, which one self-same spirit actuates, which one self-same love embraces. It is not the artificial and arbitrary union of a human party. Let us, then, be penetrated with the divine greatness of that union and unity which Christ brought to the world: "I desire," Christ said, "that you be one, as I am one with the Father."

And would it not be proper to ask ourselves if we have not sinned against this duty of unity in fixing our attention on political parties? Let us, then, know how to open our souls to the love of Christ, to the love of all our brothers in Christ; this is the secret of true union. And this union, the Pope tells us, gives us strength, victory. We have a divine Church, a unity of which God himself closes the beneficent bonds, to the end that we need not, to be united, the poor and miserable unity of a party; for *Catholic union* does not require a *Catholic party*.

Current Events.

Russia.

The future of the people of Russia is still unsettled, whether it will be their lot to receive and to retain secure possession of a reasonable measure of self-government, or whether, after all, they are to remain crushed beneath the yoke of soul-destroying tyranny. The prospects, however, are good, although the enemies to be encountered are numerous. With few exceptions, the highest nobility and government officials of all degrees, supported, we regret to say, by almost the entire body of the orthodox clergy, and by the lower nobility, along with the upper middle classes, are opponents of the limitation proposed to be set by a constitution upon the will of the autocrat. On the same side, too, are the money-lenders who derive unjust profits from the effects of an absolutist *régime.* Allied to them are the riff-raff of the cities who represent the lowest element, manifesting quite plainly the self-will and self-seeking which are the characteristics of absolutism. The reliance of all is upon the brute force which is found in the support of the army.

On the other side (always remembering that from all ranks individual supporters of the movement for the reign of law and order may be found) are the learned classes, university men, professors, lawyers, journalists, engineers, the rising middle classes, together with the pupils of the high schools. Behind those, forming the rank and file, are the working classes of the cities and the vast masses of the peasants throughout the country.

The question of supreme importance is whether or no any real power is to be given to the *Duma*, whether it is to have a voice in law-making, or whether its sole end is to give utterance to opinions which may or may not be listened to. Even if at first its sphere were limited to the latter alternative, it would not be without influence and power, for it would be able to mold public opinion, and, after all, public opinion is the most potent of powers in our days, to which kings and parliaments—and even presidents—have to yield. But the danger is lest, in the face of such an attempt at limitation, the representatives of working men and peasants, eager to have their wrongs set right, may be too impatient, and so insist upon securing everything at once, and thus bring on again a dissolution. This, however, is a matter of conjecture. As a matter of actual fact, the government professes a desire to have a *Duma* made up of moderate men, likely to adopt sensible plans. They have, by various ordinances, tried to secure this end in the old-established way of limiting the franchise. Those ordinances were not arbitrary acts, at least in appearance. They were authoritative interpretations made by the Senate of the electoral law of the eleventh of December, 1905. The result, however, has been that tens of thousands who voted for the last *Duma* have been unable to vote for the new *Duma*.

In another way the government have acted with what looks like oppressive injustice. On account of the Viborg manifesto the most numerous and the most influential party in the last *Duma*—the Constitutional Democrats—have been treated as revolutionaries, and, consequently, no facilities for electoral purposes have been allowed to them. By these and other means it has been sought to obtain an assembly more amenable to control than was the last.

The result of repressive action on the part of the government seems to be to accentuate the tendency which exists on the Continent to split up into numerous parties. This is seen in every country in Europe, and Russia forms no exception. There are no less than nine groups. The most numerous of these, notwithstanding the action of the government, is the Constitutional Democratic Party. It has 108 members, whereas in the first *Duma* it had 185. The restrictions placed upon it during the electoral period had the effect, therefore, of diminishing its numbers, but also, it is said, of making more powerful the more extreme opponents of the established order—the Socialists—who, in the present *Duma*, number 77, while in the former there were only 17. The rest of what is called the Left consists of the Toil and Left groups, numbering together 98, as compared with 94 before, and the Progressives 35 in number, compared with 25. In the former *Duma* there was no Right simply so called, but the present assembly has a group so called, 72 in number, while the Octobrists and Moderates number together 31, against 13 formerly. This variety of groups ought, it might have been thought, to have furnished a home for every species of practical politicians. There were, however, in the former *Duma* no less than 112 Independents; in the present, however, there are only 21. The members representing Poland and Siberia are not included in the classification just given. Between the two *Dumas* there cannot be said to be any continuity, for there are only 26 members of the former in the present *Duma*.

The effect of fine clothes upon the last *Duma* not having been very great, the present was opened without any dazzling ceremonies. M. Golovin, a Constitutional Democrat, was elected President by a vote of 356 in his favor, against 102. He is a well-known public man, and much respected as president of the Moscow *Zemstvo*, and in various other capacities.

Exuberant rhetoric and impossible idealism were marked features of the former assembly. In the present *Duma* the speaking is said to be poor, and the fear of dissolution has made its members more practical, and therefore more conciliatory. This promises well; and M. Stolypin, on his part, has made equally good promises: no less than a transformation of Russia into a constitutional State. The rights of the State are to be limited and defined. The rights of private individuals are to be secured. The contradictions which he admits exist between the laws and the arbitrary interpretations which, as a consequence, are possible, are to be abolished. More land is to be given to the peasants. One of the most tyrannical features of what has passed for government hitherto, administrative exile, which rendered every one's liberty dependent upon the good pleasure of a provincial governor, is to be abrogated. While the union of Church and State is to be maintained, as well as the privileges of the Church, toleration is to be granted to all who dissent. Various measures in favor of the workingman are to be introduced, thereby formally recognizing the duty of the State to do all in its power to improve his lot. On the other hand, M. Stolypin made a call for fresh taxation, and intimated that an income tax would be imposed. In conclusion, he declared that the pacification and regeneration of Russia were possible only through the realization of new principles of government. He placed at the disposal of the *Duma* his experience and his good will; and solemnly promised that the government would work along with it for the establishment of a firm, real Russian government, with the Emperor at its head. M. Stolypin has proved himself a strong and an honest man, able to resist the anarchy which has its source both above and below. It will soon be seen whether the *Duma* will follow him and, by so doing, take the first steps on the right road, adjourning for a future day the attainment of the full measure of parliamentary power. The reception given to his speech was good, and has increased his power and influence.

The *rapprochement* with England, which has been so long a matter of negotiation, seems to be near accomplishment. Praise of England is now in the mouth of every Russian, on account of the contributions which have been made to the sufferers from famine. If the long standing animosity which has existed between the two countries should be removed on this account, it would be a double triumph.

No record of events in Russia would approach completeness which did not refer to assassinations, robberies, and various other outrages. Although these still abound, their number and importance have diminished. What might have proved a more than usually sensational blow was prevented by the discovery of an attempt to wreck a train for the sake of killing one of the Grand Dukes. The fact that the Tsar has invited to dinner for the first time for some three years the diplomatists residing at St. Petersburg is taken as an indication that the ordinary routine of civilized life has been resumed. The hopes entertained of the successful issue of the deliberations of the *Duma* have caused an increase in the value of Russian stocks in the bourses of Europe.

Germany.

The new Reichstag has met, and during the debate on the estimates has been occupied in fighting the electoral battle over again. One or two noteworthy events have thus been brought out. Although on the first ballots Catholics and Socialists were opponents, on the second ballots in the Rhine Provinces and Westphalia, and in several constituencies in Bavaria, many Catholics either voted for Socialist candidates or helped them by abstaining from voting. Another point is that the Social Democrats, although they have lost a large number of seats, have yet increased their vote more than any other party, and are still the representatives of a greater number of the people of Germany. The fact is that every third voter was a Social Democrat, every fifth a Catholic, every seventh a National Liberal, and every tenth a Conservative.

The most striking revelation that has been made with reference to the election is with regard to the action taken by the Navy League and the co-operation of the Government in that action. The Chancelleries of Europe are full, it is well known, of secrets of so compromising a character that they would, if brought to light, make the officials at their head seek the most remote seclusion in order to hide themselves. It would seem that the headquarters of political parties or associations are not more able to bear the turning on of the light. A Bavarian journal, by an act of theft which cannot be justified, obtained possession of certain secret correspondence of the Navy League's manager, General Keim, with officials of the Colonial Office, and with the Chancellor himself, Prince Bülow. This correspondence showed that, in aid of the attack which the Navy League had made during the election upon the Catholic Centre, the Prince had contributed a fairly large sum of money. One of the worst features of the Navy League's proceedings was the earnest effort which it made to stir up the fury of Protestants against Catholics by inflammatory tracts, in which they were held up to obloquy as unpatriotic, anti-national, the subjects of a foreign power. These attacks were bad enough in themselves, but that the government should actively support them is still worse. For not to take into consideration the fact that Prince Bülow has been dependent upon the support of the Centre for the success of most of the measures which he has carried since he has been Chancellor, the recognized principles of government in Germany should have precluded its co-operation with any one of the numerous parties. As the existence of the government is not dependent upon a parliamentary majority, every government hitherto has felt it the only course consonant with its dignity that it should hold itself aloof from all and above all. Prince Bismarck looked upon this as the prudent mode of action. Not so Prince Bülow. Acting according to the conviction to which he has given utterance, that every man in this rude world must be either the hammer or the anvil, he has made quite clear his determination not to be the anvil, and has been led thereby to bring down the political methods of the holders of power in the German Empire to a level lower than has ever been adopted before. And this without any compensating benefit; for the Centre remains the most powerful party, and has naturally taken up an attitude of hostility, instead of one of friendship. The Navy League, too, is meeting with part of the punishment which it has deserved, for of it many Catholics were members, and these are now leaving it in large numbers.

The Emperor himself, we regret to say, has gone out of his way to make himself responsible for the proceedings of the Navy League; for in public he expressed to Prince Salm, its President, his delight that the Navy League had done its work so well. If this represents the real opinion of the Emperor, he cannot look to the Centre for the support which, according to some, it would be only too willing to give on account of their mutual reverence for authoritative government. But that the Centre is devoted to absolutism is disproved by the history of its action since its existence. From the beginning of German parliamentary life the basis of the Centre has been constitutionalism and the maintenance of existing State and Church rights. While Prince Bismarck was able to bind hand and foot to his chariot the National Liberals, and was steadily supported by the Conservatives, he was constantly thwarted by the Centre. It has always been thoroughly patriotic in its foreign policy and has always been willing to provide adequate funds for the army and the navy, but at the same time it has resisted all attempts to eliminate the Reichstag as a constitutional factor in the government, to narrow the basis of the electorate, or to impair its control of the Budget. Its vote in December last was given on the lines of the same policy. Many students of the political situation think that a crisis is approaching, and that a fundamental reformation is required. The Centre's part in this, judging from its past, will be to strengthen the Empire not to weaken it; the party will strive to establish the reign of law and order, by broadening the basis on which the Empire rests, it will not seek security in the extension of the powers of any individual. In what is looked upon as a luminous little book written by the Strassburg Professor, Dr. Martin Spahn, son of the leader of the Centre, there will be found a very interesting and instructive history of this party and an exposition of its principles.

As the Centre remains the strongest party in the Reichstag, in spite of all the efforts of the Government, the problem presented to the Prince of governing without its help, or even in opposition to it, is one of sufficient difficulty. Success will depend on the ability to form what has been called a Hottentot *bloc*. This is to be accomplished by finding a policy in the support of which the Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals, notwithstanding their fundamental divisions, can unite. The only hope of doing this is by mutual agreement on national questions, such as the navy and foreign policy, and in representing the Centre as unpatriotic. The first step taken by the forces allied against the Centre at the meeting of the Reichstag was to deprive it of the honor heretofore accorded to it of choosing the President from among its members. A Conservative was elected with a National Liberal and a Radical as Vice-Presidents.

In the speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Reichstag, the Emperor declared that it was his intention conscientiously to respect all constitutional rights and privileges, and Prince Bülow declared in the debate on the Estimates that the idea of a personal *régime* being even desired by the Emperor was a kind of bogey with which to frighten children. He repudiated with warmth the allegation that his government had any unconstitutional intentions or views. The most important part of the Emperor's speech is that in which he refers to the determination of the Federated Governments "to continue their social work in the lofty spirit of the Emperor, William the Great." This is thought to imply that the government will promote social legislation on a large scale for the good of the working classes. It is the contention of Prince Bülow that the proposals of the Social Democrats have been such as it was impossible practically to realize; that everything really good in these proposals has been embodied in the measures passed by the government; that, in fact, Germany is already in advance of all other countries. It is, however, its intention to go still further and to promote measures which will remove every obstacle to a complete reconciliation between the classes now opposed one to the other.

The relations of Germany to its neighbors remain unchanged. There are, however, rumors from Paris which, if they should prove well-founded, will bring about another complication. Last month an arrangement was made with Denmark which removed certain disabilities under which some of the inhabitants of Schleswig labored. This was but an indication of the *entente* which has now been formed, it is said, between Denmark and Germany, one of the consequences of which will be a step towards the closing of the Baltic Sea to foreign ships. Germany is fighting to secure this grave modification of the *status quo,* the report says, by entering into the most friendly relations with the kings and peoples not only of Denmark, but also of Sweden and Norway. By the neutralization of the Danish straits the Kaiser would make the Baltic a *mare clausum,* and secure effective protection for the German coast and, in particular, for the port of Kiel. As the powers shut out by this arrangement are not likely to acquiesce readily, a struggle would ensue. In fact the opposition would clearly be so great that it seems very doubtful that such a scheme is really contemplated.

There are even yet strange survivals of old political systems. The Grand Duchies of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz form two of these survivals, for they have been hitherto two absolute monarchies in the midst of the constitutional federation of the German Empire. The two Grand Duchies have a common assembly, indeed, but it is so constituted that it does not act as a check upon the Grand Ducal power, but rather as a support. The more democratic part of the assembly has striven, by absenting themselves from its meetings, to secure a reform. At last the Grand Dukes have jointly announced their intention to introduce a form of constitutional government. The details have not yet been revealed; but any constitution will mark a step in advance.

Austria-Hungary.

There is very little to record with reference to the Dual Monarchy. Austria is on the eve of elections for the Parliament, which is to be chosen for the first time by universal suffrage, and which will doubtless lead to radical changes. Efforts are being made to make with Hungary an economical agreement satisfactory to both countries. Such an agreement is made every ten years. The last lapsed twelve years ago, and since its lapse every effort to renew it has failed. There is a slight prospect that this effort will succeed.

There is nothing better than the love of liberty. But too often this love is one-sided; it means only the desire to have one's own way and not to allow others the same privilege. An illustration of this is found in a recent conflict between the Poles and the Ruthenes in Galicia. The woes and wrongs of the Poles have long excited the sympathy of all who themselves enjoy free institutions, but when they themselves, as soon as an opportunity presents itself, become, to the extent of their power, oppressors, a check is given to this sympathy. A month or two ago the Ruthene students at the Polish University of Lemberg wished to take the required oath in their mother tongue and not in Polish. The authorities would not listen to this. Tumults followed, and some 80 students were arrested and confined in insanitary rooms in the common prison, and kept there for a long time. Nor were they able to secure their release until they began what is called a hunger strike, that is, they refused to take any food. This had the desired effect, for the students were then released; but not before they had been the occasion of showing to the world how bad a use of the liberty which they possess is made by some at least of a people who have so long been seeking, and rightly seeking, their own freedom.

France.

The negotiations between the French bishops and the government for leases of the churches have come to an end, or at least have been suspended indefinitely. A full discussion of the reasons for the breakdown would exceed our limits; but it looks very much as if the government did not really wish to grant the leases, and deliberately placed conditions which they knew could not be accepted. The use of the churches is, at present, we will not say secured, but conceded for public worship, and this without any notification in accordance with the provisions of the new Law. How long things will remain in this state no one can say. A more extreme government may come into power and close the churches altogether. On the other hand, those who still hold the faith in France may become more zealous and courageous, and greater numbers may embrace it. In this event such a government as the present could not remain in power. The French people, if they really wish for a better state of things, have it in their power to secure it.

Social questions of various kinds are now coming on for discussion. The Sunday Rest Law, recently passed, requires modification. The Socialists and Collectivists in the Chamber have, however, very little likelihood of carrying out their plans.

The present electors are resolutely opposed to all proposals which involve anything like spoliation, and are far more ready to defend their own property than they are that of the church.

Spain.

The advent of the Conservative ministry to power in Spain has been followed by a decree, in the King's name, which abrogates the decree of August 27, 1906, which authorized civil marriage without a declaration relative to the religion of the contracting parties. This decree of the King is the effect of the clear manifestation of the unpopularity of the previous decree.

The Hague Conference.

The Conference soon to be held at the Hague will be of great importance. A great many more nations are to send their representatives to this Conference than were sent to the last Conference. It seems likely that there will even be a discussion on the limitation of armaments. The article of the British Prime Minister, and his support of the proposal, seem to have settled this question. Limitation of armaments will not be decided at the present meeting; but the friendly discussion may lead the way to a decision in the not remote future.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

P. L. CONNELLAN, the Roman Correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, writes as follows:

The announcement of the death of Jeremiah Curtin recalls to my mind my acquaintance with him, and the prolonged conversations I had with him during his visit to Rome in the March of 1894. It was at the Irish College I first fell in with him, and he was deeply impressed with the importance of that institution in such a centre of study as Rome is. He was then keen on the revival of the ancient Irish language, and he related to me how his attention was drawn to it.

When he was a student in Harvard College, near Boston, his first idea was, he said, to learn the Aryan languages—all the languages that are spoken now or were spoken at any time by the Aryan stock, from the Bay of Bengal to the Bay of Galway.

"A great friend of mine," he said, "Professor John Fiske, and myself talked these matters over. At that time, in our student plans, we divided the work between us. He was to become the great man on mythology. . . . I got at the mythologies, and he went to history."

In the language and literature of Ireland Mr. Curtin became an expert. The Gaelic languages were to him the most interesting of all those spoken by white men, by reason of the very striking peculiarities that he found in them, and which became the more striking the more he studied them. In his student days he used to keep up his practice of Gaelic by reading the New Testament in the Irish language. Then he was forced into the study of the Slav languages; but all the time he was engaged at these he studied Gaelic, more or less, by fits and starts.

In 1887, as he related to me, it entered his mind that he had reached such a stage in his studies concerning the early history of mankind that it became necessary for him to go to Ireland. And when he reached that land he began his researches under the advice of the Rev. Patrick A. Walshe, of the Vincentian Fathers, Cork, who gave him letters and recommendations of great value to him. Father O'Growney, of Maynooth, was especially helpful to him.

It was the folk lore of Ireland and its myths that Mr. Curtin was desirous of learning, and in the pursuit of this his greatest difficulty was to find the people who knew the stories in which these were embodied. After a certain search, he said, he found some people who knew the stories, and in all cases these people were peasants; and of those he met with only two who told him the stories in English, and no one who did not know Irish could tell him a story. This constituted the substance of his book, *The Myths and Folk Lore of Ireland.*

A second visit to Ireland, in 1892, resulted in the publication of fifty stories published weekly in the New York *Sun* without interruption, and paid for generously by the great editor of that journal, the late Charles A. Dana. "There are two or three groups of these Irish stories," said Mr. Curtin to me, "that are among the earliest and the best preserved of the whole Aryan mythology." One of them is the story connected with Lear and his wife; another is connected with the cow "glas gawnach"; and a third is that of Balor of the Evil Eye, or the striking Balor.

He considered these stories unrivalled. They are as fine, he thought, in language as the Dying Gladiator is in sculpture. And this arises from the fact that they described their theme without extreme political exaggeration and intense energy. This, he said, was accomplished by many devices which are not yet known through translations, but are most remarkable things in European literature.

It was at this time also that the great Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz, was in Rome, studying or verifying the local color and elaborate antiquarian lore which he afterwards displayed in his remarkable work, *Quo Vadis.* With Mr. Curtin, I saw this notable author in the Piazza di Spagna, and there noted the tall, elegant figure, with the handsome features and the calm dark eyes of this widely-read romance writer.

At a reception in the house of an artist, where many tongues were spoken, I saw Mr. Curtin, this translator of so many works of the Polish novelist, in conversation with persons of very different languages, and speaking with each one in his own tongue.

Mr. Curtin was born in Milwaukee, in 1840, of Irish parents, and laid the foundation of his great philological learning in a little pioneer home on a Greenfield farm. He early acquired a rudimentary knowledge of German, Norwegian, and Polish by talking to the emigrant settlers of the neighborhood. Later, when he went to Harvard, his tendency for the languages further asserted itself, and took definite shape. After his graduation from Harvard, in 1863, President Lincoln appointed him Secretary of the Legation at St. Petersburg, a position that he was well adapted to fill, and one that gave him further opportunity of developing his linguistic talents. While he was at the court of St. Petersburg he met Sienkiewicz and they became fast friends. It was the great Polish author himself who suggested that Mr. Curtin undertake the translation of his works. Later Mr. Curtin became Consul-General at St. Petersburg.

He traveled extensively, and wrote entertaingly of his journeys. For many years he lived among the Indians in remote parts of California. His wife accompanied him on all his trips, and also helped him in some of his literary work. Besides his translations, Mr. Curtin is the author of a number of books relating to folk literature. Among them are *Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland*, *Western Slavs and Mongols*, *Creation Myths of Primitive America and Their Religious and Mental Relations to the History of Mankind*, *The Mongols*, and others. He was engaged for many years in work for the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

* * *

To "compile a record of the world's progress, from the dim dawn in the Tigris-Euphrates and Nile valleys to the full noonday of twentieth-century development," seems a prodigious task. Yet a Catholic writer, Francis T. Furey, has accomplished it with a remarkable degree of success. He is professor of History in the Cahill High School, Philadelphia, and author of *An Explanation of the Constitution of the United States*, and other historical works. His *History of the World* (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company) is a small quarto of 725 pages, profusely illustrated. In tone it is moderate, in narrative facile and entertaining. The author is no theorist, and he writes without bias. On geological and ethnological points he is in touch with the current of modern thought and learning. He does not strive to conciliate religious folks, but he says nothing to offend them. He believes the facts of history and science are not necessarily opposed to the statements of the Mosaic books. He accepts long-established traditions. He believes the details of warfare less important than the historical results of great conflicts. An index will greatly facilitate reference, but as it stands it is a book helpful to the young student, and good reading for everybody.

* * *

According to a writer in the London *Tablet* the death of Miss Agnes May Clerke removes one of the most accomplished women and eminent British astronomers of the day. Born in Ireland, in 1842, she lived for a number of years in Italy before settling in London in 1877. She and her sister Miss Ellen Mary Clerke, who preceded her to the tomb by a few months, both became Edinburgh Reviewers under the auspices of the late Henry Reeve, the great appreciator of their talents. Miss Clerke made observations on behalf of the British Government at the Cape Observatory in 1888, and she was awarded the Actonian Prize of a hundred guineas five years later. Her greater triumph came in 1903, when she was elected Hon. Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. She has left behind such widely-known scientific works as *Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century*, *Problems in Astrophysics*, and *Modern Cosmogonies*.

An astronomical correspondent writes to the London *Times* with reference to Miss Clerke: "During the last century two ladies only were elected honorary members of the Royal Astronomical Society—Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville. The new century soon saw fresh honorary members elected, and among them Miss Agnes Clerke, whose last important work, *Problems in Astrophysics*, was of such great scientific value that the Astronomical Society could no longer ignore her claims to public recognition by them. And when we say 'last important work' we must acknowledge also the outstanding merit of the two earlier books, *The System of the Stars* and *History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century*, besides less important volumes, *The Herschels and Modern Astronomy*, *Modern Cosmogonies*, and many scientific magazine articles, principally of the nature of reviews or interpretations of results, in which her keen insight into the true significance of observed physical facts was as wonderful as her fluency and command of language, so that both from the literary and scientific standpoints she must be ranked as a great scientific writer. No one writing a history of modern astronomy can fail to acknowledge the great debt owed to her masterly array of facts.

Miss Clerke performed, as it seemed no other writer had done, the work of collation and interpretation of this enormous mass of new material, ever pointing the way to new fields of investigation, often by one pregnant suggestion sweeping aside a whole sheaf of tentative conjectures, and indicating, if not the true line—for in many cases the truth is yet to seek—at least, a plausible and scientific line well worth pursuing. Nor did she disdain the humbler ambition of leading the young children of convent schools to enlarge their vision of the heavens, as may be seen by the preface she wrote for the little play which, teaching astronomy as a diversion, is called "Stars without Stripes."

* * *

Workers for the Apostolate of the Press should be encouraged by the following letter from a Catholic teacher in Newtown Grove, North Carolina, written to Brother Edward, of De La Salle Institute, New York City. The teacher says he is now living at a mission where all the people are converts or children of converts. There are three hnndred Catholics in the place.

How did they become converts? Some twenty-five years ago, a man named Dr. Monk received a package, around which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper. In this paper was an article by Archbishop McCloskey on "The Authority and Infallibility of the Church."

Dr. Monk read the article, and became so impressed by it that he wanted to read more. He began trying to discover where he could find the nearest Catholic priest who might tell him more about the Church. He found that the nearest priest was Father Gross, of Wilmington, Delaware. He and all his family went to Delaware to see the priest, and in due time they were received into the Church.

Dr. Monk returned to his home, but not to be an idler in the work of the Lord. He went among his neighbors and told them about the Church, and many of them listened and studied and prayed, and in time were baptized as children of God and heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

One of Dr. Monk's granddaughters is now a Sister of Mercy, and a grandson joined the Benedictine Order at Belmont, North Carolina.

All these wonderful conversions have come about through the grace of God and an old newspaper which contained a good article on the Church.

Until Dr. Monk and his family became converts, there were no Catholics in Newtown Grove.

There are many places like Newtown Grove as it was twenty-five years ago. A visit from a priest, or the circulation of the missionary literature, published at reduced rates by the Columbus Press, might change the place as Dr. Monk changed Newtown Grove.

* * *

In the great centres of civilization the importance of the pedagogue and of pedagogy is fully realized. Great professors enjoy incomes larger than those of Governors of the various States. In the public schools the principals and head teachers are paid better than were college presidents in former days. Education has been made into a science as well as an art, and now covers so large a field that an extensive literature has already come into being upon the subject. So many are the works already in existence and the periodical publications that it is no longer possible for the general reader to keep informed upon the subject. Only the specialist and the bibliographer can keep thoroughly in touch with the movement as a whole. For their benefit primarily, for all educators secondarily, and lastly for the general public, Prof. Will S. Monroe, of the Massachusetts State Normal School, has prepared a bibliography of education, which appears in list of publications known as the International Educational Series. (New York: Appleton & Co.) In the preface the author gives several interesting facts upon the growth of education's literature.

"In the Central Pedagogical Library at Leipzig, founded twenty-five years ago, there are 66,604 books and pamphlets on the subject of education. The Musée Pedagogique at Paris, founded in 1879 by the French Government, contains 50,000 pedagogical books. The National Pedagogical libraries of Belgium, Switzerland and Russia each contain over 15,000 volumes. In the city of Berlin there are two such special libraries, the one containing 16,000 and the other 14,500 volumes. In the South Kensington Museum, London, there are 10,500 books upon the subject of education, and the Teachers' Guild, of Great Britain and Ireland, has a pedagogical library of more than 6,000 volumes.

"In America no less than in Europe there has been marked development in the collection of books on education. The library connected with the Bureau of Education at Washington has over fifty thousand books and 150,000 pamphlets on education and subjects more or less directly allied to education."

The author has not undertaken the herculean task of cataloguing this vast amount of literature. He has confided himself to 3,200 entries, so as to include the more desirable or available books and pamphlets on the subject which have appeared in the English language. The arrangement of his work is simple and ingenious.

He first gives the names and addresses of the leading publishers in both Great Britain and America. He then classifies his work into a number of general divisions, such as works of reference, under which head he brings in bibliographies and encyclopædias; history of education, theory of education, methods of instruction, school administration, professional education, moral education, physical education, school systems, and educational conferences.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Hypnotism and Spiritism. A Critical and Medical Study. By Dr. Joseph Lapponi. Translated from the 2d revised edition by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. Pp. xi.-273. *The Laws of the Spiritual Life.* By B. W. Maturin. Formerly of Cowley St. John, Oxford. Price $1.50. *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.* By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited and abridged by his son, Leopold Hamilton Myers. Price $3. By mail, $3.20. *Literary Forgeries.* By J. A. Farrar. Price $2.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Thomas à Kempis: His Age and His Book. By J. E. G. de Montmorency, B.A., LL.D. Illustrated. Pp. xxiv.-312.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Mother of Jesus. In the First Age and After. By J. Herbert Williams. Pp. xxiii.-264. *History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By Rev. E. A. Dalton, M.R.I.A. In three vols. Vols. I., II. From the earliest times to the year 1547. 2d Edition. Price $3 net, each volume. *Indulgences: Their Origin, Nature, and Development.* By Rev. F. Alexius M. Lépicier, O.S.M. New Edition. Enlarged. Price $1 75. *The Great Fundamental Truths.* A Simple and Popular Course of Higher Religious Instruction: Book I. *The Church.* By Rev. R. C. Bodkin, C.M. *Sermons.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Late Bishop of Kerry. Price $2. *The Witch of Ridingdale* and *Ridingdale Flower Show.* By David J. Bearne, S.J. Price 85 cents each.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Meditations on the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. By Father C. Borgo, S.J. Pp. 82. Price 50 cents net. Postage 5 cents extra.

ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, New York:

Phonic Word List. By S. F. Buchelew and M. W. Lewis. Pp. 5-109. Price 30 cents.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

The Psychic Riddle. By Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Pp. viii.-243. Price $1 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Maid of Desenzano. A Drama in Three Acts. By Rev. P. Kaenders, Price 25 cents. *The Rule of St. Benedict.* Edited with an English Translation and Explanatory Notes. By D. Oswald Hunter Blair, M.A. 2d Edition. Price $1. *On Religious Worship. Some Defects in Popular Worship.* By Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona. With Letter to the English Translator, R. E. Price 80 cents.

REIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.:

Rules of Order for Societies, Conventions, Public Meetings, and Legislative Bodies. By Charles M. Scanlan, LL.B. Pp. 110. Second Edition.

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HUMAN NATURE AND PROPERTY.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THE forms and functions of property have undergone many changes in the course of history. During the epoch out of which we appear to be departing, it was looked upon largely as a sort of extension of the individual's personality—an appendage to him—and his control over it was ethically sanctioned by reference to his personal needs, or to his expression of personality through productive labor. Leo XIII. adopts this method of argument in his well-known encyclical. It would seem, however, that in the epoch into which we appear to be entering, property will take on a highly socialized form, performing new functions and demanding new principles of judgment and control. Every day managers of great properties tell us that these and not they are supreme; that policy, method, and government of railroad or trust or corporation of any kind must be directed as their specific interests demand. Not property in individual hands, but the properties of hundreds associated into one mass under one management, become the economic unit. Through this change, property has become a reservoir of great social power. Instead of being an individual fact for the sake of society, it becomes a social fact for the sake of the individual.

In its present forms and functions it can no longer be argued for and defended by recurring to the obvious facts that men

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must eat and drink and be clothed. The question that Socialism has forced to the front concerns the process by which useful things—wealth, literally speaking—shall be produced and brought to the individual. The essential motive of property is consumption. The moral law governing property, in last analysis, is based on consumption. The drift of things is bringing out very clearly the differences between production and consumption, and the vital struggle to-day turns on the former.

Many relations are involved in any discussion of property. Natural forms of property are unlike artificial symbols; a bushel of wheat and a silver dollar and an elevator receipt are quite distinct things. Again, the facts in the distribution of property must be well distinguished from the social efficiency of property, and this has both an objective and a subjective side. Again, property is wealth and property is capital; in other words, consumption and production are distinct and may not be confused in any argument. In these pages attention is directed mainly to property and its symbols; to its efficiency and social valuation; to the passion for accumulation and restraints placed in its way. Later an exposition of Socialism will be made in the terms of this analysis.

I.

It was suggested in a preceding article that self-estimate is fundamental in the normal individual, and that life is practically a process of self-realization. We noted resistance against diminution or extinction, passion for recognition, desire for power, freedom, and action; the hope and aim of self-perpetuation in the family as important features in the process. It was suggested that men usually tend to realize themselves in the terms of social valuations to which they are sympathetically exposed. Though religion gives us absolute valuations, and education and culture reinforce many of them, nevertheless human nature goes on in its own obstinate way, self-realizing as it will, in spite of ideals and laws and noble truths. Self is an elastic concept. It includes all of our points of contact with world and society. To quote Professor James: "A man's self is the sum total of all that he can call his, not only his body and his psychic powers, but his clothes and his house, his wife and children, his ancestors and friends, his reputation and works, his lands and horses and yacht and bank account." This is because of the social valuation attached to these objects, and of their service to us in our process of self-realization. Property is characterized to-day by extraordinarily high social valuation. It has greatest social efficiency, serving nearly all of the purposes in self-realization. It is, therefore, intensely desired, passionately sought, and held to vigorously. All economic, social, moral life is affected immeasurably by this valuation. It is the heart of the social and moral questions that harass society today. Little progress may be expected, unless a change in social valuations precede all other forms of effort at improvement.

II.

If one would approach the study of Socialism from the side of social valuations, one ought to analyze, even briefly, the nature and forms of property as far as these are factors in the problem. Keeping in mind climate and country such as ours, it is clear that man has need of food, clothing, and shelter in order to live at all. To live well and develop mind and heart, he needs leisure, instruction, social contact. The primary, natural way to get the things needed for physical existence is to make or produce them by actual labor. It may be assumed that a father should provide for his family, and that he should accumulate in advance of actual needs, in order to provide against emergency, failure of food crop, sickness, or his own death. In a word, we suppose strong incentive to save necessaries in advance of needs. Now, assuming that men must actually store the things in question, there being no barter and no money, as the condition is taken, the incentive to accumulate will be checked forcibly. The bulk of things would make saving awkward; they may spoil; they must be watched or evil men might steal what they wanted. In such circumstances, no great passion for accumulation will develop, and the natural judgment of the function of property will not be much disturbed, nor will property take on a social valuation much beyond its actual relation to physical life. The discovery of ways to preserve or dry food products might remove danger of spoiling, but the practical obstacles to hoarding would remain. In our imaginary condition, there is one motive to possess property—actual need; one way to acquire it—by production; and there are many obstacles to accumulation. This is the primary natural view, near to Ruskin's, who says that the A B C of property is in (A) the good things; (B) which a man has honestly got; and (C) can skillfully use.

We may imagine, next, an improvement through social division of labor and barter or exchange. Individuals produce many kinds of wealth in excess of needs, and exchange the surplus among themselves. If the symbol money now be devised as the measured equivalent of all things, a revolution results. With it one can, at any time, get practically anything that one wishes. Methods improve; great quantities of things are stored in society; communication is established; exchange becomes active and regular. With money as a valid symbol, giving claim to anything, instead of storing things, one may store money. It seems to have no bulk compared to grain and meat and clothes. It does not spoil, and it is always valid. Men may now acquire much, consume little, and thus be in a position to hoard money, which will secure comfort in old age, or allow them to loaf or do as they please. We see, then, that some of the practical obstacles to the passion for accumulation are removed by the invention of the money symbol. Money is, in many ways, more desirable than things. As David Harum remarked: "It's hard work now sometimes to git the idee out of my head, but what the money's wuth more'n the things." It takes on greater attraction, and becomes a factor in the process of self-realization, taking on new functions not known to property in things.

The history of money shows many variations in the material of it. Gold and silver were not always used as now. Tobacco was at one time the money standard in Virginia; New England used corn; Indians used wampum. It is said that, even in recent days, gopher tails were used in Dakota. Iron, lead, tin, all kinds of grain and meat have been employed to the same end. In all of these curious variations, brought on by expanding trade and desire for simplicity in exchange, money developed toward such forms as tended to remove the practical obstacles to accumulation.

Still, money symbols have drawbacks. They are, in fact, bulky. They are impersonal, good in any one's possession, hence they must be guarded. The worry and embarrassment involved are amply illustrated in the actions of those who do not "trust the banks," but carry their money about with themselves. We may understand, then, that limitations still appear in the way of the passion to accumulate. Now society advances and devises a new kind of symbol of the money symbol, and does away with the last obstacles. This is the credit sign or symbol. Credit symbols are personal and registered, unless business reasons require otherwise. They have no bulk; they require no watching or care. The last practical hindrance is removed, and the passion for accumulation is left free. It is true that other processes and practical necessities led to the development of currency systems and credit forms. But that does not concern the question before us. The point is that the passion for property has as its immediate object the accumulation of credit symbols, not of money symbols, and not of actual consumption of goods. The business of the world is overwhelmingly done in credit symbols; the first impulse of one who has superfluous things is to sell them for money, and convert the money into credits which have an independent earning capacity of their own. Interest, rent, dividends, profits, are the much desired earnings of credit symbols which nearly all men seek. The possession of credit symbols insures an income without diminution of capital, and this income enables one to enjoy the good things of life. The mechanism of credit, its perfect organization, gathers the superfluous money of hundreds of thousands, insignificant individually, yet, in the aggregate, colossal sums, at financial centres, and places them at the disposal of the industrial genius of the nation. This is well illustrated in the recent scare of the railroads, whose managers claim that prospect of drastic legislation disturbs popular confidence in the earning power of the roads, and that, as a consequence, money cannot be borrowed to carry out improvements. Now, world markets may be fought for, daring ventures may be undertaken, since capital and genius are united. The actual owners of a business are the thousand or ten thousand stockholders, not the corporation president. It is this revolution which has so changed the forms and functions of property, that it has become an enormous social force. And this perfection in currency and credit system has emancipated the race from enslavement to things, as property in its primary form, and has opened the way to the supremely high social valuation of wealth and to the passion for accumulation which so disturbs moral values and befouls ambitions throughout the world.

III.

As a sociological fact, then, an element in social consciousness and factor in many social processes, property or wealth becomes highly interesting. It has greatest social efficiency. It is close to every large purpose of average life, either as a condition or as an associated purpose. " All the cravings of human nature put in a requisition for wealth, and the confluence of these tributaries with the main stream of desire, rolls down a veritable Nile stream of greed, which beslimes yet stimulates nearly every profession and function in society" (Ross). We who are born into the world to-day, open our eyes on this commanding spectacle, and we are affected by it before we understand its nature or its power. We are bewildered by the power and necessity of wealth on every side. Our religion, maybe our schools or our culture, tell us of nobler things and purer ambitions; tell us of the vulgarity of the motive of gain and the danger of moral disturbance in owning wealth. Yet, there is life; there is the world. The very teacher who tells us these noble things is here and not elsewhere, it may be because of the higher salary offered him. The artist will paint for money, in a way that leads Ruskin to say of Turner to his credit, that he "considered his work in relation to himself, not in its relation to the purchaser. He took a poor price that he might live, but he made noble drawings that he might learn." The musician writes and plays for money. "I shall, for the sake of the money, write little pieces and songs," writes Tschaikowsky to his brother. Schools and churches need money, seek it, often indeed in ways that have none too much of the ideal about them, since men give little unsolicited. Lawyers are rated by the fees they command; the explorer lives over his hardships in lecture or magazine article for money. Publishers publish books, not because they are noble and true, but because they pay. The laborer gets little joy out of his work, much out of his wages. Thoreau, who was odd because he was natural, says: "It is remarkable that there are few men so well employed, so much to their minds, but that a little money or fame would commonly buy them off from their present pursuit"; and again, he gives us a rule that sounds strange in this day: " An efficient and valuable man does what he can, whether the community pays him for it or not."

Discrimination is, of course, necessary in speaking of the relations of money to life, of the money motive to nobler, if less evidently pressing, needs. Allowing money to be a necessity, agreeable or disagreeable as one will, a transformation takes place just in proportion as the money motive grows strong. To take money in order to live is one thing; to take it in order to live with show and luxury is another; to condition one's work and give it here or there in entire subjection to the salary or income expected is another; to cease to love one's work, to be content with appearances, to act and think mainly with an eye on the amount that one can amass is another. The need of money is almost universally so pressing, and the lack of finality in the passion to have it is so marked, that life is very largely commercialized in spite of us.

A moment's reflection shows that this elevation of money to supremacy among the aims in life is natural enough. Most of us learn in life, not in schools, and we imitate much more easily than we obey. In nearly every home, at least in the homes of the millions, money is the chief topic that children hear discussed. They learn that money is the basis of social classes; that with money comes comfort, without it there is none. Family quarrels turn on it, and hopes and ambitions centre around it. Its magic is impressive, its power evident, its attraction supreme, long before confused childhood or blundering youth has learned or understood the meaning of virtue and high ideals and unselfish aims. Money is identified so closely with the main purposes of life and the whole process of self-realization, that it would be wonderful if its social valuation were less than it is. It is the guarantee of a standard of life and the sole protection that one can have against reduction. The possession of it in large quantities is a badge of enviable distinction, or a guarantee that distinction can be conquered. It is a reservoir of social power. It enters into the very constitution of the modern family in a way which makes the organization of each depend largely on the other. Useful in every way in the whole process of self-realization, it is scarcely to be wondered at that men intensely desire to possess it and tend to express their self-estimate in its terms. In addition, however, to this objective efficiency of property, there is another side which merits attention. In it we have a whole series of circumstances which intensify attachment to money and desire for it—a series to which Socialism gives significant attention.

IV.

Having in mind the fact that the first natural way to produce property is to do so by labor, and that the first natural form of property is in possession of the actual things which we consume, it is to be noted that nowadays, in our highly artificial life, a stigma is attached to actual labor. Every manner in which living may be earned or money may be accumulated is rated socially and desired according to that rating. In practically all cases it is preferable not to labor in ways to which social stigma is attached. Few families would permit willingly that any member descend to an occupation below the family level. The possession of capital or property that is earning, frees one from socially undesirable occupations and permits one to ascend in society. While the vast majority are doomed to actual labor, and they gradually adjust themselves, create their own circles and morals, yet in mind and heart the longing remains and acts selectively on the stronger characters, stimulating them to rise. Most enterprising children undoubtedly live in the hope of not remaining down in the social scale, because the social depreciation of labor is early felt by them. Money, property, or income earning credits, then, free one from unloved labor and offer chance to rise.

Secondly, property is the more desirable, becauses it increases of itself. One invests in hope of increase in value; one takes credit signs because of income which they give one. A hundred dollars is desirable for its own efficiency in obtaining good things. It is desirable, too, because it produces five dollars a year with no effort on the owner's part. If no money, when converted into credit symbols, earned any income, the social valuation of it would fall in a way which would revolutionize society. It is evident, then, that property's power to increase itself is one of its supreme attractions, the *rôle* of which, in the development of the passion for accumulation, no man can adequately describe.

Another feature which intensifies desire for accumulation—we may say of money, or property, or wealth, or capital, as we will, since from the present standpoint they are identical—is the very difficulty of acquisition. Men love "hard-earned money." The competitive struggle makes accumulation practically the symbol of one's victory over many competitors. The concentration, watchfulness, that one must show in order to compete successfully, leaves permanent impression on one's mind and bent. "Easy got, easy gone," is the reverse side of the truth that our attachment to an object is in direct ratio with our difficulty in securing it. "If you desire long, ardently, and solicitously the riches which you have not," says the wise St. Francis to Philothea, "it is useless to say that you would not have them unjustly." Involved in this attachment to money, because of the concentration and attention required to accumulate it, is the further consideration that it is itself the best weapon by which to defeat a competitor; a use of money or property quite extrinsic to its natural function of supporting life and fostering development.

A fourth element which adds to the desirability of accumulation, and increases the quantity of wealth which is desired, is found in the fact that possession is industrially insecure. One may lose one's fortune in a venture. If one's property is to earn, it must be loaned or invested. In either case, the ordinary risks of business must be incurred. Hence the custom among cautious men of investing in different lines, of not "putting all their eggs in one basket," in the hope that if in one line disaster is met, one may be safe in other lines at least.

This duplication requires more capital than would otherwise be needed, and this, increasing the desire for accumulation, adds to the social valuation of property.

Furthermore, the earning power of money seems, on the whole, to fall slowly, while the standard of life tends to advance. In the indefinite future it will require more money to produce a given income than it does now. Hence, frequently in the making of endowments, provision is made to add annually to the capital from the income to offset this decreased earning power. A father, thinking of the future of his family, is conscious of all this, and he seeks the more earnestly to accumulate on account of it.

Finally, it may be noted that lack of finality in the motive of accumulation occasions loss of all sense of proportions in life. One simply aims to amass means, without analyzing one's motives or understanding them. Emerson calls a poor man "one who would be rich"; admitting the thought, there is more poverty than is shown by statistics, in the world. But

Thoreau again comes to the rescue with his ideal sentiment: " A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." Few American bootblacks are as balanced in ambitions and self-poised as the English lad who refused to shine a patron's shoes, saying, as he counted the change in his pocket, that he had made enough for that day.

Attention has been directed to the high social efficiency of wealth, to its high social valuation, and to some of the circumstances which intensify desire for it. These observations aid one in understanding the tremendous power over life and morals, over ambitions and aims, which wealth possesses, and enable us to understand why the Socialists claim, as they do loudly claim, that the economic motive is at the bottom of all life.

V.

It is to be expected that great latitude would be allowed in the methods of accumulation, since the passion for it is so strong. If we recur to the three-fold plane of property in things, in money symbols, and in credit symbols, we may be able to group methods with some facility.

As industry is now organized, there are countless producers of things, of farm and industrial products. As consumer and producer are widely separated, there are many intermediaries, through whose agency things are brought to the consumer. Many men handle imported coffee before it reaches our breakfast tables. Mining, planting, transportation, jobbing, retailing, thus become mighty interests. Individuals may buy great quantities of produce in anticipation of changes in demand and price; they may secure control and dictate price or drive out competitors. This activity gives rise to our dealing in futures and similar speculation. Numberless ways of " making money " are found in this vast process.

Money itself, as a symbol, is very important. It alone is legal tender. Great quantities of it are needed here and there, now and then. Thus arises an intricate series of occupations in finance by which men may make fortunes. Finally, credit symbols, interest bearing securities, shares, stocks, bonds, are dealt in, bought and sold, handled in incredible quantities, and this gives rise to colossal fortunes.

Thus the widest latitude is allowed in commercial activities. Among the non-productive activities of life, professions, arts, literature, and the like, great opportunity occurs for accumulation. For many of these lines of activity have great commercial value, and are paid for richly. Thus to every office, duty, activity in life, an income is attached, and it becomes an important if not always a decisive condition attracting or repelling individuals.

The need of making a living is the first factor which introduces the money motive into life. Here it has its beginning, but it has no end. After the living is amply secured, a higher standard of living becomes desirable. Then more money is desired. When this is possessed, one sees opportunities, "openings," to make more, and they are seized. When within sight of certain power or place, it seems that still more money would be an advantage, and more is sought. Nowhere is there finality; nowhere an intelligent discipline on the desire for accumulation.

The head of a company employing 6,000 men said not long since: "When any one obtains sufficient capital by which he can live comfortably on the interest of the same, and he continues to work, he does not work for himself—for the more he gets after that, the more work it requires on his part, and all of this work is done for the benefit of other people. It is not beneficial for a man to leave much money to his children. After a man gets a competence, he only acts as a servant of the community. He cannot wear any better clothes, eat any better food, and, therefore, all of his efforts must be for the benefit of his employees and other people." If this is generally true, it is remarkable that no perceptible effect is produced when the change from selfishness to unselfishness occurs. The same motives seem to endure and, sociologically, the same results appear in the efficiency and valuation of money.

Without, for the moment, attempting to determine statistically how many actually feel all that has been said, it is sufficient to make the points, first that money has very great social efficiency, extremely high social valuation, and consequently that it is closely related to the whole process of self-realization; secondly, it is to be noted that many circumstances, already mentioned, lead men to seek it intensely and to desire more than the actual nature of property or real personal needs make necessary; and finally, that greatest latitude is allowed as to the manners or ways in which money may be accumulated, employed, and disposed of. All of these are sociological facts and circumstances which are directly involved in the passion for accumulation and are essential in the whole problem that confronts society. The restraints which hinder this passion from entire supremacy in life may now be mentioned.

VI.

St. Francis, in writing to Philothea, tells her that she may endeavor to augment her substance, "so it be done not only justly but also leisurely and charitably." The adjustment of desire of accumulation to the relations of life is surely one of the chief problems that confronts man.

The individual who is inclined to yield to the passion for money is confronted, first of all, by the unmistakable and emphatic teaching of Jesus Christ. He, the head of the race, supreme Teacher, speaking with the authority of God and the wisdom that sees all things in true relations, degraded money to the lowest place in the scale of human valuations. Christ represents riches as a menace of death to the soul, and the prolific source of corruption of heart. He gave man a new self-estimate expressed in terms of infinite value; he taught the laws of self-realization as well as the goal of it. The beatitudes are not mere sentiment, speculatively beautiful poetry. They are revelations from the mind of God, meant as defining the atmosphere of Christian life, which alone is full self-realizing existence, seeking its last term in the possession of God himself. Not self-seeking but service; not body but soul; not greatness before man, but security in God should be our law.

The historical Church, and, in later centuries, the many forms of Christian worship, have endeavored to keep these valuations before the Christian people; but human nature, it must be admitted, has many victories of which to boast, and her persistent valuations, quite at variance with Christ's, endure triumphant.

An echo of Christ's valuations, particularly of the degraded place in which he placed the money motive, is found in so-called culture, which is largely a sentimental extract from Christianity with weakened motives and diminished sanctions. Culture degrades the motive of gain; it aims to make men thoughtful, unselfish, and to win them to the love of refined aims and noble things. Thus it tends to act in a restraining way on the passion for accumulation, and to set up ideals, other than selfish, which may appeal to ambition and offer opportunity of self-realization in noble ways.

The moral law acts as a powerful restraint on the passion for accumulation by securing control of conscience, and thus disciplining even deepest motives. It is derived substantially from or through Christianity, though it seeks now to establish independence and to furnish its own sanctions. In any case, justice and charity, as ideal laws governing heart as well as conduct, have recognized power over man, and they moderate to some extent the passion for gain.

Finally, the civil law acts as a restraint by forbidding methods of one kind, limiting those of another kind by sanctions of a most effective sort. The history of legislation concerning property, its forms, functions, limitations, shows widest variations, it is true, but these, as a rule, reflect local conditions and problems. On the whole, even allowing for variations, the civil law acts always as a form of restraint on the passion for wealth. That passion, in all its undiminished force, rests on the very deepest instincts of human nature, and nothing promises that it will ever be totally eradicated. The restraints mentioned represent reason and religion engaged in ceaseless struggle with it, and the record of the struggle is none too cheering. Circumstances which, in fact, serve as restraints will be mentioned later.

VII.

In a study to follow, an effort will be made to show the effect of this high social valuation of wealth on the interests and pursuits of the population. If the genius of the race is captured by industry and the highest interests of nations, are those of commerce and not of noble life, the problem takes on very annoying features. Meantime, to anticipate the exposition of Socialism for which this analysis is a preparation, it may be stated now that Socialism maintains that the economic motive is supreme in life; that religion and culture and moral law and civil law are not only not restraints on it, but that they are actually shaped to foster the interests of property. Socialism would totally eradicate the credit features of property, forcing it back to things and their symbols. By taking over to society the process of production, it would leave only consumption to the individual. It would thus rob property of its high social valuation, limit the ways of accumulation to one mainly, actual productive labor; and hinder accumulation by destroying the motive of it. While one can scarcely grasp, even in outline, the meaning of such a revolution, still neither lack of comprehension of the plan, nor antecedent dislike of it, nor determination to oppose it, should hinder us from seeing the fascination that it must possess for the working man. Nor should we minimize or evade or apologize for the evident facts of life which show us terrible failures and disheartening problems growing out of the cherished principles of our civilization. A speaker of great reputation recently referred to Socialism as the philosophy of failure, saying in substance that only failures in the industrial process resorted to it. The fact may be true, but the interpretation errs. A civilization that produces as many failures as ours produces, is far from perfect; a civilization whose highest achievements are economic, and whose economic successes usually involve moral and spiritual failure, can with much better grace pray with the publican than with the Pharisee. There are not a few in the country, men and women, who do not for a moment believe in Socialism, who nevertheless feel that actual social authorities are not doing enough in the way of reform. And these believe that the only prospect there is lies in such an increase in the socialist vote, and such menace in its power and success in its propaganda, as may frighten the powers that be into earnest and efficient labor for social peace.

LAODAMIA.

BY MRS. WILFRID WARD.

I.

ON a certain day in the autumn of the year 1471 Duke Ercole, of the sovereign house of Este, was holding a feast in the banqueting hall of the gloomy castle of Ferrara, then a town of great importance, with a population of 100,000 inhabitants. The court of Ferrara was famous for its magnificence, and to feast gorgeously, delicately, to the sound of exquisite music, or with the accompaniment of improvised sonnet or cultured wit, was almost the daily habit of Duke Ercole as of Duke Niccolo and of Duke Borso before him. They were terrible gorgeous potentates, those dukes of Ferrara, mingling in their characters the vices of two stages of civilization. Cardinal Newman has described that time of transition in one magnificent sentence:

"It was an age when the passionate wilfulness of the feudal baron was vigorous still; when civilization, powerless as yet to redress the grievances of society at large, gave to princes and to nobles as much to possess as before, and less to suffer; increased their pomp, and diminished their duties and their risks; became the cloak of vices which it did not extirpate, made revenge certain by teaching it to be treacherous, and unbelief venerable by proving it to be ancient."

There was nothing unusual in the pomp and luxury of the court on that autumnal day when Duke Ercole welcomed to his board an important exile from Florence, Roberto Strozzi and his young and beautiful daughter Laodamia. But it appeared impressive enough to Laodamia herself, and filled her with a delighted astonishment. Roberto Strozzi had only just taken her from the convent, in which she had been educated, to share with him his exile from Florence. It was a matter of course that any great noble of that city should spend part of his life in exile, and probably, if he were as selfish, and as unpatriotic, and as intriguing as his fellow nobles, Strozzi richly deserved it. It is not improbable that if he had not left Florence Laodamia would have stayed much longer in her convent, for she was not acknowledged as a daughter of the house of Strozzi. But knowing that no very strict rules prevailed in the gay court of Ferrara he brought her to live in the house he had secured in that town.

Before he presented himself to the Duke, Roberto made a memorable acquaintance with his nearest neighbor in Ferrara—the distinguished old scientist and doctor, Michele Savonarola, who had left Padua at the invitation of Duke Niccolo some thirty years earlier. Michele's son, Niccolo—called after their patron—was an accomplished courtier if he was nothing more, and he was of use in many ways to the great Strozzi on his first arrival. Perhaps that nobleman condescended to notice Niccolo's son, Ognibene, the soldier, but he would hardly have condescended so far as to speak to another of the sons, an awkward, silent student, the especial favorite of the old grandfather, Michele, a boy named Girolamo. And yet one day this very Girolamo was to transform the Florence of such men as Strozzi, and to upset for a brief moment the rule of tyranny and sin in the fair city, and to leave a permanent impression in the heart and mind of all Europe.

After the preliminary presentations and social skirmishes of that date were well over, the Duke invited Roberto and his daughter to dinner, and Laodamia made her first entry into the gay world. In that first feast Roberto was fully occupied in talk with his mighty host himself, showing himself able to engage in the high diplomacy of the days just preceding Macchiavelli, when artistic lying was the keenest enjoyment of the cultured. It was a far more highly cultivated society than any society of the big world of our own century. It needed a classical education to understand their coarsest as their more refined jokes. For the latter indeed Laodamia was fully prepared by the nuns among whom she had grown up, who, innocent and hig-hminded women as they were, one and all, had been caught by the wave of the Renaissance literature. To them their office was a duty, but the pagan poets appealed to their intellectual faculties.

The first triumph is the sweetest, and Laodamia's first triumph at her first appearance in the great world was sweet and gay and wholesome, for what there was of morbid or tortuous in those about her could not be discerned by her too clear gaze.

A young poet of golden hair, olive complexion, dark, dreamy eyes, and heavy, sensual mouth caught a gleam of inspiration from her freshness, such a gleam as one may catch from a sudden glimpse of mountain and wood and water in the early sunlight. He made for her on the spot the best of his sonnets, and the dark, sinister Duke Ercole smiled, with the restrained enjoyment of an infallible judge of such minor things, on the girl and on the poet whom she had inspired. Something there was, perhaps, in the manner of this admiration which made Strozzi frown and bite his lip; and a court beauty near him also frowned, from a very different motive. Roberto leant back carelessly behind a dark, sullen youth, reported to be connected with the Duke, and whispered to Laodamia, bidding her slip away. No ladies of the reigning house being present, he told her there would be no want of etiquette in leaving, and her duenna, the old *cugina*, Anna, was in waiting somewhere in the castle. Laodamia rose as unwillingly as a child dismissed to the nursery, and gave a glance at the poet, half-hoping he might intercede for her, but he was far too busy discussing the position of a comma in the verses he had written in her honor to notice her movements. "Subito," sternly and impatiently reached her ear, and she moved quickly and unnoticed among the serving men and attendants. At the top of two steps leading out of the banqueting hall she paused and looked back. A girl of her race, of her time, brought up in the culture of her beloved Tuscany, how delicately she must have appreciated the perfect taste and beauty of the scene. Frescoed walls, dark tapestry hangings, cool, unobtrusive marbles, and in the distance an exquisite antique—a white marble fawn—standing out in the tinted light of a stained glass window. In the foreground sat the Duke, clothed in such sober coloring as almost to conceal the extraordinary extravagance expended on his person, leaning against a chair that was carved and painted by a master, drinking out of a goblet that foreshadowed the art of Cellini. It was the moment before the full burst of the Renaissance in art, when the pure taste of the Middle Ages, enslaved to the service of luxury, had not yet suffered any exterior debasement, and Pinturicchio was soon to decorate the apartments of the Borgias.

Before Laodamia turned away a fair boy was kneeling gracefully and haughtily before the Duke, who had turned his chair away from the table towards the window, and the young, clear, cultured tones brought to the listening Laodamia the satisfaction of understanding the classical allusions in his verses. But then suddenly there was a horrible sound that seemed to come from beneath the marble floor on which she stood. It was a shriek, but such a shriek of agony, so human in its despair, so animal in its overpowering sense of pain, that it filled her with a nauseating horror and terror. It surely must have been heard at the table, but it seemed to be hardly noticed; yet she caught an ugly expression of amusement on one coarse, handsome face in the distance. But the Duke gently raising a finger summoned an attendant and spoke to him in low voice. Again the hideous shriek came, striking Laodamia almost as a blow. The Duke spoke more sternly, and then with the faint reflection of a smile turned an attentive ear to the youth still kneeling before him.

Laodamia turned out of the hall but waited, and, impulsively catching the man, to whom the Duke had spoken, by the arm as he passed, lifting her white young face, asked him what the awful sound meant. The man smiled jeeringly:

"It means, lady, that a prisoner under torture is speaking too loud; he has forgotten that he disturbs the banquet; he must be taught manners. A gag will be enough."

Frightened by the familiarity of his manner, and utterly sick at heart, Laodamia, hardly knowing where she went, fled down a steep staircase immediately behind her, and passing through a narrow passage and a small open door to which it led, found herself in the outer air, beneath the windows of the banqueting hall, whence an exquisite melody from a violin floated downwards. She was standing on the greensward looking on a great view of the town of Ferrara below, while on either side rose one of the four gloomy towers at the corners of the palace. But again she heard a groan, not less horrible because it was muffled, that rose through an open grating in the ground close to the castle wall at a little distance from where she stood, and beside the open grating a young man was kneeling in a plain student's gown.

She did not at once recognize that this youth kneeling by the grating, trying to pass some object through the seven sets of bars that guarded the dungeon, was the same whom she had seen more than once in the garden of their neighbor's house since their arrival at Ferrara. It was that same pale, abstracted student, Girolamo Savonarola. He was intent on his difficult task of passing a phial of medicine and a little case of healing ointment through the intricate bars into a thin, ghostlike hand barely discernible below. Both drugs and ointments had been obtained, as he often obtained them, from his grandfather's laboratory for the relief of the prisoners who constantly filled the dungeons of the gorgeous Ducal host of Ferrara.

At last he drew back the string, with a hook on it, from between the bars, and clasping his hands looked upwards towards the summer sky, and spoke in a voice harsh, strange, and strong; a voice still immature, but a voice that held her spellbound. It gave her a thrill very new and very strange.

"How long, oh Lord! holy and true, how long?"

The deep voice, the spare figure, the stern features, gave intense expression to one great ethical note, to a stern rebuke, an awful warning. Yet as every warning implies hope, and every rebuke the possibility of its own reversal, so in her overstrained young excitement it came as a relief and an inspiration. At any other moment the words might have passed unnoticed, but her perceptions to-day were painfully acute, her sense of moral contrasts vividly awakened. And so, standing there in her beauty and pride and innocence, she had a foretaste of what many men and many women were to experience from that voice, in the stir of a new spiritual life.

"How long, O Lord! (holy and true), dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

Before the wasted figure had risen, the harsh features were turned towards her, Laodamia had covered her face with her hands. The world seemed to be sinking away from her, and the Lord coming in judgment to put down the mighty from the seat of iniquity, and to raise up the oppressed. Under the surface crust of a pagan culture, Laodamia's faith was alive, and Girolamo Savonarola was to be the instrument fitted to call it out and bid it live. So in a true sense was Laodamia Strozzi the first of the Piagnoni. And when Girolamo saw her there, her slight figure shining in robes of white, heavy with gold, her dusky golden hair as an aureole round her pale face, his mighty imagination, boy as he was, realized in a moment her youth, her innocence, and her peril. To him it seemed that she stood there, between the hideous luxury and devilish cruelty in the hall above and the fierce, brutal misery below, as a little flower inevitably destined to destruction from the storm or the earthquake. Looking at her he yearned to save her, and yearning to do it, he believed it to be his mission from on high. Even so, years afterwards, he would yearn to save the fair capital of Tuscany, and, yearning to do it, he would believe that he had a mission from on high. So, in some sense, Laodamia Strozzi was his first Florence.

II.

Surely there was never a youth more in keeping with a great man's manhood than was that of Girolamo Savonarola. His passionate hatred of tyranny, iniquity, and cruelty; his passionate love of justice, of holiness; his devotion to the Church; his love of Scriptures and the psalms; even his acute, eager, half-contemptuous acquisition of classic and philosophical knowledge; all seem to have been in him quite young, discernible in their seeds if not in their full development. One can picture easily enough what must have been the rough, ungainly exterior of the future prophet—the prominent nose, low forehead, and heavy lips; features not so marked as in later days, but always curiously individual. It was a smoldering volcano of genius and wrath and unconscious pride that was within, and was sure before long to mold more definitely the somewhat awkward exterior; an exterior not likely to attract the young men of his own age, nor to win the favor of women. His mother, we know, understood him; the friend of his whole life, she must have understood him from the beginning. What did she say to him, we wonder with intense curiosity, when he would fling himself at her feet in the blackest of moods, after witnessing some ugly deed of cruelty or some pagan orgy, an orgy in which great clerics as well as great laymen seemed to have lost all trace of Christian living and Christian faith. Had not a crowd of pagan deities been put up over the banks of the river when a reception was prepared by the late Duke Borso for the Supreme Pontiff—Pius II. himself? And amidst such scenes, with folded arms and head bent on his breast, would stand unheeded the grandson of the old physician. No whisper told even his mother that the sorrow pent up in that one boy's heart was to destroy and break up the power of the pagan Renaissance, and make way for the penetrating holiness of the great saints of the sixteenth century. After such a day Girolamo would spend the night in prayer in some lonely church, and his mother's heart would ache at the deadly paleness of his face on the morrow.

It cannot be supposed to have been the happiest of homes, in spite of such a mother. The old grandfather, indeed, delighted in developing the young mind of Girolamo, and we may imagine that his grandson owed to him many of his noblest ideas, as well as his love of the poor. But, even while he lived, there must have been trouble from Niccolo—Girolamo's father—who wasted the old man's fortune at the gayest of courts. It seems unlikely that the future monk mixed at all in the society of the house. Perhaps he never mentioned at home that he had brought back the beautiful daughter of the Strozzi to her home, past the three drawbridges that defended the palace of feasting and of pain.

Neither did Laodamia mention her escort, nor did the duenna cousin think it needful to mention the youth, who was so far from gay or handsome, who had gone back to fetch the duenna after the young lady had been left at home. It would have been so obvious to Roberto Strozzi, if he had given it a thought, it was so self-evident to Laodamia, and to Girolamo himself, that he was not as other men, that his mission towards her, as he came to call it in his own mind, was allowed the fullest scope, and Laodamia soon became his pupil. The master, climbing easily over the crumbling wall at the bottom of the garden, came to give lessons unique of their kind. He came to teach her the glory of the psalms; he came to replace mythology with the knowledge of the friends of God; he came to build up in her young imagination the vision of the mystic chariot of the Lord, the Church visible and invisible, the prophets and patriarchs and seers of all ages. He made the mighty structure for her faith to rest on that was to be his own forever. To the very end, when heartbroken by ingratitude, and his intelligence dimmed by the cruelties he had already undergone, Girolamo stood before the faggots that were to consume him, he still kept unclouded that vision of the Church triumphant.

Then he would present to the eager Laodamia the great notion of the unity of mankind as the work of him who is the Way in which all things move in their eternal order, the Truth in which all things abide, and the Life without which the stable abiding and the order of their movement would not lead them to himself. So, too, he taught her the great scheme of Christian virtues in the stern and stately order in which they were depicted on the wall of every village church in the Middle Ages. Surely Laodamia received a glorious religious instruction. She was the more free to benefit by it, because the restless Roberto had very soon taken himself and his high diplomacy, which probably meant some very mean tricks against his native Florence, to Pisa, leaving his daughter to the care of Anna, the *cugina*, and perhaps also to the neighborly care of the Savonarola family. And, no doubt, they repaid the condescension of the great Strozzi by using for his daughter's sake their knowledge of Ferrara and their influence at the court.

Some six months he was away, and for some six months the education of Laodamia proceeded without a hitch. To the *cugina* Girolamo appeared in the light of a tutor, to be rewarded at the return of Roberto, and, happily, a most stern and unattractive tutor. But to his mother? Did Elena Savonarola, perhaps, cast an eye sometimes into the garden where, on a marble bench under the ilex trees, a young girl of wonderful grace, and now fast increasing dignity, listened in rapt attention to the strange eloquence of her son? What did the mother think or wish when she saw this? Still absolute unconsciousness lulled the other onlookers to rest. A letter from Roberto was to turn the stillness into storm.

Often for weeks past Girolamo, sometimes on the roof by night, where he loved to stand and pray, invoking in a strange vehement Hebrew fashion the wrath of the Lord upon the wicked who were destroying the souls of men, sometimes in his solitary vigils in the churches, wondered and prayed over Laodamia's future. This ewe lamb he had rescued for the Lord, this child fate had placed in his hands—what would happen to her when her father came back? Would she be plunged into the court where her beauty was already famous, would vanity and sensuous delights, and the presence of vice destroy the bloom of the little flower, sully the exquisite whiteness of the soul? What might not be the peril of the illegitimate daughter of a Roberto Strozzi? Such a man might guard her sufficiently to put a higher price on her value, but would he really care how vicious a husband she married, or, indeed, whether she sank to something lower yet? The young prophet's heart was big with fear and tenderness and the longing to shield her in any way at any cost. It was characteristic that he never thought of any plan for her which was not to depend on himself, as in later years he could never believe that he was not personally necessary for the work of the Lord. Savonarola's conviction of a mission from on high always had this attendant shadow, whether it were a mission to save Laodamia Strozzi, or a mission to save the fair city of Florence.

The crisis was very near. Roberto, in a cultured, cheerful, easily written letter told Laodamia that he was coming back in two days, and bade her make ready for a great festivity at the palace. In brief, he told her to look her best, and told her also that she was to meet a great noble, now a widower. The letter was not delicate in tone, and the meaning was obvious. The attendant who brought it to Laodamia found her sitting with her teacher as usual on the marble bench, far from any of the statues of gods and goddesses that ornamented the rest of the shady, gloomy old garden. Laodamia handed it to Girolamo, and in a moment his face was thundrous with wrath —the nobleman mentioned so cheerfully in the letter was noted for his vices, even among a society hopelessly corrupt. The lamb was sighted and marked for destruction.

"Let me go away for a time; I will come back."

His voice sounded hollow, but he looked at her with the lofty, unutterable tenderness of an angel guardian, and her eyes filled with tears. Something still and sweet came to her from that look, some very spiritual light and strength. Girolamo had turned into a long, narrow walk between immense hedges, and there, with the great head bent and the fierce eyes on the ground, the storm raged within him. It was of a piece with all his storms in their mingled wrath and tenderness; the spiritual intensity of the man who had ever crushed his lower nature mingled with the very human genius and vitality that were to leave their impression on Italy and on the whole Christian world. But suddenly there was revealed another element in the struggle. Girolamo was essentially a man, and he was to know all that man knows, that he might be a teacher of men. So gently, sweetly, in an irresistible torrent love appeared, no longer disguised, and showed him that she was by now established and firmly lodged in his heart. Love had been far too wise to knock at the door and risk a dismissal, and he had had no tokens by which he might know her presence; so she had entered unopposed. And Laodamia? When he came back to her he showed her what was in his mind. She was at first almost dazed, but gradually a glow of pride filled her heart, but she was afraid at this wooing. How overpowering, even from its magnificence, was this strong, stormy torrent of eloquence! The figure of Girolamo was drawn to its full height, his gaze fixed before him; he was probably at that moment more like the Fra Girolamo of St. Mark's than he had ever been in his life before. There was little of entreaty, much that was unconsciously imperious, although infinitely tender in that eloquence. Poor Laodamia! The first sense of troubled joy passed away ere he finished speaking, and her heart ached; she was striving against some new perception, a perception she would fain have stifled, but could not. It was the perception that came as a strange spiritual intimation in her secret heart. This thing that he asked for, he was not wrong in asking for. Heaven was not displeased with him, but it was God's will that she should refuse it, should thwart him in this human love and tenderness, and thus throw him back more entirely on that which was divine. Strange struggle, for she knew that she could love him; strange fate, to be the instrument that was to cut him away from the world, while she longed to bind him to herself. It was a strange, dim, but very real sacrifice that gave a new vibration to her gentle voice:

"Maestro mio, it must not be; it is a great error."

It seemed at first as if he scarcely heard her; and then at last it brought another current uppermost. He reproached her for her indifference to her own soul, to her safety. He called upon her to come to shelter with him, her appointed shelter; to come out from the wicked world, to abhor all that it would lay at her feet to trip her up, to destroy; to come now and at once to his mother, to lead a Christian life in a Christian home.

She was standing now confronting him, her hands tightly clasped as if they could united give her more strength, bending a little before him in order to resist him the better. At last she faltered:

"My father would never, never—"

Then it seemed to him that he understood her, and his pride rose up in its strength and possessed him; his love had been utterly pure and noble, his pride was his unconquered, secret enemy, unknown to himself. As its dark curse rested on his powerful young face, Laodamia, looking up, felt stronger. But her heart ached, too, in a new way; for she could not endure to humble anything in him, whether it were lower or higher, a virtue or a defect. Surely he could hardly believe that she could sympathize in the horrible absurdity that Roberto Strozzi would undoubtedly think the old scientist's grandson no match for his illegitimate daughter. She could have thrown herself at Girolamo's feet and kissed his long, fleshless hands, and implored him, her soul's love, not to misunderstand her. But if she did that she would yield all—no; the only way to victory lay through this hideous misunderstanding. While she longed to tell him that he was far, far too great for her, she must let him think that she despised him as too lowly. It was such a course as only a woman could understand, could suffer from in every shade of its meaning, and could pursue utterly alone. Once more he turned to the earlier theme of the refuge he offered her from the dangers and perils of the world, and with terrible distinctness, and awful dramatic power, he pointed her the way down the broad path to destruction. Then, no longer drooping, with her hands raised towards him, looking full in his face, she cried:

"God can save me even *without you, Girolamo.*"

Laodamia turned from him in passionate weeping, and knelt by the marble bench shaken by her sobs. She heard dimly some muffled words that had to her the sound of blessing, and a moment later she was alone.

THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

IV.—GHOSTS; OR, PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD.

APPARITIONS reported as occurring shortly after the death of the person whom they represent, of which a very few specimens out of many well-attested ones have been given in our last article, may, of course, be considered as really coming under the title of the present one, unless we adopt the theory which has been mentioned in the last; namely, that more time is, at any rate, required than is generally supposed for the complete separation of soul and body. On this theory, of course, they may be supposed to be really phantasms of the living; for a person may be considered as living till this complete separation is effected. And it may also be believed that, while this separation is going on, there may be some special conditions belonging to the peculiar state then existing, by means of which an apparition is more likely to occur than when the two are in their normal state; just as phenomena, like clairvoyance for instance, may occur in a trance which are not usually producible in the normal state of the subject.

Some such idea appears to exist, vaguely if not distinctly, in the minds of many. Wraiths, whether visual or auditory, seem to be more easily believed in than apparitions occurring a long time after death, which may be considered as ghosts, properly so-called.

People, at any rate, will often ask: "Do you believe in ghosts?" And they may say that they themselves do not. They seem to think that one must be very superstitious to have such a belief. This attitude of mind is, to a great extent, due to the contagion of the materialism which was rampant not long ago, and which really forbade us to believe in the existence of spirit at all, as distinct from matter. And yet this incredulity is not so genuine as it might seem. There are few who care even to read a really hair-raising ghost story when alone at night; fewer still who have any sincere desire to spend a night alone in a house reported to be haunted. If people really felt sure that ghosts and haunted houses were all nonsense, they would read stories about them just as calmly as they would any ordinary piece of fiction. It is the idea that they may not be fiction, and that we ourselves may see a real ghost some time, which gives a fearful fascination to the accounts of them.

Still, there may be persons who have settled themselves down to a real incredulity; to a positive certainty, indeed, that such things are impossible. Those who have not examined the evidence, or who have only read the kind of story usually to be found in the daily papers, may be genuine sceptics on the matter. But it is hard to see how Catholics, who are familiar with their religion, can be so. To be in such a state of mind they must, at any rate, entirely discredit all the accounts of the apparitions of the saints, or never have read them. For what, after all, is the apparition of a saint but a ghost? Those of our Lord and his Blessed Mother may, it is true, be excepted, as they have already their risen bodies; but it is not at all certain that these bodies have been seen on earth since the Ascension and Assumption. It is not requisite for the genuineness of an apparition, like that at Lourdes, for instance, that such should be the case.

Setting religion, however, aside as concerned with the matter, this incredulity, which some seem to consider a sign of superior intelligence, is really unintelligent and unreasonable. The matter, like every other one of fact, is simply a question of evidence. That a ghost should appear is not in itself any more intrinsically impossible than that one should hear a friend's voice by telephone, get a message from him by wireless, or his portrait by wire. It is just a question of fact. We have merely to see what is the evidence for it.

We are met here by the same difficulty which has met us all along. A few stories, however well attested, do not produce the effect that a thorough perusal of the literature of the subject would. Moreover, we have perhaps read many, in which fraud or imagination is so obvious, or at any rate possible, that in any other one, however different it may seem, we are inclined to think that there must be something of the same kind, which a good cross-examination would bring out. We think that, if we had belonged to the Society for Psychical Research, we would not have been so gullible. The only way to get an idea of the actual pains taken by the Society to eliminate all causes of error, is to read up the whole matter. Still, we must do what we can, in our limits, to get an idea of the kind of story which exists in quite sufficient abundance.

It is quite different, as a rule, from the one commonly imagined. The genuine ghost, we may say, is not a white, sheeted, and vague figure, which appears at midnight or thereabout, and by his appearance and general behavior at once suggests his ghostly character or pretensions. He or she seems to wear ordinary clothes and behaves like any one else you might happen to meet. You would not suppose him to be a ghost, unless he precisely resembles some one whom you know to be dead. He has not, necessarily, any unpleasant or uncanny appearance. He does not seem, as a rule, to be transparent, or, if so, you do not notice it at once. Nor is his outline at all indefinite. And he is about as likely to be seen in the daytime as at night.

Usually, it would seem that he takes no particular notice of you. He is attending to his own business, not to yours; he has no message for you.

One circumstance seems specially noticeable. His interest seems to be in places rather than persons. Not necessarily in a house, but in some place. Still, it will usually be some particular house to which he is attached. The tradition of "haunted houses" seems really to have a foundation in solid fact. Most ghosts, though by no means all, are connected with them.

The number of well-attested and minutely detailed cases is very considerable. One of the most remarkable is that given by Miss R. C. (Morton). The name "Morton" is fictitious, as the parties wished to avoid publicity, but the real name was known by Mr. Myers and other members of the Society.

The "Morton" family moved into the house in April, 1882, none of them having heard of anything unusual about it, though there had been reports of haunting, which naturally had been kept as secret as possible by the owners.

Miss Morton, who gives the principal account, seems to be altogether exceptional as a witness. She was only nineteen when they moved into the house, but seems to have had remarkable mental qualities for that age. She probably had, at that time, a scientific turn of mind; ten years later, when her account was written, she was preparing for the medical profession. Her account, even in the abbreviated form given by Mr. Myers, is far too long to be inserted here; but some idea may be given of its character.

The figure haunting the house is described by her as follows:

> The figure was that of a tall lady, dressed in black, of a soft, woolen material, judged from the slight sound in moving. The face was hidden in a handkerchief held in the right hand. This is all I noticed then (that is, the first time she saw it); but on other occasions, when I was able to observe her more closely, I saw the upper part of the left side of the forehead, and a little of the hair above. Her left hand was nearly hidden by her sleeve and a fold of her dress. As she held it down a portion of a widow's cuff was visible on both wrists, so that the whole impression was that of a lady in widow's weeds.

The description given by the others who saw it at other times, namely, the sister of Miss Morton, her brother, and another little boy, and the housemaid, was similar. The first, who saw it at about 6:30 P. M., in the summer of 1882, when it was, of course, quite strong daylight, asked at dinner afterwards: "Who was that Sister of Mercy whom I have just seen going into the drawing-room?"

Note the words in the account above: "the slight sound in moving." In this respect, as in others, the imitation of a living person is quite complete. The footsteps were also heard; this has been noticed in other cases. "The footsteps," Miss Morton says in another place, "are very characteristic, and not at all like those of any of the people in the house; they are soft and rather slow, though decided and even. They were heard," she says further on, "by several visitors, and new servants, who had taken the place of those who had left, as well as by myself, four sisters, and brother; in all by about 20 people, many of them not having previously heard of the apparition or sounds."

Miss Morton also occasionally heard slight pushes against her bedroom door, accompanied by footsteps; she says: "If I looked out on hearing these sounds, I invariably saw the figure." And again, in a letter of January 31, 1884: "Her footstep is very light, you can hardly hear it, except on the linoleum, and then only like a person walking softly with thin boots on."

But, it may be asked, may it not have been some person playing a trick, after all? No; that theory can hardly be made to work, thanks to the coolness, and courage we may certainly say, of Miss Morton. The figure was several times followed up by the young lady, and disappeared if hard pressed. And it did not disappear by running out of doors, but simply vanished on the spot where it was. Miss Morton says:

> I also attempted to touch her, but she always eluded me. It was not that there was nothing there to touch, but that she always seemed to be *beyond* me, and if followed into a corner, simply disappeared.

Notice the words "into a corner." No trick has yet been discovered by which an ordinary human being can disappear in the corner of an ordinary room.

But Miss Morton was determined to procure even more absolute proofs of immateriality, as follows. She says:

> I have several times fastened fine strings across the stairs at various heights before going to bed, but after all others have gone up to their rooms. These were fastened in the following way: I made small pellets of marine glue, into which I inserted the ends of the cord, then stuck one pellet lightly against the wall, and the other to the banister, the string being thus stretched across the stairs. They were knocked down by a very slight touch, and yet could not be felt by any one passing up or down the stairs, and by candle light could not be seen from below. They were put at various heights from the ground, from six inches to the height of the banisters, about three feet. *I have twice at least seen the figure pass through the cords, leaving them intact.*

This last sentence we italicise, as specially important. She also says that the figure "has appeared in a room with the doors shut."

Beside the bumps or pushes on the doors of the bedrooms, the handles were sometimes turned. It does not seem certain, however, that this last was *seen* to occur.

Another remarkable fact should be mentioned. Miss Morton tells us that, up to 1886, the figure "was so solid and life-like that it was often mistaken for a real person. It gradually became less distinct. At all times it intercepted the light; we have not been able to ascertain if it cast a shadow."

No effort seems to have been made to see if the objects behind it could to any extent be discerned through it; this seems, as has been said, to be a point of considerable importance, especially in its bearing on the telepathic explanation. There is, however, no doubt that the figure, even when seen distinctly by some, was invisible to others. But that, as has also been remarked, does not drive us necessarily to telepathy to explain it.

Attempts were made to photograph the figure, a camera being constantly kept ready for the purpose. Dry plates were then (1884) in use, but the word "kodak" had not as yet been forced on the public. The circumstances, however, were not favorable, as the ghost did not, it would seem, after the camera was procured, appear by daylight. A camera with a flash-light attachment, making the flash simultaneous with the movement of a rather slow shutter, would appear to be useful in such cases. At night, of course, simple uncapping of the lens would suffice, with a subsequent flash. For a ghost habitually occupying, as this one did, some particular place, and standing there for quite a while, this process would have been very convenient, as the camera could be set up and focussed at leisure, and concealed if necessary.

It may be remarked that the figure was found to correspond in general appearance with a lady who had previously occupied the house, and had been a widow for two years, from 1876 to 1878, in which last year she died.

Other points in the account are interesting, but would consume too much space.

In a case like this, it seems absurd to talk about trickery or imagination. Of course we can always say that the whole account is a lie, and that several were parties to it; but, if we are going to take such a ground, scientific investigation of the subject may as well be abandoned. On this principle, no one will believe anything except what he himself sees or hears. Science always has to proceed by means of testimony, and is willing to accept it, if coming from competent witnesses, like the principal percipient in this case.

There is some difficulty in giving specimens of the accounts of apparitions of this kind, coming from the fact that those given are usually too long and circumstantial for our space. Many of them are, however, of high evidential value. One in particular, given by Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., as reported to him by the late Hon. Richard Hill, of the Island of Jamaica, W. I., is convincing enough, it would seem, to overcome any incredulity, except that which absolutely declines to receive any testimony on this subject. It concerns an apparition which was attached to a particular house there, and seen by innumerable persons for the space of about forty years, from 1806 to 1846, and of which Mr. Hill himself had several times been a witness. It was reported as frequenting the house before the first of the above dates, but good evidence could not be obtained of this earlier period. The dress was that of the time of George I. To show how the fact was taken for granted, it may be said that at the time of a sale of the property by a Mrs. Deane, in 1806, the apparition (seemingly that of an old lady) was seen "to pass along the veranda in front of the drawing-room windows. One of the company, noticing her quaint, unaccustomed attire, asked Mrs. Deane who that old-fashioned visitor of hers was. 'Oh,' said she carelessly, 'it is a neighbor of ours who comes in occasionally,' and the matter passed."

The apparition was never seen outside of the house and courtyard.

We will give an account of one other case, coming from credible witnesses, and of fairly recent date. It is rather gruesome, but is of a rather special value, as the testimony of the witnesses seems quite independent, and as it also appears that they had not previously heard of the house being haunted. It also gives some evidence on the point of transparency. We will condense the account somewhat. The lady who is the principal witness says:

> The house is an old one, said to have been built before the Rebellion; it has all the appearance of dating as far back as that, at least, the walls being unusually thick, and the roof high-pointed and uneven. A large old-fashioned garden lies in front, and a yard opening upon the public road at the rear. The occupants at the time I speak of (July, 1873) were my brother Henry, myself, and a servant woman.

> On the night previous I had locked my door, as usual, and, having undressed and put out my light, I fell into a sound, dreamless sleep. I awakened, I should think, about 3 o'clock in the morning.
>
> Opening my eyes now, I saw right before me the figure of a woman, stooping down, and apparently looking at me. Her head and shoulders were wrapped in a common gray woolen shawl. Her arms were folded, and they were also wrapped, as if for warmth, in the shawl. I looked at her in my horror, and dared not cry out lest I might move the awful thing to speech or action. I lay and looked, and felt as if I should lose my reason. Behind her head I saw the window and the growing dawn, the looking-glass upon the toilette table, and the furniture in that part of the room. After what may have been only seconds—of the duration of the vision I cannot judge—she raised herself and went backwards towards the window, stood at the toilette table, and gradually vanished. I mean she grew by degrees transparent, and that, through the shawl and the gray dress she wore, I saw the white muslin of the table-cover again, and at last saw that only in the place where she had stood.

This evidence on the point of transparency seems quite precise. It must be admitted, of course, that the mental state of the witness was not favorable to accurate or scientific observation; still, if the table-cover had been really visible to her through the apparition, when it first went to the table, the fact could hardly have escaped her notice; as she saw it afterward, she would have seen it then, for her horror can hardly have abated enough as the ghost stood there to make any change in this way. Indeed, this horror remained for the rest of the night, which she spent, she says, "with a perfect glare of lamp-light about me, and not daring even to close my eyes."

She told the story afterward to some friends, but apparently it did not reach the ears of her brother, as will be seen. The following is his evidence, as told by her, on the subject. She says:

> Exactly a fortnight afterwards, when sitting at breakfast, I noticed that my brother seemed out of sorts, and did not eat. On asking if anything were the matter, he replied: "No; but I've had a horrid nightmare. Indeed," he went on, "it was no nightmare. I saw it early this morning, just as distinctly as I see you." "What?" I asked. "A villainous

> looking hag," he answered, "with her head and arms wrapped in a cloak, stooping over me, and looking like this." He got up, folded his arms, and put himself into the posture I remembered so well. "Oh, Henry," I said, "I saw the same a fortnight ago." "And why did you not tell me before?" he asked. "Because," I said, "I was sure you would only laugh." "I should be sorry," he said, "if any one laughed at me if I mentioned this; it has quite upset me." He then described how the figure moved towards the door and disappeared. I asked him if she wore a cloak or a shawl, and he said it might have been either—he was chiefly struck by her malevolent face and her posture.

The following is his own signed account, dated August 1, 1883:

> So far as I recollect, it was about this time 10 or 11 years ago, I was asleep in the house in question, and suddenly, about 6 o'clock on a fine summer's morning, I was awakened by a feeling or presentiment of approaching evil. I opened my eyes, and distinctly saw the form of a darkly clad, elderly female bending over me with folded arms, and glaring at me with eyes of the most intense malevolence and malignity. I tried to scream, and struggled to withdraw myself from her, when she slowly and silently receded backwards, and seemed to vanish through the bedroom door. I cannot say whether the door was locked. I generally keep it so at night, but it was certainly closed tight.
>
> H. B. B., *Solicitor.*

Now for the third witness, a little boy, to whom the story had probably not been told. The lady says:

> About four years afterwards, in the month of July, one evening about 7 o'clock, my second eldest sister and two little children were the only people at home. The eldest child, a boy of about four or five years, asked for a drink, and on leaving the dining-room to fetch it my sister desired the children to remain there till her return, leaving the door open. Coming back as quickly as possible, she met the boy, pale and trembling, on his way to her, and asked why he had left the room. "Oh," he said, "who is that woman? Who is that woman?" "Where?" she asked. "That old woman that went upstairs," he answered. She tried to convince him that there was no one else in the house; but he was so agitated,

> and so eager to prove it, that she took his trembling hand in hers and brought him upstairs, from one room to another, he searching behind curtains and under beds, still maintaining that a woman "did go upstairs."

She adds:

> A gentleman with whom we became acquainted in the neighborhood, started when we first told him of what we had seen, and asked if we had never heard that a woman had been killed in that house many years previously, and that it was said to be haunted?

The above narrative may seem to be rather at variance with the general principle which we have laid down, that ghosts do not seem to be interested in the presence of those who see them, and even do not usually behave as if they were aware of it. But it does not appear, even in this case, that the ghost really was haunting the *persons* concerned. It was bending over the beds, gazing perhaps at them, rather than at their occupants. And when the boy sees it, it would appear that it was anxious to escape notice rather than to attract it.

On only one occasion was the Jamaica ghost above mentioned recorded as saying anything. A servant met her in the yard, and supposing her to be a stranger, asked what she wanted. She turned, and with some sharpness retorted: "What is that to you?" As much as to say: "Can't you let a quiet and respectable ghost alone?" Indeed, even on this occasion, the evidence for the speaking is quite doubtful. There are other reports somewhat better authenticated, in other cases.

With regard to the production of any physical effect by an apparition, such as the opening of a door, the general trend of evidence is rather against it. As a rule, the ghostly figure seems to enter or leave a room by passing through the door; or, as in the last instance given above, by simply appearing or disappearing while in it. There are cases, however, in which the door seems to open for its passage; but it is hardly possible to prove that this is not a mere delusion, such as can be produced by hypnotism. Loud noises are often enough stated as heard in connection with apparitions, as if heavy objects were dropped, or moved across the floor. But it does not appear that objects are found to have been certainly moved, by being found in some new position, on the occasion of an apparition, at any rate, in such a way that the movement must be ascribed to it. Still, there seems to be no reason why statements to that effect should be absolutely discredited, since the phenomenon of the "Poltergeist," in which material objects are thrown around without anything visible to move them, is supported by a very considerable amount of evidence. Also there can be, it would seem, no reasonable question that in spiritistic seances such phenomena occur, as we shall see later. If they occur without an apparition, why should they not occur when one is seen?

There seems to be sufficient evidence that brute animals are sometimes affected by the presence—so to speak—of apparitions. Of course it is impossible to ascertain what effect is produced on them; but there is no reason why they should not be subject to telepathic influences, which seem by no means to require a rational nature like our own; especially as it is quite evident that their sensitive organs are in some ways—as that of dogs for smell—more highly developed than ours.

Another matter, more important than this in the explanation of apparitions, is that they do not always take the form of human beings. There are quite a number of stories, fairly well authenticated in the general literature of the subject. A little collection of them is given in the *Occult Review* for September, 1906. Dogs, cats, and horses, in particular, have been seen to appear quite frequently, according to credible witnesses. Such accounts are still more frequent in the lives of the saints.

This brings us to a very radical question, applying not only to the matter of phantasms, of the living, dying, or dead, but also to that of spiritism, which we have next to consider. This question has hardly been seriously asked, or its answer has been taken for granted, by most recent writers on psychical subjects.

The question, then, is this: Has an apparition or a phenomenon of any kind, apparently representing any being whatever, whether living or dead, any necessary connection with that being, or even with any thought or telepathic action regarding it proceeding from the percipient himself or any other *human* agent? Or, in other words, may not an apparition or a manifestation of any kind be produced by some *non-human* agent, and take any form selected by that agent? Has any one any right to say that there are no such agents; or, if granting that there are, that their power is restricted to the representation of themselves? Why can they not represent any being, though now not existing, or even never having existed, and put it into a form visible to us? Who shall say that they have not the power even to localize it, to produce actually in space the image of whatever they please? If a deceased human being can have in any way the power to produce an "astral form," or real objective ghost of himself, why cannot such a real ghost of him be produced by a spiritual power greater than what he himself can command?

And yet, strange to say, some will and do at once believe, if the apparition of even a dog or a cat seems well proved, that it is thereby proved that the dog or cat—perhaps a pet of theirs—has a life after death.

The truth is that an apparition, however well established as a fact, proves nothing conclusively as to the existence of what it represents. To derive any certain conclusion from it, it must have some other authority beside its own to vouch for it.

We do not mean to say that all such apparitions as we have described need necessarily be absolutely discredited as giving true or important information. It is certainly quite possible, and indeed probable, that wraiths, such as those described in our last article, may be genuine manifestations, coming from the persons represented. Only we must not be too sure. And still less can we be so in the matter of ghosts, especially when they profess to give information as to their present state.

Catholic readers probably do, and at any rate should, understand just what we mean. So far, we have only spoken of *the impossibility of being certain that there are not* other spirits beside human ones, which are the agents in producing apparitions. But we, as Catholics, are *certain that there are* such spirits, and that they may, if not prevented, produce ghosts or phantasms, representing other beings than themselves. Indeed, they are obliged to appear in some such way, as they have no proper material or spacial form of their own.

The ghost, then, which we take to be a deceased human being, may really be produced by a spirit, either angelic or diabolic. In the case, at any rate, of the apparition of a brute animal, the diabolic explanation is the most probable.

It is evident, therefore, that the instinctive fear which is common to the whole human race with regard to ghosts has a very good reason. There *is* a danger, no doubt, in their apparition which we have good cause to dread. We should not expose ourselves rashly to it.

Of one thing, however, we may be sure; that, if a ghost comes to us unsought, there is no danger in it that we cannot avert. We should, of course, fortify ourselves by prayer and the means which the Church places at our disposal. But we need not be panic-stricken, or avoid careful observation of whatever there may be which God allows to come to us.

But it is plain, also, that we should not place ourselves in danger causelessly. There may be good reason to examine into the matter of a haunted house; but, if the reports about it seem well-founded, we should not do so from mere curiosity. Stories like the last one which we have given above show at least the probability of a malevolent influence, and there have been, and seemingly are even now, some haunted places where real injury, mental or physical, or both, may be apprehended, and indeed has actually occurred. But there has been, we believe, no case in which any harm has come from any ghostly visitation to those who have observed the rules of prudence. And there is not much danger that many of us will fail to observe these rules.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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IS THE MODERN SPIRIT ANTI-RELIGIOUS?

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

THIS question receives a strong affirmative answer in a learned volume that has just made its appearance in a French version.*

Owing to the decay of Christian faith, says the author, religion is to-day in serious peril. The dangers surrounding it resemble, in a measure, those that grew out of Humanism in the fifteenth century, and out of Deism in the eighteenth. All things considered, however, we have sufficient reason to thank God that we live in the present age, rather than in another. Among Catholic peoples religion is everywhere flourishing, in spite of certain disquieting facts, such as the *los von Rom* movement, the political apostasy of many Catholic nations, and considerable indifference to the things of religion everywhere. In this connection he accepts Father Shinnors' extravagant estimate of Catholic losses in the United States. Other authorities that he cites concerning the Church in America are Père Maignen, of "Americanism" notoriety, and Editor Tordivel, who once stood sponsor for the objectivity and veracity of Diana Vaughan. Continuing, Father Weiss declares that, while Catholics have no reason to despair of either the present or the future, they should not feel secure of victory, nor close their eyes to the evils that confront them. As to the Protestants, they manifest everywhere almost complete indifference to dogmatic faith. Even the divinity of Christ is rejected by all but a small minority.

Chapters II. to VII., inclusive, deal with the causes, development, and nature of the various errors that constitute the present religious peril. First among the causes is placed the modern science of religions, and especially the science of comparative religion. It is the teaching of the latter that all religions, from Catholicism to Voodooism, have grown out of the same needs and rest upon essentially the same basis. Revealed as well as natural religion is wholly a product of evolution. Another modern study that has done much to bring about the present deplorable situation is the philosophy of religion. This science uses much the same methods as the science of comparative religion, and arrives at the same conclusion, namely, that religion is a natural product, corresponding to the environment in which it exists, and possessing consequently only relative truth and value.

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* *Le Péril Religieux.* From the German of the Rev. A. M. Weiss, O.P. By the Rev. Louis Collin, Paris, 1907. Pp. 395.

The theory that the Christian religion stands in need of essential modification and reformation, constitutes another grave danger. It found expression during the early centuries of the Christian era in Gnosticism, later on in the errors of Huss, Wycliffe, the Protestant reformers, the Jansenists, and the Febronians. To-day it speaks much of the "essentials" of Christianity, and endeavors to show that these are merely one manifestation of the "religious idea." With the evolution of life, thought, and institutions, the Christian conception has undergone corresponding changes. This process will continue until Christianity will everywhere appear as a sort of "over religion," and finally as irreligion, which is the form appropriate to completely civilized humanity.

A third peril is found in the multitude of new religions that have come into being within the last century. The author touches upon some twenty-five of these, from Buddhism (which is new to the Occident) to "personal religion," and points out that all of them imply scepticism, moral and social misery, and the approach of irreligion.

As Protestantism possesses no principle of authority, its theology and dogmas suffer unceasing revision. The result to-day is a new Protestantism which denies the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the absolute character of the Christian religion. Indeed, Protestantism seems to have completed its course, and to be on the eve of transformation into irreligion.

Turning to Catholicism we find that, in times past as well as to-day, attempts have been made to corrupt it under the guise of reforming it. Historical illustrations of this fact are: Semi-Arianism, Pelagianism, Monotheism, Jansenism, Gallicanism, Febronianism, rationalism, and liberalism.* Especially noteworthy is the movement of the eighteenth century that had for its goal a "new Catholicism," or a "reformed Catholicism." It opposed ecclesiastical authority, Catholic tradition, and scholastic theology; and it maintained the supreme importance of accommodating the Church to the age. The evils that it produced were only too evident in the deplorable religious conditions of France and Germany at the close of the eighteenth century.

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* While the sense in which Father Weiss uses "liberal" and "liberalism" is a widely accepted one, these words may, with perfect propriety, be made to describe something orthodox and legitimate. In its widest acceptation liberalism refers to opinions or tendencies which would, either in the sphere of belief or of conduct, expand liberty and restrict authority. Liberalism in the bad sense carries this process beyond reasonable and legitimate bounds. It implies *excessive* liberty. It has many grades, from the denial of all divine authority over man to

The Catholic "reform" movement which is most dangerous to-day is liberal Catholicism, which is itself the offspring of modern liberalism. The chief characteristics of the latter are rejection of religious authority and dogma, and exaggeration of individual liberty and civil authority. Liberal Catholicism began in an attempt to reconcile faith with the doctrines of Kant, Hegel, and Schelling, and it continues to strive above all else for an agreement between the Church and the modern spirit. Like the older and more general liberalism from which it sprang, it believes thoroughly in the essential goodness of man and of human society. Consequently it often comes near to denying original sin and the biblical doctrine of creation. It overestimates the importance of modern science and modern civilization as propagators of truth, exaggerates the natural and depreciates the supernatural, demands a maximum of liberty with a minimum of authority, and enlarges personal rights to the neglect of personal duties. It will submit to no ecclesiastical pronouncements except those containing formal definitions of faith. In their efforts to reconcile Catholicism with the modern world, many of the leading liberal Catholics would give up the dogmas concerning hell and the supernatural, abolish the practice of celibacy, revolutionize asceticism and moral theology, and part company forever wlth scholasticism. In a word, the reforms contemplated by liberal Catholicism are clearly destructive in scope and tendency, and the movement itself is a revolt that borders closely on heresy.

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the refusal to believe that the State is sometimes obliged to prohibit the exercise of false worship; and many varieties, according as it exists in the field of religion, philosophy, politics, education, law, or economics. On the other hand, legitimate liberalism amplifies liberty and restricts authority, but does not go too far in either direction. Liberals in this sense are those who, while not taking from authority anything that certainly belongs to it, believe that truth and righteousness will be better promoted by giving a wide scope to individual freedom than by the opposite course. Conservatives are those who would restrict liberty and extend the realm of authority and of tradition. Both terms are relative; for the liberal of to-day may be the conservative of to-morrow. Catholic liberalism in the good sense is an attitude rather than a system of opinions, and perhaps has to do more frequently with conduct and policies than with ideas and doctrines. *Cf.* "Liberal Catholicism," by Vincent McNabb, O.P., in the *New York Review*, November-December, 1906.

The discussion, of which the foregoing paragraphs are an inadequate synopsis, occupies almost three hundred pages of the volume under review. From the references in the footnotes we see that the author has consulted an enormous, indeed an amazing, quantity of literature on the religious and scientific movements with which he deals. His analysis of the sources and constituents of the religious peril is so minute and so extensive that it can scarcely have overlooked any factor worth considering. For this reason, if for no other, he deserves the gratitude of all friends of religion who desire to get a comprehensive view of the obstacles and dangers by which it is confronted. His presentation of this part of his subject seems, however, to be unnecessarily prolix. It could be reduced with advantage by at least fifty pages. Indeed, it might be still further condensed by the entire elimination of Chapter VI.; for the opinions and movements there discussed seem to have a merely historical interest, rather than any important bearing on the present religious situation.

To the Catholics of America the most interesting of the chapters summarized above is undoubtedly the one concerning modern neo-Catholicism, or liberal Catholicism. Being a mental tendency and an attitude toward accepted principles, rather than a separate system of beliefs, liberal Catholicism can scarcely be defined so as to exclude all vagueness and all possibility of misinterpretation and misapplication. Thus, to say with Father Weiss that liberal Catholicism exaggerates the importance of modern science, and overestimates the natural to the detriment of the supernatural, is undoubtedly to state one of its distinguishing marks; yet the terms employed are such that the ultra-conservative may utilize the description to stigmatize the moderate liberal whose views are entirely within the limits of the permissible and the orthodox. Liberal Catholicism must, to a large extent, be defined in terms of "too much" and "too little," and consequently may readily be misapplied by those who have an incorrect estimate of what constitutes "too much" and "too little." Those American Catholics who have been unjustly accused of "liberalism" will have no difficulty in appreciating this feature of the situation.

Moreover, there is one clause of the author's definition which is so vague as to be almost inevitably misleading. It is the statement that liberal Catholicism believes in the essential goodness of man. Yet the Catholic who accepts the modern, or

Jesuit, view of the essence and natural consequences of original sin, believes in a very real sense that man is essentially good. He holds that fallen man is as well equipped and as sound in natural faculties as man would have been in the state of pure nature. Hence he maintains that human nature, as now existing, is not corrupted from, but corresponds essentially with, the natural or normal type of the *genus homo.* Surely it is not too much to say that this type is essentially good! On the other hand, to deny that man has any tendency to evil, or to say that his present state is not inferior to the state of original justice, is to incur a more severe censure than that of liberal Catholicism. Belief in the essential goodness of human nature is not among the specific qualities of liberal (in the bad sense) Catholicism; for within certain limits it is in accord with Catholic teaching.

Another overstatement by the author is found in his characterization of the attitude of some Catholics toward biblical criticism. Certain portions of his language, in pages 298–301, would seem to imply that any variation from the historical interpretation of Old Testament problems, constitutes illicit concessionism and reprehensible liberalism. Not a few of the traditional positions, however, such as the claim that "David is the final editor of the Psalter, and Solomon the author of all the contents of the Book of Proverbs," have been abandoned by all Catholic biblical scholars. Other long-cherished exegetical traditions are no longer held by the more progressive and better equipped of the Catholic critics. Thus the old view of the Deluge, the rejection of which seems to Father Weiss to savor of liberal Catholicism, is not shared by his fellow Dominican, Father Lagrange (*Cf. Historical Criticism and the Old Testament*, pp. 133, 134).

The defects noted in the last two paragraphs are slight in comparison with the value of his description of liberal Catholicism taken as a whole. The immense number of concrete illustrations that he gives are especially timely and helpful. Almost all of the "liberal" opinions which he cites in Chapter VII. are out of harmony with the authoritative teaching of the Church. Some of the most prominent names quoted are: Doellinger, Mivart, Schell, Ronay, Ehrhard, Pichler, Loisy, Houtin, Scholz, Sepp, and Alaux. With the exception of Mivart, whose incursions into matters theological exercised very little influence, all these are Germans or Frenchmen. Father Weiss is in a better position than any American to know how far the errors and vagaries of these writers have affected the Catholic faith of Continental Europe. It is his opinion that they constitute a religious peril almost as great as the Reformation, or the scepticism of the eighteenth century.

Happily this mass of "liberal" literature is very little known in America. Nothing corresponding to it is to be found in the utterances or writings of our recognized leaders, whether lay or clerical. It is true that Father Hecker is cited by the author as one of the minimizers of ecclesiastical authority; but the sentiment attributed to him is rather vague, and besides is quoted from the mischief-making book of Père Maignen. Father Weiss likewise refers to that "so-called Americanism" (le prétendu Américanisme," p. 310) which depreciated the "passive" Christian virtues; but his qualifying term takes about all the sting out of the reference. More important than either of these passages is his failure to characterize as "liberals" any of the prominent Catholics who represent or inspire the progressive (misnamed "liberal") party in the American Church. Thus we find no mention of the names of Ireland, Keane, Spalding, Lagrange, Prat, Hummelauer, Ward, Barry, or Gigot. It is a matter for congratulation, therefore, that liberal Catholicism, as concretely interpreted and illustrated by such a competent authority as Father Weiss, is unheard of in American Catholic literature. The so-called liberalism that is sometimes attributed to certain churchmen of America is evidently not regarded by the author as the genuine article.

So much for the genesis and nature of the religious peril. In two of the three remaining chapters (VIII. and IX.) the author deals with the relation between religion and the modern spirit. To the question "is a reconciliation possible between modern ideas and Christianity?" he returns a negative answer. For the modern view denies the Christian dogmas of creation, original sin, the immortality of the soul, the essential distinction between good and evil, the supernatural, miracles, and the necessity of the Redemption. Nor, continues the author in Chapter IX., is the irreconcilability of Christianity and the modern spirit due merely to these particular errors. It arises from something deeper, something fundamental in the principles and viewpoint of the modern man. What then do we mean by the word *modern?* Not precisely contemporary; for Protagoras, Lucretius, Arius, Pelagius, Erigena, Abelard, and Occam, were true modern men, just as sophistry, scepticism, Molinism, and Socinianism, were true modern tendencies. As predicated of literature, the modern spirit owes its origin to Kant. It consists essentially of the doctrine that man is his own lawful master, both in thought and in action. It means the glorification or deification of the individual. Hence the modern man is likewise the legitimate offspring of liberalism. He rejects the principle of authority, inasmuch as he recognizes no superior who has a right to command him. The watchword of the old time was authority; that of the modern day is autonomy. Faith, morals, economics, government, philosophy, and even the principles of mathematics, are called into question. All truth is held to be subjective, personal, relative. Religion has worth and is true only in so far as it promotes useful individual experiences. The following are some of the most important of the long list of writers from whose words these generalizations are drawn: Hartmann, Stirner, Grane, Richter, Paine, Sabatier, Cameri, Hermann, Eucken, Bahr, Frederick Harrison, Tauernier, Runze, Harnack, Nietzsche, Pfleiderer, Naumann, and McCabe.

Since, continues Father Weiss, the radical error of the modern man is the Kantian principle of the complete moral autonomy of the individual will, there is little likelihood of his returning to religion until he has discarded this preposterous doctrine. A person may assent intellectually to all the articles of the Creed, yet so long as he is not ready to submit his *will* to the will of God revealing, he remains without supernatural faith. He acts on the Protestant principle of private judgment, which obviously is diametrically opposed to the Catholic principle of authority. In this connection it may be noted that Kantism is merely the Protestant principle more concisely and technically enunciated. Small wonder is it then that Pius IX. proscribed in the final proposition of the Syllabus the doctrine that, "the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." Reconciliation is impossible between fundamentally opposed tendencies, doctrines, and institutions. Even natural religion is rejected by the modern spirit; for natural religion implies the recognition of God as Creator, Sovereign Master, and Last End. Hence, "the modern man is the one great obstacle to religion. The modern man who regards himself as his own master, his own end, his own God—he is the true religious peril" (p. 382).

The author's contention that Christianity and the modern spirit are hopelessly antagonistic, contradicts, at least verbally, the theory of many American Catholics that the Church and the age are not of necessity mutually opposed. Father Weiss says that, "the dictum of Hartmann remains true, to wit, that the fundamental ideas of Christianity and those of the modern tendency are irreconcilable" (p. 381). Said Archbishop Ireland in his sermon at the celebration of the silver jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore, October 18, 1893: "I indicate the opportunity of the great and singular churchman. . . . Men must be taught that the Church and the age are not hopelessly separated." In this sermon the Archbishop of St. Paul admitted that the modern age was guilty of many errors and extravagances, such as naturalism, excessive self-esteem, devotion to material things, love of innovation, and distrust of institutions that have come down from the distant past. All these, however, are accidentals, not the essentials of the age. In its depths it is "instinct with Christian emotions; it worships unwittingly at Christian shrines." It is witnessing a tremendous upheaval which is making for progress, for larger light and liberty. It is ambitious of knowledge, of political, civil, industrial, and religious liberty. It desires to extend man's power over irrational creation. These conditions and aims constitute the essence of the modern age, and they are all in themselves good. Toward the age as such, there is consequently no reason why the attitude of the Church should be unfriendly.

The differences between this view and that of Father Weiss are partly of language, partly of appreciation, and partly of viewpoint. The Archbishop of St. Paul applies the terms "modern" and "the age" to what is good in our present time; the author of *Le Péril Religieux* restricts them to features that are evil. The latter would probably acknowledge that all the characteristics of the age lauded by the former are, in greater or less degree, deserving of commendation. In the second place, they very probably do not agree in their estimates of the proportion in which the good and evil stand to each other. Father Weiss undoubtedly attributes to the evil characteristics a greater, and to the good characteristics a lesser, importance than does Archbishop Ireland. Finally, the former most likely loves less and has less faith in the good features of the age, is less hopeful that they can be properly directed, and takes a darker view of the dangers to religion from the evil features. He is inclined to place emphasis upon condemnation rather than upon conciliation. In consequence of these differences, Archbishop Ireland and Father Weiss seem to be wide apart, whereas they agree as to principles, and on all matters of policy about which agreement is essential. Probably the majority of American Catholics, while admitting that Father Weiss is correct in his analysis and exposition of the evils that he deplores, would prefer the language, the estimate, and the viewpoint of the Archbishop of St. Paul.

The differences of language to which reference has just been made suggest the question whether Father Weiss is justified in applying the terms, "modern man," "modern spirit," "modern," "modernity," to the erroneous doctrines and tendencies that he is describing. It is undoubtedly true that these errors are more widely accepted to-day than they have been at any previous time. They are, consequently, modern rather than mediæval or ancient. It is likewise true that many of the defenders of these views and tendencies wish to appropriate the word modern and its cognates. Thus Hartmann assures us that the *modern view* acknowledges God as a being immanent in the world, but protests against a God who acts externally and issues commands. Grane declares that the *modern man* obeys only those authorities that he himself has chosen. The *modern man*, say the followers of Nietzsche, regards all moral laws as ridiculous inventions. Yet we may question whether these men have a right to take possession of this term, and give it such a restricted and opprobrious signification. Are not the spread of democracy, the advancement of physical science, the extensive use of the inductive method, industrial progress, individual initiative, and self-reliance, all products of the modern era? Are they not as truly manifestations of the modern spirit as this excessive egoism, this moral autonomism, to which Father Weiss would confine the word modern? He declares that the word naturalism will not suit his purpose, since the doctrine that he wishes to designate does not admit even natural religion. The term scepticism is also inadequate. Possibly the phrase "moral autonomism" would describe it as precisely as any other, and more precisely than the terminology adopted by Father Weiss. After all, we must try to be fair to the age in which we live, especially since, as the author assures us, we have reason to thank God that he has cast our lot in it rather than in some other age.

Whatever name be given to this spirit of rebellion against all moral authority, the thing undoubtedly exists. In some form and to some extent it pervades almost all the non-Catholic literature of the day. Explicit assertion of it is not, indeed, often found. Man's complete moral independence is not affirmed in so many words. But the error is implicitly contained in many of the judgments and principles laid down concerning things in the concrete. Men who admit the existence of God without recognizing the authority of any particular church, do not formally declare that God has no right to impose commands upon them. They rather shape all their practical beliefs and actions as though God never does impose commands. The moral law appeals to them chiefly as a code of rules which convention, utility, and good taste combine to render, not obligatory in the moral sense, but more or less reasonable. They regard the civil law as necessary within limits, but not as possessing moral authority over their consciences. They never think of assenting to a set of religious tenets on the ground that these have been imposed by some authority. They accept religious beliefs just as they accept rules of conduct—in so far as these seem to be reasonable or desirable. They regard themselves *practically* as their own masters, as the final arbiters of the extent to which their own freedom should be limited.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this phenomenon more general than in America. Political and industrial freedom, together with the principle of private judgment in matters of religion, have done much to create, foster, and extend the theory of personal independence or moral autonomism. The number of Americans who accept the theory formally and completely, in the sense of the Continental writer quoted by Father Weiss, is not considerable; but a large proportion of our people do adopt it as a working rule of life in almost all matters of belief and action. When a particular belief or a particular canon of conduct, does not appeal to them as reasonable it is rejected. The mere fact that it is urged by some religious or moral authority makes scarcely any impression upon them.

Not a few of our Catholics are *to some degree practical* autonomists. That is to say, they acknowledge the teaching and governing authority of the Church as a general proposition, and accept on her authority many doctrines and precepts which they do not fully understand, and yet refuse assent to, and compliance with, certain other beliefs and commandments which do not seem to them reasonable. This is, of course, illogical, inasmuch as they accept authority in one instance, and reject it in another; but we must remember that few if any human beings exhibit complete logical consistency in all their actions. Besides, the persons to whom reference is here made, receive upon authority those doctrines and precepts which, as a rule, demand no great submission of intellect or sacrifice of will. Their insubordination is due, of course, to their environment, which is overladen with the atmosphere of moral autonomism. It is in the literature that they read, in the theories and practices that come under their notice every day regarding obedience to parents, legislators, and churches, and in the excessive liberalism that colors the non-Catholic's view of life as a whole.

The original and German version of *Le Péril Religieux* received considerable adverse criticism, on the ground that its description of the religious situation was unduly pessimistic. From the nature of the case, this criticism can neither be proved nor disproved; for the terms in which Father Weiss states the extent of the "religious peril" are necessarily rather general, and may not mean to the author as much as they have suggested to his critics. Perhaps it would be more satisfactory and more accurate to say that the dangers threatening religion are scarcely as grave as he seems to think them. In particular he seems to exaggerate the influence of the science of religions, of the new religions, and of many of the contemporary exponents of liberalism. Whether or not the picture it draws be too dark, the book remains a most valuable mine of reference concerning the literature of liberalism, scepticism, and "modernity." This feature alone more than justifies its existence. Its tone is excellent. The author has evidently tried hard to be fair, and to write without bitterness or narrow, partisan feeling.

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A SICK CALL.

THE man of the world, who is not a cynic at forty, must be a saint or a scoundrel. If he is the former, he condones all things on the principle of infinite pity. If the latter, he forgives everything on the grounds of universal depravity. But if he have no ear for the "still, sad music of humanity," and if he has not come to think, "what d——d beasts your godlike men can be," there must remain only a kind of mild cynicism, that contemns while it pardons.

Such was the frame of mind in which Hugh Hamberton came to Ireland. He had modified his ideas after three years' residence in what is called "the distressful country," so far that he still recognized the metaphysical possibility of disinterestedness and unselfishness, and, with this, the possibility, hitherto unimaginable, that he might yet have to change his entire estimate of human nature. He found it hard to understand how the lazy, thriftless, drunken Irish, as he had heard them described, could be the same as the quick, eager workers whom he employed; just as he found it hard to believe that the gloomy, rainy, wet-sodden, rain-soaked island could be the island of such idyllic graces and charms that many a time he thought he would not change his home to Capua or Sorrento, even if he had a mind. But it was in the matter of political, or rather social, economy that his ideas had to submit themselves to the greatest revolution. It had become an article of faith with him that the one instinct of humanity, innate, irresistible, was that of "getting." No one was free from the low desire. From the child in its cradle, stretching out its little hands eagerly for the glass bead or piece of shining metal, to the capitalist who clutches his wealth, till it drops from his dead hands, it is all alike. Everywhere the passion for acquisition; everywhere the greed of gold; everywhere the reluctance to part with anything once acquired, except under the fierce grip of death. He remembered how often he had practised this little trick on his most intimate friends at dinner, or in a railway carriage, or at a picnic. He would procure for them all the delicacies of the season; heap his table with costly and luxurious viands; order his footmen or waiters to uncork costly wines; draw out all the better elements of human nature under the influence of rich living and high thinking; lead the conversation to high topics of literature, or science, or humanitarianism, or even religion; see the faces expanding and the eyes lighting and the smile mantling; and then—suddenly drop a hint of unsuccessful speculations, or banking perils, or sudden stock declensions; and it would be as if a ghost stood in their midst. Faces would lengthen and harden, his guests would shuffle in their chairs; they would look askance at one another, and suddenly shut themselves in silence. And Hamberton would smile and think: Yes; it is always and everywhere the same. Touch the spring and the harlequinade becomes a tragedy. Here in Ireland all this was changed. These Irish drove hard bargains at fair and market; were economical almost to miserliness in their homes; knew the value of a shilling as well as any other race; but he soon found that they lent at pleasure; that the poor farmers around were up to their necks in debt for each other in banks and loan offices. And here this old priest! Hamberton had taken him to his heart, because he was a priest—Hamberton, an agnostic, an infidel—and, in turn, the old priest had warmed towards this Englishman in a manner which was a daily surprise to himself. Hamberton was so straight, so matter-of-fact, so manly, so silent; he did such noble work in so unostentatious a manner, that often and often Father Cosgrove caught himself thinking, what a saint that man would be if he were a Catholic; and what a paradise would Ireland be, if we had everywhere such noble and sympathetic benefactors to our poor, struggling people. Yet the beautiful picture was dashed, as by a blur of blood, by one observation that Hamberton had once made in a moment of confidence and forgetfulness; and it was whilst pondering deeply on his words, and uttering a silent prayer in his heart, that he was suddenly summoned one night from his supper, and told that Pierce McAuliffe wanted to see him on urgent business. He was in the little parlor to the left of the hall, and had but to step into the hall to see his visitor.

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"Well, Pierce, nothing wrong at Lisheen, I hope?" he said.

"Oh, yeh, no; nothin', yer reverence, than' God!" said Pierry.

"The old people all right?"

"Begor, they are, yer reverence," said Pierry, fumbling with his cap.

There was an awkward silence. Pierry turned his cap around several times, turned it inside out, examined the lining, looked around the hall, and at last peered through the parlor door.

"There's no one there," said Father Cosgrove. "What's the matter?"

"Sich a thing, yer reverence," said Pierry.

"What is it?" said the priest.

"The quarest thing you iver hard in yer life," said Pierry.

"Well, well, let's have it, whatever it is," said the priest.

"Begor, I don't know where to begin," said Pierry.

"Well, begin somewhere," said the priest a little impatiently. "Is it a sick call?"

"'Tis, an' it isn't, yer reverence," said Pierry.

"How can that be?" asked the priest. "You mean it isn't serious?"

"Well, 'tis serious enough," said Pierry, enjoying the mystery. "But yer reverence needn't bring anythin' wid you."

"That is to say, there's no need for anointing?"

"Divil a bit—I beg yer reverence's pardon—I mane, that's just it."

"The poor patient is not in danger of death then?"

"No; but he's bad enough," said Pierry.

"Well, then, I shall come prepared. One never knows what may be the condition of the patient."

"Ah, you needn't, yer reverence," said Pierry smiling. "You won't anoint him."

"Oh, but I will though," said the priest. "That is, if I find there's danger."

And Father Cosgrove went away and Pierry remained in the hall grimly smiling. He would not practise the joke on other priests; but he knew the infinite patience and forbearance of Father Cosgrove.

When the latter came downstairs, Pierry began to think he had carried the joke far enough, so he said:

"I forgot to tell yer reverence, he's a Prodestan'."

"Oh!" said Father Cosgrove, buttoning his greatcoat and looking dubiously at Pierry. "'Tis the strange boy at Lisheen?"

"'Tis, yer reverence."

"What have I to say to him?" said the priest. "He's not one of us."

"No; but he said he wanted to see yer reverence, and badly." Father Cosgrove reflected for a moment.

"I hope ye didn't put any notions in the boy's head?" he said. "Did he send for me, or have you come of yourself?"

"He sint for you himself," said Pierry. "He said: 'I wants to see that man.' Thim's his very words."

"Then you were speaking about me?" said the priest.

"Begor, we wor; but we were sayin' nothin' bad about yer reverence," said Pierry.

The priest smiled.

"Very good," he said. "If the poor lad wants a word of comfort, why shouldn't I say it? You go on, Pierce, and say I'm coming."

It was very dark as he trudged along the moorland road that led to the house at Lisheen; and the soft mud created by the late heavy rains splashed his boots and gaiters. But he was quite heedless of such things. His thoughts were with his Master; and, if they wandered from him, it was to stray towards the flock, of whom his care, though vicarious, was yet parental and pastoral. And he began to wonder how strange it was that his life should suddenly be linked with two souls not of his fold—Hamberton, a stranger and an agnostic, and this poor boy, who had come hither from unknown regions, and whose history was obscure, except for the conjectures that he was fleeing from justice and in hiding. He determined to be very cautious, to measure his words, and limit his visit to a few short moments of sympathy or help to a sick stranger. He should have known by experience that caution was not one of his many virtues; that he had all the impetuosity of charity, and that he believed, but would not acknowledge it, that the first thoughts are always thoughts of virtue; the second are the instincts of prudence and self.

"Your reverence is welcome," said the old vanithee, courtesying to the aged priest, as he entered with the salutation on his lips:

"God bless all here!"

After a few moments of kind inquiries, he asked to be shown the patient, and was ushered into the bedroom where Maxwell lay. The latter was much better, quite free from the dread, feverish feeling he had at first experienced, but still suffering from the violent pains in hands and feet. He looked at the old man, with that curious, half-wistful, half-fearful glance with which Protestants often regard the priest to whom they have had a first introduction—a glance that seems to say:

"I know you are a mysterious thing; whether good or ill I cannot say. But I crave your sympathy, if you are capable of such!"

"Well, my poor boy," said the kindly old man, "so you wished to see me? I hope you are feeling better."

"Much better, thank you," said Maxwell, in a tone of such stiffness, that the priest began to think he was not wanted here; but had been the victim of a pious ruse. The answer sounded hard and metallic to his ears, accustomed as they were to the affectionate and caressing accents of his own people.

"You have been very unwell, I understand," said the priest.

"Very! It is a relapse, or repetition, of an old ailment," said Maxwell.

"Well, you must cheer up. Courage is half the battle," said Father Cosgrove. "I hope you have good attendance and every comfort."

"As much as human solicitude and every affectionate care could give," said Maxwell. "The doctor wanted to order me into the Workhouse Hospital; but they wouldn't allow it."

"God bless them!" said the priest. "They will have their reward. 'I was a stranger, and you took me in.' But, tell me, have you no friends, no relatives, parents, or a sister, to whom we could write, and let them know of your condition?"

"None! Absolutely none!" said Maxwell.

"You know you needn't be afraid of us," said the priest. "Your secret is safe in the keeping of these poor people. No one need ever know you are here, except you choose to reveal it!"

The words startled Maxwell. Had his secret been discovered? Did these people really know who he was. And, dreadful thought! was this the secret of all their kindness? The suggestion actually frightened him. It would have been such a revelation of human meanness, where he had seen but such noble excellence. But he might be mistaken. He began to feel his way cautiously.

"I have done nothing wrong," he said. "I have injured no man. If it pleased me to become a laboring man, had I not the right to do so?"

"Of course, of course," said the priest. "And, according to all accounts, you have been doing your duty faithfully and honestly. But you mightn't like the world to know you are here. There may be people looking for you and inquiring all about you; and you may prefer to remain where you are."

"I was not aware that I was an object of interest to any one," said Maxwell, now quite uneasy. "I suppose people will talk, and make all kinds of conjectures; but I don't heed, so long as I am let alone."

"Quite right! quite right! my boy," said the priest. "And perhaps, after all, the people are wrong in their thoughts about you."

"What do they think, Father?" said Maxwell.

It was the first time he used the word that means so much to the Irish peasant; and it almost choked him. But it softened yet more the heart of the good priest.

"Well, it is not right to tell, perhaps," he said, "and I hope you won't be offended, because the people regard the matter as a virtue, more than a crime. But they have got it into their heads that you have been in the army."

"Yes?" said Maxwell smiling.

"And that you have taken French leave," said the priest.

"Oh, yes; I guessed so much," said Maxwell. "Is that all?"

"That's all," said the priest. "And, as I tell you, the people consider it no great crime."

"Well, they're quite wrong," said Maxwell simply. "I was never in her Majesty's service; and I am not fleeing from justice."

"That simplifies matters," said the priest. "And now, why did you wish to see me?"

It was Maxwell's turn now to be puzzled. For the life of him, he could not express the sudden and singular emotion that made him yearn to see the face of this man. He blurted out:

"Things are lonely here, you know, Father. There is no minister of my own persuasion in the vicinity; and I was yearning for a word from a stranger, who might understand me. I hope I have not annoyed you."

"Not by any means, my dear boy," answered the priest. "As you say, we all covet human friendship, even of the humblest kind; and I shall be delighted to come, and come again, if you assure me I can be of any help. But you're sure you have every attention?"

"Quite sure. I'm on a milk diet; and that is easily procurable, although the poor people had to 'clear their manes,' as they say, by deporting their cattle to the mountain. And that young girl has a hand as light as a feather. No skilled nurse ever treated me so gently."

"Yes; God will bless them!" said the priest fervently. "He always does, even in this world. Poor people! their trials only increase their sympathies."

"So you will come?" said Maxwell anxiously. And, as the priest nodded, he continued:

"And some day I shall tell you my secret; and you will help me?"

"I have so many secrets burthening me," said the priest, "I don't care for more. But if I can help, I will."

"For your people's sake," said Maxwell, extending his hot hand.

And the priest marveled much; for were not these the exact words with which Hugh Hamberton solicited his visits to his own house?"

CHAPTER V.

AN INDIAN LETTER.

CALCUTTA, October 21, 189–.

CARISSIMA: Your dear little note came in the nick of time. You will be pleased to hear that it saved a life—mine—from asphyxia, or apoplexy, or some nameless mode of exit from this horrid existence, called Life. It was thus. There is one awful season here, as you know, when men and women have to breathe vapor, often miasmatic, in a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit. There are punkahs and iced drinks and scandals, and such other stimulants as may make existence barely tolerable, but there are times when nothing short of an earthquake can give you the slightest interest in life. Such a moment was that when, reclining in a hammock on the veranda, your letter was placed in my hand. I was completely used up, could not breathe, nor speak; could only wonder at the native woman, who, cool and unflurried, went about arranging things, whilst the arteries in my neck and temples were swelling and throbbing, and the next thing would be— Suddenly came your note, *un biglictto di cielo*, and, yes, *carissima*, I am not jesting, it woke me to life again. I did not shriek out, nor faint. Both would be unbecoming, as you know—and, whatever happens, we must do what is decorous, even in India. But I started, and said something violent: "*Cielo!*" or something (but no one heard me); and the shock, pardon the expression, dearest, has given me back to life—to English official life in Calcutta—for another season. So you have commenced the new *rôle* you will have to play as benefactress to your quondam friend and Mentoress. But, what do I think? Nothing, dearest. I can't think. That is, no effort of fancy can picture the little fay, Mab, in the awful tragedy of married life. There, now! Forgive me! I must not depress you. No fear, I hear you say. Nothing can depress me. I know it well; and hence do I write in answer to your request; but in terms which would kill another girl; but at which you will merely smile.

But I must answer your conundrum. Of course, it will answer itself by and by; but I cannot deprive myself of the pleasure of saying some far-off day when we meet: *I told you!*

And now, dearest, sweetest little Mab, I'll tell you all about it. Hitherto, you have been a child, a spectator, down there in the pit, or in some cosy box, calmly munching caramels, or grapes, and watching the little drama on the stage. Doubtless, you have often thought how much nicer it would be to go up and mingle, as one of themselves, with all the knights and kings and princesses and heroines behind the footlights. You are quite wrong; but, *Che sarà, sarà*. You have envied the princess and the priestess and the shepherd girl and the heroine. You have uttered the fatal wish; and, lo! you are in the greenroom, far behind the scenes and lights, and all is revealed. Yes; there are the supers and the attendants and the prompter and the dresser. There are the pulleys and the ropes. The golden helmet on King Arthur is tinsel and his shining breastplate of steel is but paper; and his sword, Excalibur, is a painted lath. The awful thunder is hidden in yonder tray; and the lighting in that paper of magnesia. And all the princes and princesses are in *deshabille*, sitting idly on the stage properties, talking scandal and drinking *eau-de-vie.* Yonder Sir Galahad is flirting with Elaine; and Vivien is cajoling some aged Merlin, not for his secret magic, but for his money. For all things begin, and end, here. You did not expect this. No, dearest, of course not; nor do you believe it now. You think me an old, croaking raven, unprophetic, but for the fatal Nevermore! Ah, yes; that Nevermore! It means you cannot go back to the stalls or box again—never again be a spectator of the mighty drama. Only an actor. That is, hide as you like between old trunks and canvasses, there goes the manager's call; and you must come out, and show yourself and play your part before the footlights. There is no shirking the duty—"Breaking heart," "scalding tears," "wounded pride," "lost opportunities"—you cannot, you dare not plead such things. Dry your eyes, and compose your features, little Mab, and step gaily forth from the wings. Play well your part in the little drama. Be proud and haughty and disdainful. Be cold as ice and supercilious as—Mephisto. Contemn all things and all persons; and the audience will worship you. The world likes to be despised. Envious eyes will watch you through opera glasses to detect a flaw in your costume, a blur in your accent, a spot on your hands or face. Be perfect and despise them. They will repay you with envy; and what more can human heart desire? Play well your part. Life is but a drama; and no one can ask of maid or mortal to do more.

But, when you go back to the dressing-room—there, I shall say no more. I have said too much. And, *Che sarà, sarà.*

I am wondering whether your future husband is the delicate boy I used to know long ago—Bob, Bob, Bob Something! I remember how you used to tease him, ridicule his little peace-offerings, laugh at his moodiness, and call him back with a word or look. Well, do you know, dear Mab, I liked him. The boy had a heart that could love; and that is something, if the thing is not petrified long ago by contact with the world. I think my little Mab would be happy with him, unless, unless—shall I say it?—she would practise too frequently, once too frequently, her little caprices and wiles, and then? There are some natures that bear and bear and forbear, apparently forever, the little frictions of life; and show no more heat or fire than a piece of sandalwood. And then, one day, they flare up suddenly into a huge blaze of passion; and then die out sadly into little embers and ashes. And I think Bob, Bob, Bob What's His Name? is one of those. But I don't know.

Mab, dearest little Mab, if you will marry, marry a tow-headed curate, who hasn't a particle of brains and but £80 a year, and you will be happy.

You won't cut a figure in society; but, with your chickens and vegetables and babies and the love of an honest man, you will be happy. But who wants to be happy? No one. At least, I see half the world throwing happiness to the winds.

I am sending you a little Indian present. I hope it will not be broken *en route*. And I shall await, with much hope, your account of the ceremony. Please write it in your most vigorous and epigrammatic style, for the hot season is with us yet; and we haven't had news of a single scandal from Simla or Peshawar for ever so long. And tell me all that was said and what every one wore. I know you will keep your head and notice things. And tell me all the banalities that shall be uttered for long life and happiness, etc.; and where you go for your honeymoon; and how you played your part as a much married woman, and not a baby-bride of yesterday; and how you stood the shock of intimacy, and the revelations of the new being, whose life for evermore is inextricably linked with yours. Yes, yes; these poor benighted Papists, wrong in nearly everything else, are right in holding that marriage tie inviolable. Nay; there should be a strict law that marriage shall not be dissolved in death; because it is enough for each human being to have one world revealed, and no more. My! How I do run on! And I'm sure I'm forgetting lots of things that I want to say; and there will be no opportunity for another letter. Oh, yes; don't let that most detestable Wedding March be played! It is an abominable sacrilege on such an occasion. Get the organist to play an "Ave Maria," or a sonata, or something, lest, when looking back, after many years, you should say: Woe! woe! Marriage bells mark the time of a departing soul. But, oh, me! I am writing such a depressing letter; and I know it ought to be all congratulations and rejoicings. Put it down, dear, to the awful climate, and our wretched livers, and believe me always,

Cara, Carissima, yours,

EDITH CHISHOLM.

P. S.—I have absolutely sent you no news. But there is none to send. The same daily routine. You can guess its dull, dread monotony. Up before dawn—the only time of day and night when we can be said to live, for the air is crisp and light, and breathable. Tea and muffins at 6 A. M. Such little work as we need here—tending the few flowers beneath the veranda and reading some trashy novel. Then, up comes Sol, red, angry, and threatening, making all the heavens blood and fire. Henceforward, no peace, no mercy from the Day God. Good Heavens! to read these mad poets about pink-fingered dawns, when the dawn is a fiery furnace, heated seven times over as the bad king did for the three children. And all day long and all night suffocation, relieved by the creaking of the punkah-pulleys, and copious draughts of lemonade. How I envy you your Irish climate, with its quiet autumn splendors and mild wet winters. How I long for the cool, sweet, Irish rains that fall so noiselessly, unlike the angry deluges here! And your cosy winter firesides, etc., etc. There is no news. Oh, yes; do you remember that semi-brunette, Gerty Richards? Well, they say she is engaged to Lieutenant Whitbread. I don't believe it, although I knew he would be a catch. He has but two lives between him and ten thousand a year in England; and one of these is an idiot. There is some talk of the Collector General being recalled—something about accounts, which we poor women cannot understand. We know enough—too much, God knows! And one thing I know well is, that I love you, dear little Mab, dearly, and wish you all bliss and happiness.

P. P. S.—I read this letter over, a thing I never do; and I had a hundred thoughts to tear it up. What right have I, I said, to send such a jeremiad to a young girl? But then—well, then, I close it with a few bitter tears. It is the climate, dearest. Please believe so, and say so to yourself. What a dreadful Slough of Despond India must be, when Edith could write me such a letter. That's just it. Forgive it all, forgive it all, little one; and be happy, happy, happy!

E. C.

CHAPTER VI.

VISITORS AT LISHEEN.

A few days after the priest's visit, the little household at Lisheen were startled by the sudden appearance in the farmyard of a lady and gentleman, evidently of superior station in life. They first guessed it was a landlord apparition; but this idea was quickly dispelled, when they declared they had come to visit the sick man, who had found refuge with the humble cottiers. Bob Maxwell, convalescent, was sitting by the kitchen fire, his hands still swathed in cotton wool, when he heard himself suddenly accosted by Hugh Hamberton:

"Well, my man, and how are you? Had a bad time, eh?"

Maxwell rose with some pain, and confronted his visitors. He felt the least touch of resentment at being addressed so abruptly, and was about to answer coldly, when his eyes fell on Claire Moulton, who stood beside her guardian. She was clad in her usual simple fashion; and the long, black cloak, clasped at the throat with some fine silver ornament, revealed her tall, shapely figure. The silk-lined hood was flung back on her shoulders, so that her head was bare, but for the coronal of hair that crowned it. She looked anxiously at Maxwell; and the interest he excited gave a new animation to her features, which glowed from the fresh air and the soft winds that had played around them during their long drive.

Maxwell was sorely puzzled. At once he divined that they belonged to his own class in life; but the simple, peasant dress of the young lady led him to think that perhaps they belonged to the better farming class, who come under the title of "gentlemen farmers." However, there was no mistake about one thing. Here were interesting visitors, and they manifested much concern about him.

"Yes"; he said, "I have been very unwell. It was a renewal of an old malady, caught in a severe wetting."

"So we heard," said Hamberton, surprised at the calm, easy independence with which Maxwell addressed him. "These things are not easily eliminated, and not easily avoided, as we old duffers know. But you had careful nursing?"

Hamberton looked around at the poor place, and at the men. Claire's eyes rested on the face of Debbie McAuliffe, which just then wore a strong air of resentment.

"I shouldn't be alive to-day, had I not," said Maxwell. "I can never thank these good people enough for all their kindness to me."

"So we heard, so we heard," said Hamberton. "If ever I get unwell, you must lend me your young nurse here. There is more in kindness than in skill. But, look here, you are now convalescent, and you need sea air. Come over to us at Brandon Hall, and we'll nurse you back to health again."

Maxwell shook his head; and yet the thought of being nursed by such a dainty figure as Claire Moulton was a temptation.

"I am bound to these good people," he said. "They could have sent me out on the world to die, and no one could blame them. They kept me here in spite of doctor's solicitations and their own interests. I am happy with them. There is no place where I can attain to health or happiness so easily as here. That is," he added, looking around, "until they turn me out."

The dark shadow that had fallen on Debbie's face whilst Hamberton proffered his invitation now lifted, and she actually laughed with joy at Maxwell's choice.

"Ah, I see," said Hamberton, "ye want to keep all the charity of the world to yourselves. Now, that's not fair. Here am I, anxious to do a little good in this queer world while I am in it, and you won't let me. What do you say now, ma'am," he suddenly cried, addressing the old woman. "Wouldn't it be only fair, when you all have done your share towards this poor fellow, to allow us to have a hand in working him back to life and health?"

"Faix, I don't know, sir," said Mrs. McAuliffe. "Sure, 'tis rale good of you to think of such a thing at all, at all; and we all such black strangers to your honor."

"Never mind that," said Hamberton, in his brusque English manner. "Never mind that. Here's what I propose. I have an empty cottage over there at Brandon Hall. You know where Brandon Hall is?"

"We never hard of it, sir," said Owen McAuliffe.

"You did, Father," said Pierce, breaking in for the first time. "Sure everybody knows the place where the people are getting sich fine wages, and have sich fine houses."

"I never hard of it before," said the old man. And Debbie darted a look of fierce anger at her brother.

"Well, now, your son—I presume he is your son," replied Hamberton—"knows all about us; and that we are not such bad folk. Now, if you will allow this poor fellow to come to us for a few weeks, we will put him in that cottage, give him all he requires, nurse him back to health again. What do you say?"

"The poor fellow, about whom you are so anxious," said Maxwell, with a slight accent of resentment, "has already notified you of his intentions. It remains for these good people to say whether they wish me to remain here or not!"

"Oh, I meant no offence," said Hamberton, seeing Maxwell bridle up, "I assure you. I just want to do all I can in this distressful world while I'm in it; and I just heard there was a fellow-countrymen of mine here in some trouble, and thought I could help him. And Miss Moulton here, my ward, was equally anxious. Of course, we know that everything has been done for you that could be done; but we just thought, that is, Miss Moulton and I thought, that perhaps you would come around quicker with us."

"Yes"; said Claire Moulton, speaking for the first time, "that's just it. We simply want to help on a bit; and we English have a feeling for a fellow-countryman in distress. We wish you would allow us to help you. We do, indeed."

It was tempting, was it not? To be near the sea, to see its ripples, to hear its musical and melancholy wash, to breathe its odors, to feel its invigorating influence; and, then, to be nursed back to convalescence by such amiable and interesting people—surely, it was not in human nature, least of all in the heart of a solitary man, to refuse. And, then! This man, of whom he had never heard before, was a philanthropist. From what Pierry had said it was clear that he had brought a new soul into his own neighborhood; that he was one of nature's workers, who would clear the bog and sweeten the fen and drain the moorland, and lift the people out of the Slough of Despond; and be, in fact, a man of light and leading to himself. And there was no doubt, so Maxwell swiftly admitted to himself, that hitherto his own mission had been a failure. He had suffered, but effected nothing; and where's the use in needless suffering, where no results come forth? What if he joined hands with this powerful man, this bright and cheerful girl, and, revealing his own wishes, enlist them in the same sacred cause. But, then!

He looked away from Claire Moulton's face and saw Debbie McAuliffe's, silent, pallid, suffering. He saw the old woman wiping away a secret tear with her check apron; and he made up his mind.

"I'm sure," he said, "I am deeply obliged for your kindness. But I am not a fellow-countryman. I am an Irishman. And I am not in distress. I am poor; but I have wanted for nothing. And no rich man can boast of more. I am happy with these good people; and have no wish to change."

Claire was looking wistfully at him. He felt her eyes pleading with him. But he was firm.

"Well," said Hamberton, "we're disappointed; and you are, like all your countrymen, a fool to throw away a splendid offer of a new home, good wages, light work—"

He felt Claire's hand on his arm, and was suddenly silent. She interposed.

"You will allow us to call again?" she said to Debbie, who was staring angrily through the open door. "We sometimes drive around here, and would like to see you all again, if we may?"

The girl was silent. The mother spoke.

"Wisha, sure, Miss, we'll be glad to see you, and welcome at all times. 'Tis good of you to come so far and see a poor boy, who has nayther father, nor mother, nor home to go. You'll be welcome, Miss, at all times to us, like all other dacent, honest people."

"Well, then, we'll say good-bye!" said Hamberton. "Should you change your mind," he continued, addressing Maxwell, "just drop a note to Mr. Hamberton, Brandon Hall; or, better still, walk over. 'Tis only about seven or eight miles from here; and we'll put you up."

"Thank you!" said Maxwell curtly. And after a smile from Claire Moulton, and a deep courtesy from Mrs. McAuliffe, the visitors left the cabin. Debbie stood like a statue, and made no sign, and spoke no word of farewell.

Guardian and ward had driven a mile or so in silence before the latter said:

"You see, Uncle, Father Cosgrove was right. There is some virtue in the world."

"Yes; by Jove!" he replied, "there is. What a strange people! To take in a tramp, a beggar, and keep him and nurse him through a dangerous illness, without hope of recompense! Yes; there is a little hope yet for this most disastrous world."

"You'll have to make a humble admission of your incredulity and conversion," said Claire Moulton.

"Yes, I will"; he said. "The priest is right, even though this is probably the only case to be found in the world. This is genuine though. No hypocrisy or deception there."

"None whatever," said his ward, smiling. "The people are transparent as glass. They have not learned the tricks of the world. Did you notice that young girl?"

"N—no; not particularly!" said Hamberton. "She struck me as a strong, buxom, country wench; and no more."

"She stabbed me with her eyes while you were speaking," said his ward. "I think she is interested in that boy."

"No, no"; cried Hamberton. "These Irish are as proud as Spaniards, from whom they trace their blood; and the daughter of a farmer would no more marry a laboring man than a baron would marry a kitchen wench. And this man, from whom we have got such a cold shoulder, is but a farm hand, and, from what we have heard, a tramp."

Claire Moulton was now silent. They drove rapidly homeward and talked of other things. It was only after dinner that she asked her guardian if he believed that Maxwell was but a farm hand or a tramp.

"'Pon my soul, Claire, I think you are interested in the fellow. Are you now?"

"There are others more interested than I," she said.

"You mean the family, the people who have housed him?"

"Yes"; she said.

"Of course they are. We saw that. But what do you mean?"

"I mean that I think you have still the victory over Mr. Cosgrove. That man is a gentleman; *and they know it.*"

Hamberton was slow to grasp her meaning. When he did, he stared at her blankly for a moment, and said:

"Good God! what moles we are compared with women! But, why do you say so, Claire? I could see no marks of that."

"If he were a soldier," said Claire, "he would have straightened himself and stood to attention. If he were a workman, he would have said, sir. He spoke to you as an equal, did he not?"

"By Jove, yes"; said Hamberton. "And, what is more, he had the address and language of a gentleman. But, no; that's impossible! What, in heaven's name, would bring a gentleman there?"

"That's a mystery," said his ward, "which time will unravel. But you have the victory over Mr. Cosgrove so far."

"True. And the thing is interesting in itself, is it not? We must watch the development of it. It is something to have a mystery to unravel so near us. But, everything is a mystery and a parodox in Ireland. We shall go there again soon. Shall we not?"

"I won't," said Claire.

"Won't? You will. Or I shall say you are jealous of that little country girl. No; not jealous, but afraid."

"Very well, I will," said Claire. "The thing may be interesting. Whatever the man is, there is a story somewhere in his life; and I am getting tired of Ned Galway and his potatoes."

Which allusion will be explained in subsequent chapters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME VICTIMS OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

II.

THE English Benedictine nuns at Cambrai had not, perhaps, full knowledge of the decree upon decree made by municipal councils in the town, during the months of August and September, designating what classes of persons were to be described as "suspected," and consequently liable to arrest not only as subjects of the king of Great Britain, but still more as religious clad in a proscribed habit, and not having taken the oath—these nuns were all that time at the mercy any day of those agents of the Revolution, who at last burst into their cloister, on October 18, 1793, in consequence of the imperative decree of October 10, forbidding any further delay. Copies of many of these "seances" and "decrees" are at Stanbrook, and give color to the few words used by Dame Ann-Teresa Partington in the opening of her "Narrative," which here follows:

A "Brief Narrative" of the Seizure of the Benedictine Dames of Cambray, of their Sufferings while in the hands of the French Republicans, and of their arrival in England. By one of the Religious, who was an eye-witness to the events she relates.

Ann-Teresa Partington.

In the summer of the year 1793, the allied armies being near the gates of Cambray, the Religious were repeatedly ordered in the most threatening manner by the District of Cambray to lay in provisions for six months against the siege that was then expected to take place. They accordingly provided themselves with such a stock of necessaries as their finances would allow them to purchase. From the commencement of the unhappy troubles they had been constantly alarmed by the visits or decrees of the agents in the Revolution, who were nowhere more outrageous than at Cambray; but the nuns, not being conscious of having given any offence, were willing to flatter themselves that they were in some safety. However, on Sunday, October 13th, 1793,* the District of Cambray sent four of their creatures to fix the publick Seals on the papers and effects belonging to the Nuns. These Commissioners arrived at the Convent about half-past eight at night. The Religious were retired to their cells, having to arise at midnight to perform their matins office, so that it was some minutes before Lady Abbess, Lucy Blyde, could open the inclosure door; at which they seemed displeased. The very revd. Mr. Walker, who out of a motive of charity assisted the nuns as their spiritual director, was only just recovering from a very dangerous illness and was in bed; but on hearing what was going forward, got up and came into the convent.

All the nuns being assembled, one of the men, who seemed the most cruel of the company, read a very long paper, the purport of which was that all the effects belonging to the nuns were confiscated to the nation. Mr. Walker began to expostulate with them, but their brutality soon silenced him. They then proceeded to fix the seals on all the books, papers, &c., belonging to the Lady Abbess and Dame Procuratrix, Dame A. T. Partington, threatening them all the while how severely they should be punished in case they concealed the smallest article of their property. Having secured everything, they told the nuns that they were now prisoners; and then they wrote a long account of their proceedings, at the close of which they added, by the desire of the Community, that the religious wished to remain prisoners in their convent under a guard, rather than be removed to any other place of confinement. This paper the Lady Abbess and Procuratrix signed. They went out of the Monastery about eleven o'clock to put the public seals on everything in the outward buildings and apartments, one of which was appointed for the use of the confessor. This they did with utmost severity. They then arrested the revd. Messrs. Walker and Higginson. The last mentioned was a young religious man, who, in consideration of the age and declining health of the

* This harrowing scene is related also by another eye-witness, Dame Ann-Joseph Knight, in a letter dated from Woolton, August 20, 1795, which we give further on, after the "Narrative."

former, had been some months before appointed to assist him. To prevent them from having any conversation with the nuns they took them away instantly. It was near twelve when the guards conducted them to prison, Mr. Walker was quite broken with age and infirmity. The nuns had the affliction of seeing all that passed from their adjoining convent. They thought that they were dragging them to prison for immediate execution; but Providence kindly reserved them to be their support in another place of suffering. What the religious felt on the occasion may be better imagined than expressed.

That night they confined them in the town house. Next morning they were removed to the Bishop's Seminary, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, but was then turned into what they called *a Maison de Détention.* There they remained till the 20th of November, 1793, deprived of the most common necessaries. They were once a day and a half without any other food than one bit of bread. They began to suspect that their death was to be effected by their being left to starve. No one durst serve them with victuals. They wrote to many inn-keepers and assured them of immediate payment for the scanty sustenance they asked for; but so hateful was the name of a priest in Cambray, and the people so terrified at what they saw going on, that no answer was ever returned. They could not prevail even with a barber to venture to attend them. At length a good woman, Marie Demal, who had lived servant with the nuns, hearing of their distress, had the courage to visit them instantly, and in spite of every danger and difficulty provided victuals for them the best she could get. She continued her charitable assistance till they were removed to Compiègne. Mr. Walker frequently said afterwards that she had saved his life.

But to return to the nuns; from the moment the Commissioners from the district entered their house on Sunday night, they found themselves strictly guarded; but they were still made to hope that they might remain in their convent as they had desired; even some of the members of the district assured them in the most *solemn manner* there was no danger of their being removed from it. That this was all treachery the nuns were afterwards well assured; for the day after this *solemn promise* had been made them, Friday, the 18th of October, 1793, they were seized upon by a body of light horse guards, part of whom surrounded the street door, whilst the rest entered into their convent with a crowd of blackguards at their heels. A very brutal man, sent by the district of Cambray, was at their head. When he came up to the inclosure door, his first question was, *have you laid in a provision for six months?* On being assured that had been done, he seemed for an instant at a loss what to say; but after a short pause he gave orders that the nuns should be totally out of their house in half a quarter of an hour, and that they should take neither trunk nor box with them; he only allowed each one of them a small bundle. His figure and manner of speaking appeared so savage and insulting that the nuns were in the greatest terror; so that, amidst the hurry and confusion of so sudden a calamity, overwhelmed with sorrow at being thus turned out of their beloved abode, and for want of sufficient time to make up their bundles, many of the nuns went away with only the clothes they had on. At this afflicting moment the future want of every necessary found no place in their minds, they were stupefied with grief. The Procuratrix, however, petitioned to carry off a small book, where was written a few memorandums very useful to her; but the ill-natured man to whom she addressed herself wrested the book from her hands, telling her at the same time to fetch brandy for the Hussars, which she instantly was obliged to do; while the barbarous man was running about the house with a club in his hand, ready to make any one feel the weight of it who did not make haste to be gone. Thus in less than half an hour they were completely turned out of their whole property, without being able to learn from any one what was to be their fate. They thought death would soon have followed, and expected every moment to see the fatal guillotine.

In the street they found one coach and two carts, each of them strongly guarded by a detachment of Hussars on horseback, with naked swords. The nuns were soon hurried away. The Hussars seemed much displeased at this barbarous usage; some of them shed tears, and on the way, with the most feeling compassion, they even lent their cloaks to those of the religious who were in the uncovered carts, to keep them from starving. Through the whole dismal journey of five days they did all they could to soften the hardships they saw the nuns exposed to on all sides; but it was not in their power to hinder the populace from loading the religious with insulting language wherever they passed. Besides, when the nuns arrived in any town to pass the night, they were guarded by the soldiers who did duty at the prison in which they happened to be lodged. Among them they met with a variety of insults, insomuch that they always dreaded the approach of night. The nuns were twenty in number and a novice upon probation when they were expelled from the convent, *viz.*, Mary Anselm Ann, Jane Alexander, Elizabeth Sheldon, Margret Burgess, Elizabeth Haggerston; Mary Blyde, Abbess; Teresa Walmesley, Louisa Hagan, Elizabeth Knight, Elizabeth Partington, Mary Partington, Margret Barnwall, Agnes Robinson, Ann Shepherd, Helen Shepherd; Lay Sisters: Ann Pennington, Louisa Lefebevre, Magd Kimberley, Ann Cayton, Martha Friar; Jane Miller, Novice. The Hussars who conducted them did not at first know whither the nuns were to be taken. They were strangers to the country, and had been sent for from some distance for the grand purpose of carrying prisoners from Cambray. They received orders every night how they were to proceed the following day. At last the nuns found that the appointed place of their captivity was Compiègne, where, being at a distance from every friend, they must have little or no hope of recovering any part of their large property.

The first night, Friday, they were lodged in a very ruinous place at Bapaume.* It had the appearance of having been a convent; it was almost destroyed, the windows all broken, &c. The violence of the rabble was so great here that the nuns were very happy to be taken out of the carts into any place like a house. The Mayor of this town was a native of Cambray and was well known to the nuns, one of his sisters having had her education among them; but he now knew nothing of them, nor showed them any favour. He was highly displeased at their being in the religious dress, and said the people of Cambray had acted against the law by not making them shun a dress which the law had proscribed.

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* The following bill, paid for by the Commune later on, on November 5, as part of the expenses of the journey, is among the Cambrai Archive papers:

"Received for the Halting place at Bapaume:
"8 Candles for the men,
"2 do for the infirmary,
"2 do for the Sisters of Charity,
"6 do for the English Nuns,
"6 do for the sentinel."

We shall see, presently, candles named by the writer as purchased at Ham.

The jailor of this prison seemed a quiet man, and his daughter was so kind as to buy the nuns two faggots, some very brown bread, and a kettle of boiling water. They made tea, but sugar and milk were *delicates* not to be thought of, or at least not to be had. They were so exhausted with grief and the fatigue they had gone through that day, that most of them could not eat the bread. They laid their wearied bodies on the floor and they spread a few bundles they had brought with them to stretch their limbs upon, and even in this state they were frequently disturbed by the guards looking through the broken windows.

The next night, Saturday, they past at Peronne, in the citadel. Here they were guarded by the national troops, whose brutality can hardly be described; nothing could be more disagreeable than their language and behaviour. A woman who appeared to belong to one of them, molested the nuns by every means she could. However, amongst all this cruel treatment, they had the comfort to meet with some friends. A woman, whose father in better times had been employed by the nuns, had the courage to make her way to them in the prison. She and her husband bought for them bread, small beer, and a few boiled eggs, which was really a treat. Some of the nuns had eat nothing for two days. Here they found a few bedstocks full of dirty straw, on which the soldiers had slept apparently for some months. The nuns for a time were much afraid of the consequence they might procure by lying down upon it. At last excessive weariness overcame that difficulty; but there was no rest to be found in this place of horror. The soldiers were passing to and fro the greatest part of the night, even through the room which had been assigned to the nuns. Next morning, by the favour of an Irish lady who was there in arrestation, the nuns had one cup of tea before the Hussars came to summon them to continue their tedious journey.

On Sunday night they rested at *Ham*. On their arrival, there was, as they expected, a great stir among the rabble, each one crying out *Aristocrates to the Guillotine;* but this language was become so familiar to the nuns that it had lost much of the effect it had at first. The prison they were lodged in being at the skirts of the town, they got out of the carts with fewer of the mob attending them than *usual;* not to be insulted to a *great degree* now seemed a favour. The Governor of this place happened to be in town, an humane man; he gave orders that the nuns should have a room to themselves and allowed them clean straw, which was spread all over the floor. They were happy to lie down upon it, and the night passed without any noise or interruption. They were also permitted to buy a candle, and, what was more to their purpose, something to eat. The next morning the Governor called upon them, and on parting with them, recommended himself to their prayers. They attributed this shew of kindness to the good will of a poor woman who had the care of the prison. She had lived at Cambray in the neighbourhood of the nuns, and she seemed to be much affected on seeing them in their present distress. It gave her particular concern to see them go in carts, while all the other prisoners (a few men excepted) were carried in coaches to their several destinations. She thought, as every one did, that the nuns were exposed in carts for no other end than that they might be the more *insulted.*

Monday night they stopt at *Noyon.* It is impossible to describe the fright they were in on their arrival. There the carts had no sooner stopt in the Market Place than thousands of people assembled in the most riotous manner around them; for nuns to appear in the religious dress was at that time the worst of crimes. Some talked of tearing them to pieces, others said they would bury them alive with their proscribed dress. The Hussars repeatedly endeavoured to speak in their favour, but so great was the noise and the tumult among the populace, which in a short time had increased to a dreadful number, that not a word could be heard. Not only the streets, but the windows and the tops of some houses were full of spectators. The Hussars, finding it impossible to keep any order, sent for the soldiers quartered in the town, by whose assistance the nuns were at last taken out of the carts, half dead with fear, after having been detained in the Market Place near an hour, amidst a variety of the most outrageous insults and threats. One instance alone may shew the temper of the people in their regard. One of the nuns, Mary T. Shepherd, when she was taken out of the cart, being scarcely able to stand, fell against the horse which was at the side of her. The beast immediately struck her, at which the rabble set up the most insulting shouts, and claped their hands for joy.

The soldiers who came to assist the Hussars guarded the nuns that night, and were extremely civil to them. One of them, a very young man, wept most bitterly. Out of compassion, they conducted them to a decent inn instead of the common prison, and they allowed them to call for whatever they could pay for. Two officers took particular care of them, the younger of whom for a time could not refrain from tears. The head officer of the Hussars came twice to the inn to see them; but nothing could revive their spirits. The thought that they must again be exposed on the carts was too distressing to admit of any comfort. Their kindness, however, was a great alleviation of the pungent grief and distress of the nuns. It is three years since these scenes of horror happened; yet the writer of this declares that her blood chills whenever she thinks of that dreadful day. Those who have experienced such distress will excuse her for expressing herself so feelingly on this subject.

Gratitude to a merciful Providence over us in all our distress, prompts me to remark here, that though the mob said everything shocking and surrounded us on every side, as if to tear us into a thousand pieces, and on one occasion cut off a piece of one of our veils, yet not one of them laid a hand upon any of us, and in every place some were found who shed tears of compassion over us.

The nuns left Noyon about nine on Tuesday morning. They had covered their veils with coloured handkerchiefs and disguised themselves as much as they could, in order to appear, as they sat in the cart, like the French villagers, who wear no hats. This precaution was of some service, for on the road the people seemed at a loss what to make of them.

About four in the afternoon the nuns arrived at Compiègne, and there the Hussars left them, after having said much in their favour to the Mayor and two other members of the district, who came, attended by the national guards, to receive the prisoners.

The Hussars were natives of Normandy, most of them young men about nineteen or twenty years of age. The nuns were the more surprised at their civility, as they were giddy and very profane in their language to one another.

The prisoners brought from Cambray to Compiègne at that time were fifty-two in number, the nuns included.* They were all confined in one house; it had been a convent formerly, belonging to the nuns of the order of the Visitation, but was then a common prison. The gentlemen of the district of Compiègne very frequently visited the prison; when they called upon the nuns they asked them a hundred questions, but upon the whole they behaved with civility. The Procurator Sindic, seeing them half starving, had the goodness to write twice to Cambray to desire the Municipality of that city to return some part of their wearing apparel; but they sent none. The nuns had a room assigned to them in the infirmary of the convent. The adjoining apartments were occupied by prisoners of all ranks and descriptions; their number increased daily. They were chiefly from Cambray and its environs; whole families were sometimes brought up at once. It seems this place had been fixed upon in preference to Cambray, because it was more within the reach of the assassins of Paris, who were then deluging the streets of that capital with human blood.

On the 25th of November, 1793, a great number of prisoners were brought from Cambray, among whom were the revd. Messrs. Walker, the young priest, his assistant, and the Honble. Thos. Roper. It is not easy to express what the religious felt when Mr. Walker appeared, as they had not the least reason to hope of ever seeing him again. He also seemed much affected. The pleasure of seeing him was, however, greatly allayed by orders which were immediately given that he should by no means come near the nuns, one of the members of the District having observed to his colleagues that, if he was allowed to visit the nuns, some part of religious worship might probably be kept up among them; which, he said, they were bound to root out entirely. For a time the nuns saw him seldom, and always with fear and great apprehension. I have reason to think that it cost him a great deal to be obliged to pass his time with a set of men, whose manners and conversation were shocking to common decency.

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* The date of arrival at the prison of Compiègne is borne out by a list copied from the Archives of the town of Cambrai, giving names, date of arrival, length of detention of each Cambrai prisoner, with a space for observations on each. The entire list of the Cambrai Nuns there appears, arrived 1st. Brumaire l'an II: the death of each one of the four to date, excepting Dame Margaret Burgess, who survived till April 6th, later than the drawing up of the list. Under head "Observations," they are designated in a long running line by the word: "Religieuses de Cambrai," which line also includes the names of six others, evidently the Sisters of Charity, already referred to on the journey in the bill for candles. No notice occurs in the text of the "Narrative" regarding these Sisters of Charity; they were certainly not lodged in the same room with the Benedictines, and probably these latter never knew who they were. Apart from these names, but in the same list, are a few other Nuns (all French), the Order not stated. It would be interesting to learn the ultimate fate of these co-prisoner nuns. Two Ladies, both subjects of Great Britain, appear on this and other lists; of one, Elisabeth Ganot fe Stack, we know nothing, but the other, Miss Cusack, was a friend to the Community whilst at Cambrai, where she resided. She is the Irish Lady referred to in the "Narrative" for kindness shown at Peronne. Further down in the list occur the names of Father Walker and Father Higginson, the former is spelt "Waquert, entered 5 Frimaire (Nov. 25), died 24 Nivose, 50 days detention." Hon. Mr. Roper appears as "Thomas Ropert."

Soon after this, the very man who had, with a club in his hand, turned the nuns out of their convent at Cambray, was sent after them to prison. He was removed to Paris soon after, where it was said he lost his head. Such was the fate of many who had been particularly active in promoting the unhappy revolution.

For a time the gaol allowance was a pound of bread for each person per day, and one good meal, the expense of which was to be defrayed by the prisoners jointly; the rich paying for the poor; and strict orders were frequently given that *equality* should be observed, according to the new republican law. That no one might escape unnoted, the prisoners were called over twice every day.

About the beginning of January, 1794, most of the nuns fell sick. Eight or nine were confined to their beds at the same time, and the rest so much indisposed as to be scarcely able to help their dying sisters. A good woman who sold milk to the prisoners took great compassion of them and came to assist them, but in a short time fell dangerously ill herself. This unfortunate accident made others afraid to come near them. The disorder was a fever proceeding (as the doctor said) from great hardships and *chagrin*. They had still only one room for the whole community (twenty-one in number), several of whom were now drawing near their end. Every one seemed to pity them; but, the fever beginning to spread among the prisoners, each one feared for himself. Upon this it was thought proper to allow the nuns a small adjoining room; and the prisoners in general, who were about an hundred and sixty, were permitted to walk in the garden, a favour which had not been allowed them before. The windows in the nuns' room were unnailed, that they might open them for a little fresh air; but it was the middle of winter, and the weather so very damp and wet that this allowance was of no avail to them.

On the 12th of January, about two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Walker found himself very ill, but would not disturb Mr. Higginson till the usual hour of rising. Among the prisoners was a doctor, Dr. Dufeuille, from Cambray, which was a fortunate circumstance for all the sick. He was called about seven o'clock, and declared Mr. Walker's case to be dangerous. He grew worse fast, so as to alarm every one; for the prisoners all esteemed him. He fell into his agony in the evening, and expired near two o'clock, having been ill only twenty-four hours. It was thought by some to be gout at his stomach that so suddenly hurried him off; but the doctor always affirmed that the many hardships he had undergone, and the want of necessaries requisite for a person of his age and weak health, had not a little contributed to his death. Many of the nuns were at that time too ill to be informed of this catastrophe; but the distress of the few who were informed of it was great beyond expression. The circumstances the religious were then in made his loss to be *severally felt* and long deeply regretted by the nuns. He had for some years past been as a father and an exemplary friend to each of them; having remained with them by *choice*, in the hardest of times, even when his life was in danger, and when he might have lived comfortably in England. During his long confinement he was never heard to let fall one word of complaint, though few had suffered so much as he. He died as he had lived, like a good religious man. The writer of this well remembers that sorrowful day. He had lived 73 years; during twenty of these he resided at Rome, and had received distinguishing tokens of esteem from his present Holyness, Pius the VI. The last seventeen years of his life he had, with great credit to himself, held the office of President-General of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Bennet.

Next morning, January 14th, while Mr. Walker's corpse was still in the prison, Dame Anselm Ann died, aged 79. On the 21st of the same month, Dame Walmesley breathed her last, aged 55. About the end of the same month, Ann Pinnington, a lay sister, who till then had been of the greatest service about the sick, fell dangerously ill. Her disorder was a gangrene in her arm, which from the first threatened her life. Nothing could be had in the prison proper to apply to it, nor would the Commissioner who was over them that day, though he was in the prison and thoroughly informed of the nature of the disorder, allow anything to be procured from the town; so that 24 hours had elapsed before anything material was done. In the meantime the mortification had spread prodigiously and her life was despaired of. She expired on the 6th of February, about three o'clock in the morning, aged 60. Towards the beginning of March, the same year, the surviving nuns began to recover, though but very slowly.*

The District of Compiègne now began to treat the prisoners with great severity. Very many had been sent from Cambray; the District there had seized all their property, but would allow nothing towards keeping them from starving. On the 6th of March three of the members of the District of Compiègne came to the prison, escorted by a detachment of the National Guards. The prisoners were all ordered to assemble in one large room; some of the nuns were still confined by sickness, so that only a part of them could attend. All the prisoners stood like condemned criminals. The Procurator Sindic made a long harangue, putting them in mind that thay had hitherto been served with one meal per day, but nothing had been paid for so liberal a treatment (as he called it); that the people of Compiègne were resolved to reimburse themselves one way or other. The prisoners alleged that they had already been stript of everything and their houses plundered; that to think of forcing more from them was cruel in the extreme. These expostulations, true as they really were, had no effect. The Procurator Sindic again and again told them that if the sum of French livres was not collected amongst them and sent to the District before 10 o'clock next morning, they should be punished with the greatest severity. The prisoners being by no means able to furnish the sum demanded, they were on the 11th of March stinted to coarse brown bread and water. Many of the nuns were still unwell when this severe order took place; some of them were even confined to their beds. Six red herrings, which they happened to have when this command was given out, was all they had for three days; not being allowed to buy anything, not even a little salt. A surgeon of Compiègne, who had attended some of the nuns, was so compassionate as to go himself to the District when the members were assembled, to beg as a favour they would permit a little broth to be sent to Dame Alexander, who was near eighty years old, and had been confined to her bed about six weeks of a fever, which terminated in an hectick fever and an imposthume. He was refused: on which, as they were told, tears gushed into his eyes. Be that as it may, all that the nuns got by the charity of this good man was a heap of compliments of condolence from the Mayor and from some of the Magistrates; but they gave us nothing.

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*On April 6, of the same year, died Dame Margaret Burgess. It is by evident oversight that her name is omitted in this original, as it is given in its right place in other early copies of this same manuscript. There are at Stanbrook copies made from the Archives of the Mairie of Compiègne, of the Register of the deaths of all the above named, excepting of that of Dame Teresa-Joseph Walmesley, which could not be found. They are long, formal acts, giving even the ages as well as the names of the officers sent to ascertain the death and remove the bodies of the defunct from the prison. We do not think the text would be of any interest to casual readers, though they are documents prized at Stanbrook.

Their wants growing every day greater, they applied to some of the inhabitants of Compiègne for needlework; but the windows of the room they occupied being most part blockaded, little could be done materially to mend their condition. In order to raise money to buy bread, they contrived privately to sell, though at a vast loss, a few gold crosses, &c., which they happened to have about them when they were taken from Cambray.

The magistrates of Compiègne, finding that nothing could be got from the District of Cambray, were every day more and more importunate with the prisoners for money, which they had not to give.* One day they came to take away their beds, which consisted of each a mattress and one blanket. A charit-

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* Turning over a number of papers copied from the Town Archives of Cambrai, at various dates, from February to May, 1794, we can trace how thoroughly correct are Ann-Teresa Partington's remarks here. Here is one, just as a sample, dated 6 Ventose, Year II. of the Republic (26 Feb., 1794). The Authorities at Compiègne address the following complaint to the municipal officers of the Commune of Cambrai:

"Your *Comité de Surveillance* has lately sent us 32 new prisoners (détenus). Overpowered by the passage of troops, and being without barracks, we can scarcely lodge them. But how are we to feed them? All the provision sellers declare that if they are not paid under eight days, they cannot advance any more victuals. You know that we are barred out from all resources of the district treasury; our own is entirely exhausted. There is nothing left for us but to put your fellow-citizens on ordinary prisoners' fare, if you do not procure for us the money required within the limits of time fixed by our creditors. Citizens, Colleagues, we have able friend gave them money to leave the nuns there a month longer, at the expiration of which they came and made ye same bustle again; but another friend promised to pay for them a month longer, and thus they went on, always under the apprehension of being obliged to lye on a few locks of straw.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

used up all our resources; in the name of humanity make use of yours, in order to minister to the sustenance of your fellow-citizens and your brothers! All we have to offer you in their behalf is the continuation of such care and regard as are compatible with the law. Health and Fraternity,

"Signed "Notel,
"Carden,
L.-|-S. "Herbert,
"Bernard."

After some sittings of the District Council at Cambrai, it was resolved, on March 16, "after mature deliberation, that, seeing the nation has seized on the goods of all subjects of the King of Great Britain," the English women at Compiègne have nothing left and are now to be classed among "the Poor," consequently the richer of the détenus must pay the cost of victuals. "It shall be the same as regards the *3* English Priests (*sic.*) and of the woman called Cusack and her attendant." Then it goes on to say what is to be done respecting the woman "Stack" and other persons who still own some property in Cambrai apparently. Returning to the English Nuns, it is repeated that "Reupere and Wacaros" (*i. e.*, Roper and Walker) are in the same case as the Nuns, and finally that the former Sisters of Charity, "Ci-devant Sœurs de Charité," shall come under the same measures as those taken for the English Nuns, "*Ci-devant Anglaises*" (*sic.*) It is noteworthy that Hon. Thomas Roper is here classed as a priest, one of the three English priests; furthermore, recollecting that one English priest had died in January, no pains is taken to distinguish his name from that of the survivor, a manner of proceeding found to prevail even in death warrants of that terrible period; hence, Father Higginson is not named in the document, only Roper and Walker.

At last on March 18 (28 Ventose), deciding to refer the difficult case of the starving prisons to the "Representative of the people" at Arras, a higher authority, the Council sent in a Petition to this individual, who is no other than the bloodthirsty tyrant Joseph Lebon, in which, after quoting the law of the 26 Brumaire (Oct., 1793), which required the rich prisoners to pay for the poorer détenus, the council goes on to ask in what way funds are now to be raised for the support of the Compiègne prisoners, "the law being silent as to the mode, is it to be by District, or how?" Then follows a terrible statement: "Pressed on the one side by the municipality of Compiègne which has stated that provision vendors *have actually ceased* now to furnish any food, and on the other fearing to fail in our duty by the provisional supplies we have been forced to raise, because of the absolute destitution of the détenus for the moment, we turn to you, citizen, that, by your authority, you may point out the path we are to follow, &c., &c." The savage reply of Joseph Lebon came from Arras, dated March 19 (29 Ventose), addressed to the municipality of Cambrai:

"I have reason to be surprised that a municipality of Compiègne should now dare to demand of the nation exorbitant sums, &c., &c." He concludes his harangue by advising them not to trouble about "Food vendors who have been furnishing splendid repasts to arrested conspirators." Starvation was clearly staring in the face of the Cambrai Nuns, détenus in the Compiègne gaol!

THE FRANCE OF RENÉ BAZIN.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

TO lovers of France and of the French people, political events of the past few years—the antagonisms, the angry recriminations, the overt persecution—have been a ceaseless cause of melancholy. The France that we love, at once light-hearted and artistic, thrifty and laborious, would seem to have vanished behind the clamor of controversy that is kept alive by the anti-Christian policy of the present government. Almost it would seem as though the nation, together with the outward emblems of its Catholicism, had flung away much of its former fascination. To those who find themselves in this pessimistic mood, easily induced by a study of the newspaper press, I would recommend the novels of René Bazin. He restores to us a sense of proportion, of the essential value of things, and shows us the French people striving, living, and suffering as before, and, if we except *L'Isolée*, singularly little touched by contemporary events. He carries us away from Paris, away from politics and religious intolerance, right into the heart of France. He ignores the life of sport and wealth and fashion, which fills three-fourths of the novels issued by the great publishing houses, and tells us instead of the every-day life of the democracy in its normal aspects. He is familiar with the conditions of labor, not only in the rural districts, but in the large industrial cities—Nantes, Lyons, Nîmes—and he has the gift of penetrating the distinctive characteristics of each. Bazin is a close student of life, without ever being betrayed into a sordid realism; he enters deeply into the trials and even the wrongs of the poor, but without bitterness or class-hatred; and though his novels are frequently sad, and sometimes even tragic, they are all permeated with the optimism of an undaunted faith.

In not a few qualities of René Bazin's art he reminds me of Alphonse Daudet in his earlier work. I find in it the same tenderness, the same limpid style, the same directness of vision. It is, perhaps, a tribute to Bazin's essentially French genius that it is impossible to draw any helpful comparison between him and any English novelist of to-day who, like him, makes a special study of how the poor live. He is never broadly and humorously realistic like Pett Ridge; never sordid and depressing as the late George Gissing in his least happy moments was apt to be; above all, never effusively sentimental like G. R. Sims. His outlook on life is invariably refined and meditative; and even when he deals, as we shall see, with topics painful in themselves, with social conditions that call urgently for reform, or, as in *Les Oberlé,* with the passions roused by an insurgent patriotism, there is no hint of coarseness in the treatment, even one may concede a certain lack of vigor. He charms and wins by his gentler qualities, and seekers after strong meat had perhaps better turn to other authors.

It must not be assumed, because Bazin can be recommended safely for family reading, that he is in any sense a colorless writer of mediocre talent. Born and bred in Angers, and a lecturer on law in that city for well-nigh thirty years, it is neither in jurisprudence nor on the banks of the Loire that his reputation has been made. One of his earliest novels, *Une Tâche d'Encre* (1886), won for him the appreciative notice of the editor of the *Débats,* who invited him to join his staff, and, through the pages of that journal, Bazin was able from the first to reach that wider Parisian public, with whom ever since he has remained popular. Four years ago came the official recognition of his talent in his election, in succession to Ernest Legouvé, to the French Academy, which had previously done him the honor of crowning two of his works, *Une Tâche d'Encre,* already mentioned, and *Sicile,* a volume of travels. Meanwhile, year after year fiction had flowed from his facile pen, and his novels have come to be accepted by critics, not only as singularly charming works of fiction, but as more accurate presentments of certain aspects of French national life than any other contemporary novelist can produce. His books are, in a very real sense, *études de moeurs contemporaines.* Each one is placed in a fresh setting—Anjou, Jersey, Alsace, La Vendée, the plains and sea-ports of Brittany, the stone quarries of the Creuse, or, as I have said, in the industrial quarter of some provincial town—and in this way he presents a series of impressions at first hand of industrial and rural life, impressions far closer to the essential truths, though disguised as fiction, than the detailed descriptions of outsiders, however intelligent, such as we have from the pen of Miss Betham-Edwards, who can never set aside her anti-Catholic bias, or even from so acute an observer as Mr. J. E. C. Bodley.

It is the more recent of Bazin's works that display his talent in its mature robustness, and it is to them I propose to draw attention, omitting for the moment any reference to early novels, such as *Une Tâche d'Encre* and *Madame Corentine*, in which the author's stronger characteristics are scarcely developed, or even to the later *Les Oberlé*, written with the special purpose of illustrating the gradual Germanization of Alsace and Lorraine. So too I propose to say nothing here of sundry attractive volumes of travel in Italy, Sicily, and Spain, the outcome of the professor's vacation wanderings, as being beyond the special scope of this article. Those who are drawn to Bazin's works, not only by a love of romance but by a desire to penetrate below the surface of French provincial life, will best attain their object by reading *La Terre qui Meurt* and *Donatienne*, dealing with the life of the poor in rural districts, and *De Toute Son Âme* and *L'Isolée*, with the ideals and sorrows of city work-girls.

La Terre qui Meurt is an attempt to portray that passion for the soil which has lain at the root of French agricultural prosperity in the past. The district described with geographical accuracy is the *Marais Vendéen*, the fen-land of La Vendée, the wide marshy tract, intersected by canals, that lies along the shores of the Bay of Biscay, and is inhabited by stalwart peasants of simple, laborious habits and extraordinary pride of race. Various circumstances, however—foreign competition, the ravages of the phylloxera in the vineyards, and increased facilities of communication bringing the young people into contact with the outside world—have all tended to modify the conditions of this primitive life; and the problem presents itself, can the soil of France continue to nourish its cultivators as of old? Toussaint Lumineau is the type of the patriarchal farmer, who, clinging with a grim pertinacity to the land that his family has ploughed for generations, and venerating with feudal devotion M. le Marquis at the Chateau, sees with anguish his children drawn away into the vortex of city life, and learns with incredulous horror that the absentee landlord has resolved on selling the estate. No one is more fitted than Bazin to do justice to this theme of simple tragedy, to the pathos of old Lumineau's sorrows and the futility of his struggles against the tendencies of the day. So, too, no one conveys better than he both the laboriousness of agricultural toil and the joy and hope that spring from the mystic sense of working in close union with nature. The book is rich in essentially French motives: the rejoicings of the family at the return of André from his military service, the departure of the young *conscrits* of the year, the patient submissiveness of the lovers beneath paternal displeasure, the patriarchal marriage customs. For René Bazin has too much faith in the fundamental qualities of his countrymen to present a picture of unrelieved gloom, and the pervasive melancholy of his tale is illumined by the charming idyl of the love of Lumineau's younger daughter for her father's farm-hand, Jean Nesmy. Rousille, strong, loving, immovable in her fidelity to her fiancé, and yet childlike in her absolute innocence, is a very winning presentment of the peasant maiden. Her sweetheart, Nesmy, has no money, and comes from the Bocage, and old Lumineau's pride revolts against any one save a native *maraîcher* marrying his daughter. Yet, in the end, when Mathurin is dead and André has sailed for South America, and Eléonore and François have settled at Nantes, the lonely old man comes to see that Rousille and Jean Nesmy are the gifts whom God has sent to be the comfort of his declining years. Thus, in spite of many trials, a prosperous future to the homestead is foreshadowed through the solid virtues of the young couple, and Bazin brings his very powerful study to a close on a note of optimism.

A far sadder aspect of peasant life is shown in *Donatienne* (1903), the only novel, save *L'Isolée*, in which the tragedy of circumstance is allowed to prevail over the author's idealism. It is a tale of abject poverty and suffering, but the suffering is less the outcome of the poverty than of social conditions, which cry out all the more urgently for reform because by many excellent Christians they are accepted with complacency. The first and most widespread evil is the custom of taking the young mothers of the working-classes away from their own home-duties in order that they may nurse the babies of the rich. The second—a specifically Parisian evil—consists in the shocking promiscuity of that "sixth-floor" to which the rich tenants of Paris flats relegate their servants, both male and female, without any attempt at supervision—a condition of things, it is satisfactory to know, which is to-day being zealously combatted by Catholic philanthropists. Donatienne, who gives her name to the story, falls a victim to both these social evils. Tempted by high wages, she leaves husband and children in their Breton home to take service in Paris, and with disastrous results. It is typical of Bazin's methods that his novel is concerned far less with Donatienne's adventures in the capital than with the unhappy fate of her neglected children and deserted husband, driven from their homestead by want, and compelled to tramp across France in search of work. Even though, in the end, Donatienne's heart responds to the cry of her children, and little Noémi's unwavering faith in her absent mother lends a touch of romance to the piteous story, the family happiness has been wrecked beyond repair, and nothing save misery would seem to lie before them in the concluding pages. Yet throughout it is not on the weak, ignorant peasant woman, but on society at large, that the responsibility for the human suffering is shown to lie, and the novel might almost be classed as a *roman a thèse*, were it not that Bazin is too refined an artist unduly to emphasize his moral.

The reason, possibly, why *Donatienne* is a less attractive, though, in my opinion, not a less skillfully constructed, story than some others, is that it does not contain any carefully-studied feminine personality. Undoubtedly René Bazin's most characteristic quality is his gift for delineating girl nature. It is a rare gift among French novelists, and I know of no other contemporary writer who has evoked so charming a series of girl heroines, each one far indeed removed from the conventional *ingénue* of French fiction. The two novels of city life now to be considered, the one written ten years ago, the other published the year before last, and, in a certain sense, complementing its predecessor, have this in common, that both are emphatically studies in girlhood. *De Toute Son Âme* reveals very subtly and delicately how a work-girl may be lead to dedicate herself to her poorer sisters through the religious life. *L'Isolée* shows how a girl may be flung back upon the world she has voluntarily renounced by the Government of the day, and the evil that ensues. Both books are permeated with a Catholic atmosphere, and the religious sympathies of the author, which, in some of his novels, are kept somewhat in abeyance, are in these allowed free play. Both, though full of incident, possess the merit of revealing what is permanent and normal in the French character, rather than what is accidental and sensational, and so are deserving of a more detailed analysis than his other books.

De Toute Son Âme relates the history of a little milliner of Nantes, and I remember no more captivating presentment of the French working-girl type than Henriette Madiot. She possesses as her birthright a refinement and an artistic sense to which her Anglo-Saxon sister can rarely lay claim; enthusiastic over her work and irreproachable in conduct, she is at the same time gay, pretty, and elegantly dressed, the only abnormal thing about her being her sensitive appreciation of personal finery, which, partly born within her, has been cultivated and developed by years of training under the most fashionable milliner in the town, of whose workrooms a vivid, lifelike picture is presented. It is in the contrast between the long hours and limited pay on the one hand, and the perpetual *frôlement* with the luxury of the rich on the other, in the development, so essential to success in her craft, of all those gifts of refinement and taste which are likely to unfit her for her daily life of toil and poverty, and for her normal future as wife and mother, that Bazin sees the pathos and danger and psychological interest of the life of the French work-girl. Henriette has been loved from childhood by a stalwart young Loire fisherman, but is it likely that the "first hand" of Madame Clémence, earning her hundred francs a month, whose creations are coveted by all the fashionable women of Nantes, will consent to settle down to domestic drudgery in a fisherman's hut? Henriette hesitates, partly from doubt as to her own feelings, proud as she is of *le grand Etienne*, and partly from affection for the old uncle whose home she shares; and while she waits and hesitates there grows up in her heart a craving for a wider family than that given to married life, a closer service of the poor than is feasible for the mothers of children. She had passed unharmed through the temptations of an industrial city, but knowledge of its evils had come to her early, through the unhappy experiences of some of her companions, and in her short hours of leisure she had befriended many a sick child and stranded work-girl; so that, when the moment of ultimate resolve comes, she feels impelled to consecrate herself wholly to *mes pauvres,* and to serve them for life as a Sister of Charity.

Writing some years ago (*Contemporary Review*, February, 1901), Mr. Edmund Gosse compared *De Toute Son Âme* with Mrs. Gaskell's early Victorian tale of factory life, *Mary Barton*. Allowing for differences of race and religion, the comparison is not without truth, for Bazin gives us a wider view of industrial conditions than is contained in Henriette Madiot's home circle. At its worst the life of the city is represented by the successful manufacturer, M. Lemarié, from whose relations with his work-people all social human intercourse has been eliminated. M. Lemarié pays a day's wage for a day's work and no more; the sick are thrown aside, the aged are dismissed without a pension, and labor saving machinery is introduced without any effort being made to find employment for the displaced hands. The result is seen in unmerited suffering and class hatred, and all those social conditions that drive the workers into Socialism, which employers like Leon Harmel have done so much to combat by their Christian, democratic teaching and high ethical standard. In sharp contrast with Henriette, whose whole life is inspired by the spirit of Christian charity, is her brother Antoine, an example of superficial intelligence and weak moral character, perverted by false economic theories. The moral is never made insistent, but the reader understands that Christian faith alone can sanctify both the home and the factory, and can save France from industrial warfare. And the book, having been written ten years ago, ends on a note of hopefulness.

It is far otherwise with *L'Isolée*. This poignant story was written some two years since, in the full tide of the indignation aroused by M. Combes' treatment of the religious orders, and its pages are permeated with the sadness that must fill the heart of every patriotic Catholic at the course of current events. The book contains no arguments, no protestations—it merely records in simple, direct language the fate of a little community of teaching nuns dispersed by administrative decree. There is nothing uncommon either about the sisters or their circumstances—once again it is the normal rather than the accidental that attracts Bazin—and, as we read, we know that a similar fate must have befallen hundreds of obscure communities, who found themselves cut off suddenly from the school or institution on which their activities were centred, deprived of the happiness of a life dedicated to God's service, and flung back upon a world that in many instances had neither work nor a home to offer them. Bazin has wished to show that if the religious life confers distinction and beauty on good or even mediocre natures, it is almost a necessity of self-preservation for certain highly strung temperaments, and to deprive them of the congenial atmosphere in which alone they can blossom and bear fruit is to condemn them to sterility, if not to self-destruction. With a few skillful touches, the individuality of each of the five sisters composing the little community of St. Hildegarde is clearly defined, and the reality of her vocation made plain. Quite admirable is the portrait of the Superior, Sœur Justine, her courage, her solid sense, her warm, maternal affection for those committed to her care, and not less so that of the little lay sister, Sœur Léonide, toothless and tireless, a peasant girl taken from the fields and the vineyards. But from the first page it is clear that the heroine of the story is the youngest and best beloved of the community, Sœur Pascale, the most pathetic and piteous study of girlhood that the author has so far achieved.

Pascale Mouvand might have been a younger and frailer sister of Henriette Madiot, both alike work-girls of unusual refinement, with an instinctive recoil from the ordinary human joys of marriage and domesticity. But, whereas the reader only follows Henriette to the threshold of the cloister, Pascale is introduced radiant and placid in her blue serge habit in the midst of her community on the eve of the news of its dispersal. It is only in a long retrospect that we see her, a slim, delicate, golden-haired girl keeping house for her father, one of the most competent silk-weavers in all Lyons. Old Adolphe Mouvand is a type of admirable craftsman and solid, faithful Christian, who, one fears, must be growing rare in industrial France. Faced with the sacrifice of the daughter on whom all his affections are centred, he relinquishes her without a murmur, believing it to be the will of God, and brings her himself to the convent door. Very skillful and delicate is the psychology which reveals the gentle, scrupulous, yet unstable nature of the motherless girl drawn to the religious life, not by any mystical emotion, but by a common-sense conviction that to be good herself she must live with good people, and by an instinctive dread that, left to her own devices, the worst might befall her.

"She had said to herself one day: 'Maybe in the world I shall be lost more quickly than other people. I need a shelter.' . . . It had seemed to her that her frailty was changed into strength when she was under orders, that for a long while, possibly forever, she would need a firm, enlightened, and loving direction."

"When, five years later, the blow falls and the sisters of the Lyons convent learn that their mother-house can do nothing for them, and that they must accept laicization, Sœur Justine's most ardent prayers are for her little Pascale. Poverty and loneliness await them all, but the mother's heart divines that Sœur Pascale's future is fraught with far more tragic possibilities. Her father is dead, she has no home, no money, no *métier*, no knowledge of the world, nothing but a child-like prettiness and short golden hair. She takes refuge with the only relations remaining to her, a widowed cousin and her son at Nîmes, to whom she had once paid a pleasant visit with her father. Pascale's lamentable fate, between the despicable Veuve Prayou and her still viler son, cannot be related here. It is so piteous a record of vice and treachery, deliberately effecting the ruin of a frail human life, that, told with less restraint and less admirable judgment than René Bazin has displayed, it would be almost unreadable. He tells it as it were from his heart, with a passionate sense of pity that such soul-tragedies should be possible. For, just because Pascale had aspired higher and had tasted of spiritual joys, her fall is the more irreparable and her own sense of degradation more intense. Not all the efforts of Sœur Justine can avail to rescue her from the toils that have been woven round her, and death alone releases her from a misery beyond her powers of endurance when once conscience had re-asserted itself. The second half of the book is undoubtedly the strongest thing that Bazin has written, and the impression is heightened by the vivid sketches of popular life in hot, dusty Nîmes woven into the narrative.

Such is Bazin's latest novel, which has carried his reputation far beyond the frontiers of his native land, and has done much to awaken dormant sympathies, and to dissipate the misapprehensions concerning the treatment of the religious orders in France which are to be met with even among Catholics.

L'Isolée is, however, a novel of the moment, mainly inspired by the stress of public events, and, remarkable as its immediate effect has been, it may possibly, from those very circumstances, fail to secure that more permanent popularity which we may hope to see bestowed upon some of its predecessors. The French nation has no cause to be other than gratified at the long series of pen portraits of itself that this gifted son has given to the world, and, it may be presumed, will not soon weary of their perusal. It is rare, indeed, to find an outlook on life so sane and sober in a writer of such charm of style and such unerring artistic taste, but that Bazin, being an avowed Catholic, should nevertheless be as appreciated in France as he is to-day, is at least a hopeful sign. Latterly he has allowed himself to be drawn into an exposition of his views on many topics of the moment—in a volume of essays entitled *Questions Littéraires et Sociales* (1906). For my part, it is his practice rather than his theories that captivate me, and I look forward to more girl heroines to rank with Rousille and Henriette Madiot and Simone L'Héréec, and more candid, penetrating studies of the popular life of the French people, if only to enable us to remember that Paris is not France, and Paris society in no way representative of the nation at large.

THE FLYING WHEEL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

When I was young the days were long,
Oh, long the days when I was young:
So long from morn to evenfall
As they would never end at all.

Now I grow old Time flies, alas!
I watch the years and seasons pass.
Time turns him with his fingers thin
A wheel that whirls while it doth spin.

There is no time to take one's ease,
For to sit still and be at peace:
So fast the wheel of Time turns round,
The silence hath no other sound.

And that which is to be is over,
Over good times of love and lover:
And one was young but now grown old
Shrinks from the darkness and the cold.

And one scarce dreams that youth is o'er
Ere age is knocking at the door.
Oh, whirling wheel of Time be still,
Let me be quiet if you will!

Yet still it turns so giddily,
So fast the years and seasons fly,
Dazed with the noise and speed I run
And stay me on the Changeless One.

I stay myself on him who stays
Ever the same through nights and days:
The One Unchangeable for aye,
That was and will be: the one Stay,

O'er whom Eternity will pass;
But, as an image in a glass
To whom a million years are nought,
I stay myself on a great thought.

I stay myself on the great Quiet
After the noises and the riot.
As in a garnished chamber sit
Far from the tumult of the street.

Oh, wheel of Time turn round apace!
But I have found a resting-place.
You will not trouble me again
In the great peace where I attain.

THE OLD ROMAN CHANT.

BY ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

POPE PIUS X., in his "Motu Proprio" of the 22d of November, 1903, speaks of the Plain-Song as "the chant proper to the Roman Church, the only chant she has inherited from the ancient fathers, which she has jealously guarded for centuries in her liturgical codices, which she directly proposes to the faithful as her own, which she prescribes exclusively for some parts of her liturgy, and which *the most recent studies have so happily restored to its integrity and purity*." And on the 25th of April, 1904, the Pontiff writes: "The melodies of the Church known as Gregorian, shall be restored in their integrity and purity according to the most ancient codices; but, at the same time, special account will be taken also of legitimate tradition as contained in the codices of the different centuries and of the practical use of the modern liturgy."

It is well known that the Benedictine monks of the French Congregation of Solesmes have been untiring workers for the restoration of the Plain-Song. It is not necessary for me to describe their patient research and careful study. These are well known. Dom Pothier was the founder of the school; and others are enjoying the benefits of his labors. This is as it should be; for all real students work for the sake of Truth and its development. Practically, the Vatican edition of Plain-Song is confided to Dom Pothier, aided by others of his congregations. It may not be, therefore, without interest to inquire what is their aim and what is their principle.

The aim is certainly, as the Pope says, "to restore the Roman Chant to its integrity and purity"; and this they have succeeded in doing in a great measure, if we accept the truth of their guiding principle, which is that given in these words by the illustrious Dom Gueranger, the founder of the Solesmes Congregation: "*Lorsque des manuscrits différents d'epoque et de pays s'accordent sur une version, on peut affirmer qu'on a retrouvé la phrase Gregorienne.*"

Now I hold that the principle is fallacious, for when brought to the test of historical facts its vice is made manifest. Such reasoning does not commend itself to students of liturgy, say, as regards the real Gregorian Mass Book. Then, why should it hold good as regards the Plain-Song? I hold that the Chant, restored according to this principle, is not the old Roman Chant at all, but a Gallican version. If we want to get that which St. Gregory reformed, we must look elsewhere than to a model of the tenth or eleventh century.

There are few who know anything about this period—one of the most critical of liturgical history; and Dom Gueranger, with all his great gifts, did not possess such a knowledge. Indeed, I may say, the study had not begun in his time; at any rate, it has gone beyond the limits of his horizon. Some few students now know that there was a critical period of change and revision which influenced every side of life; and they also know that the movement fell under the irresistible law of reaction. Now, when we get a variety of MSS., the earliest dating from about the beginning of the eleventh century and hailing from localities all under a certain non-Roman influence, we are hardly in a position safely to declare confidently that the Gregorian phrase is refound—*i. e.*, the true form of Roman Chant compiled and re-edited *(centonized)* by the great Benedictine Pope, St. Gregory I. Let us look at dates. St. Gregory died in 604. The MS. appealed to as the genuine Chant (MS. 339 in the library of St. Gall) dates, most probably, from the beginning of the eleventh century or the end of the tenth. The Solesmes editors place it between 986 and 1017. Hence we have to account for a gap from the beginning of the seventh to the beginning of the eleventh centuries—say, in other words, for a gap of about four hundred years more or less. If we credit the story told, in the eleventh century, by Ekkeard, about the sojourning of Romanus at St. Gall in the ninth century, we have still a gap of over two hundred years of a critical period in the history of the Plain-Song. Think for a moment. Some folk juggle with centuries as though they were decades. We are dealing with a period which represents a time as distant from the day of St. Gregory as the reign of Pope Julius II. from that of Pius X. What vast changes arise in such times even on more vital subjects than Plain-Song! Again, when we consider the history of St. Gall and its Gallicizing instinct, backed as it was by a powerful Celtic influence, we are forced to pause before we accept as pure Roman a MS. which hails from such a locality.

Then, the complexity of this particular Chant, its wealth of detail and the exuberance of ornament, make us hesitate before accepting a MS. of the eleventh century as a true copy of an original 400 years older. For surely the process of nature towards that decadence which is the necessary goal of all created things, is from the simple to the complex, from the necessary and unadorned to the ornamental. We must also bear in mind that St. Gregory did not compose the music; he compiled and corrected existing melodies. This action of the great Pope is in itself a proof of the ease with which the Plain-Song can be corrupted. If it became corrupted before, why should it escape the same fate after, the death of a pope whose reforms were misliked at Rome. From what we know of the severity, simplicity, austereness, and directness of the old Roman spirit, it seems to me that the Solesmes version of the Chant is actually out of keeping with the whole tone of the age and place where it is supposed to have originated.

Moreover, even a cursory examination shows us that the St. Gall MS. contains many things which find no place in what we may safely recognize as the pure *Missale Gregorianum.* Take one part only, the Masses for the Sundays after Pentecost. Did St. Gregory know anything about these or about many feasts in the *Proprium Sanctorum* or the *Commune Sanctorum?* If the Sundays after Pentecost are a Gallican invention, then the music of half of the year, as we now have it in the *Proprium de Tempore*, has nothing to do with St. Gregory; and yet we must recognize its kinship with the music for the period from Advent to Pentecost.

The inference, therefore, is that the music given to us in the Solesmes edition has nothing to do with St. Gregory and does not represent the old Roman Chant. If I am referred to what is called the Gregorian Antiphonary, I may reply, with Mgr. Duchesnes, that this is "a book which is far from being homogeneous and free from Gallican influences." In fact, the term *Gregorian* is one to conjure with; and the saint has been made responsible for much which is not his at all. There are, therefore, grounds, from internal as well as external evidence, from reasons *a priori et a posteriori*, for concluding that a MS. which contains what the Gregorian Missal did not contain (I do not mean a few instances only), cannot claim to be more than based, perhaps, in parts on the original. And the more we find that it departs in spirit from the original type, the less confidence can we have in its claim of purity and exactness.

Before, then, we can accept Dom Gueranger's principle, and this is one set forth and accepted by Dom Pothier, we want evidence that the lapse of over two hundred years, in a locality under non-Roman influence, is no difficulty in supposing that the Roman Chant, sent by Pope Paul to Pepin about 760, and again by Hadrian to Charlemagne about 784–791, had been preserved pure and undefiled. I might put the problem back further and ask: How far can we say that the Hadrian Sacramentary, of 784–791, really represented the pure and undefiled edition of St. Gregory, and not rather a version based, indeed, on the Gregorian, but with the additions and changes which would be in accord with a known trend of events? I am perfectly aware that what was said to be the exemplar antiphonary was kept at Rome; but this is an argument which must not be pushed beyond its legitimate force. It need not detain us here. I put these points forward to show how very complex the question really is, and how rash it is to claim for the Solesmes edition anything more than it represents itself to be, *viz.*, the purest form (though even this seems open to doubt) we have of the Chant *as it existed at the beginning of the eleventh century in the Monastery of St. Gall, four hundred years after St. Gregory's revision and two hundred years after the date of Romanus.* This very period was a critical one, as I have said, in the history of music which was marked by discoveries of far-reaching import.

We know that the Gallican Chant was in full use when Hadrian sent his books to Charlemagne and when the latter sent singers to Rome to learn the true method of singing. If the influence of the great Emperor was put forth on the side of Romanizing the Gallican Church, the intestine struggles that went on after his death and the dismemberment of his empire led to a marked and natural reaction from his policy. The old reasserted itself. Moreover, Charles' action itself was that of blending and adding. He did not simply adopt the Roman Mass Book and enforce this one and none other. Eventually Rome, ever receptive, adopted as her own the compilations of the Emperor and the English Alcuin and made way in her own rites for many Gallican innovations.

These are my reasons for holding that Dom Gueranger's principle is fallacious and that labors conducted on this principle do not lead us to the right end. If, then, Solesmes has failed us, in what direction shall we look? Before giving a direct answer, let me invite attention to the great place that the true Roman Song, as revised by St. Gregory, has in the history of England. I will indicate some passages given by Venerable Bede [d. 735] in his *Ecclesiastical History;* and by these it will be clear that the Roman Chant was one of the most precious traditions brought to England direct from the great Benedictine Pope.

1. Although the Pope replied to St. Augustine that if the Archbishop had found anything either in the Roman or the Gallican or any other church which might be pious, religious, and righteous, he was, although bred in the Roman Church, to make choice of the same and teach it to the church of the English, "For," adds the wise Pontiff, "things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of things"; yet St. Augustine did not introduce the Gallican Chant into England. He brought the Roman Song.

2. When St. Paulinus [d. 644] returned to Kent, after Edwin was slain, he left at York James the Deacon, who "was extraordinarily skillful in singing; and when the province was afterwards restored to peace and the number of the faithful increased he began to teach many of the church to sing according to the custom of the Romans or of the men of Canterbury."

3. When Theodore [d. 690] came from Rome: "from that time they began in all the churches of the English to learn Sacred Music, which till then had been known only in Kent. And excepting James, above mentioned, the first singing-master in the churches of the Northumbrian was Eddi, surnamed Stephen, invited from Kent by the Most Reverend Wilfrid."

4. St. Wilfrid [d. 709], ordained as bishop of Rochester Putta, who "was very skillful in the Roman style of church music, which he had learnt from the disciples of the holy Pope Gregory."

5. At the synod of Heathfield there was present John, archchanter of St. Peter's and abbot of the Monastery of St. Martin at Rome, who came to England by order of Pope Agatho [d.

682]. St. Benedict Biscop brought him, "that he might teach in his monastery the method of singing throughout the year as it was practised at St. Peter's at Rome." John not only taught the monks of Wearmouth, but such as had skill in singing and had come from almost all the monasteries of the same province to hear him. He was invited to teach in other places.

6. Acca, who succeeded St. Wilfrid, "invited to him a celebrated singer called Maban, who had been taught to sing by the successors of the disciples of the blessed Gregory in Kent." During his twelve years' stay at Hexham, Maban restored to their former state the Chants "which were corrupted either by want of use or through neglect."

From these extracts it is clear that the old Roman Chant obtained at Canterbury and was jealously guarded there, and that the custom of the men of Canterbury was looked upon by the rest of England as being that of Rome; in other words, no more or no less than St. Gregory's own chant. Was it, then, any wonder that when the Norman came, the vanquished struggled against the novelties introduced by the conquerors, and made every effort to keep what had come to them from Rome itself? Down West at Glastonbury, once the home of St. Dunstan (and this throws a new light on the saint: *Qui capit capiat*), a weird scene was enacted. Thurstan, a Norman abbot, had been thrust upon that house. He despised all Englishry. "This shameless abbot, attempting to compel the monks of Glastonbury to give up the Chant which had been introduced into England by the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory and to adopt the Chant of the Flemings or Normans, which they had never learned or heard before, a violent tumult arose which ended in a disgrace to the Holy Order." So says Vitalis; and Florence of Worcester adds that the new chant, which Thurstan wished to introduce, was that of William of Fecamp. How the matter sped when the ruthless abbot brought in armed men to force his monks is thus told in the chronicles:

"Then were the monks sore afeard of them and wist not what to do and fled hither and thither. And some went into the church and locked the door after them; and they (*the soldiers*) went after them into the minster and would drag them out for that they durst not go out. And a rueful thing there happened that day; for the Frenchmen brake into the choir and shot towards the altar where the monks were; and some of the knights went up to the up-floor and shot downwards with arrows towards the Halidom, so that on the Rood that stood above the altar stuck on many arrows. And the wretched monks lay about the altar and some crept under it and cried with yearning to God, craving his mildness, for that they could get no mildness from men. What may we say but that they shot sorely and that others brake down the doors there and went in and slew some of the monks to death and many wounded therein, so that the blood came from the altar upon the gress *(step)* and from the gress upon the floor. Three were slain to death and eighteen were wounded."

This was the pitiful result of trying to force another form of the Chant in place of the Roman Song introduced with Christianity into England. The Conquerors were inexorable; and in music and church matters generally, as well as in civil things, England became Normanized and the French ruled. Our old Sarum use and music, dear to us as it is by its associations with five hundred years of religious history, is not Roman but Norman, and influenced by the Gallican ideas which had more fully reasserted themselves after the death of Charlemagne.

If, then, Solesmes fail us, in what direction should we search for what remains of the old Roman Song? Putting aside such remnants as are to be found in the Missal to-day and in the Ambrosian rite (where also we must not forget that time and change have left their mark), I am convinced that in such pieces as we have of the old Anglo Saxon Plain-Chant we shall find sufficient of what remains of the old Roman Song to give us a true idea of its spirit. This, I think, is a field that has never been worked at by students.

There are in our public and private collections Anglo-Saxon MSS. still glorious with their superb decoration and telling the tale of that wonderful outburst of artistic life which marked the period of St. Dunstan. One of these, a priceless Psalter, which evidently belonged to Canterbury and was taken possession of by Cranmer, whose signature it bears, has been lately discovered; and I have had the opportunity of seeing it. Joined to the Psalter is a Hymnary which is marked with the *neumes.* One of these melodies has been deciphered and reveals a composition, simple, well accentuated, and hitherto unknown. I must not dwell on this; nor is there any necessity, as competent scholars are now at work on the MS. and we can wait with every confidence for their verdict. But I saw sufficient to confirm me in a conviction which, for some years, has been forming itself in my mind, *viz.*, that Anglo-Saxon MSS. will give us the real clue to the nature of the old Roman Song of St. Gregory. I think it highly probable that the same fate that befell many classical works has overtaken most of these MSS. The old Anglo-Saxon books went out of fashion after the Conquest which introduced and forced "the Chant of the Flemings and Normans," with much else, upon an unwilling people. Here and there copies were kept in cathedral and monastic libraries as historical monuments; but I think the disused books were, in many cases, scraped and cleaned up so as to use the parchment again for other works that the *Scriptorium* had in hand. If this be so, the search should be directed to the discovery of *palimpsests.* Chemistry has made easy the revealing of the ancient writing that was rubbed off to create a clean surface; and priceless treasures of literature have been recovered in this way. Other remains of the old Anglo-Saxon Chant may be discovered in the bindings of later works; for in many cases sheets or parts of sheets of disused MSS. are found so employed; and some of these contain musical notations which will add to our store of knowledge.

I do not think, unless great luck befalls students, that, as I have already said, we shall be able entirely to reconstruct the old Roman Song; but enough is being found to show that, whatever may be the value of the Solesmes Chant, it is not a restoration, entire and pure, of the Gregorian music. Its very spirit is different. Compare it with the grave, sober chant of the Preface (the Ferial form, I think, is the more ancient) or the *Pater Noster.* Here we have sweetness of melody joined to a wonderful simplicity. It is almost one note for one syllable; and if there is sometimes more than one note to a syllable, it is only for the smoothness of the progression. And one important point. The words reign supreme; they are never lost in a whirl of intricate musical phrases, some of great beauty indeed, but destroying the word and causing the hearer to lose the sense in a maze of sound. The principle *sing as you would speak* is impossible when you find forty or fifty notes on some one syllable of a word.

I look upon most of the eleventh century chant, where it is not an original composition, as a variation of a simpler melody. Musicians know how easily a simple phrase can be added to by well-known devices, until it differs from its original simplicity — say, as does a hat when it leaves the milliner's hands. Once a simple straw hat; now it is a *confection!* The trimmings make all the difference. The Solesmes version is, I hold, a trimmed one; an over-trimmed *confection*, which is far removed from simplicity. I might add that another MS. of St. Gall (No. 359), which Père Lambillotte, S.J., considered to be an authentic copy of the antiphonary of St. Peter's, contains only the Graduals and Alleluiatic verses; in other words, simply the show pieces which gave the singers opportunities for exhibiting their powers of execution and endurance. Once the principle of the old Roman Song is made clear, it should not be a task beyond our powers to disentangle the fundamental melody from the overgrowth which at present chokes it; and thus do again what St. Gregory did twelve hundred years ago.

In the "Motu Proprio" Pius X. denies the active participation of the faithful in the sacred mysteries and in the public and solemn prayers of the church. I do not think that there is any evidence that at Rome the faithful ever indulged in congregational singing during the Liturgy. But if the true spirit of the Roman Church be that of simplicity and soberness, it has also another characteristic, *viz.*, that of practicality. If the Holy Father wishes the people to join in the Plain-Song, the music set before them must be such as they can sing. Putting aside the variable parts of the Mass, such as the Introits, etc., and taking only the invariable portions, is it possible to get the people to join in elaborate *Kyries*, for instance? Take the Kyrie No. II., of the Vatican Edition. Not only is the music difficult, the intervals hard, but the method advocated by the Solesmists (which robs the Chant of all virility) is so highly artificial, that it would be impossible to get an ordinary congregation to sing it as it is said it ought to be sung. No; practicality demands an altogether simpler form of music; and this will be found in the old Roman Song, not in eleventh century perversions.

I am quite sure that what I have written will cause many hard sayings. Long use has somewhat inured me. It was Galen, I think, who said: "Much music marreth men's manners"; and Shakespeare wrote more than he meant in the line:

> The Plain-Song is most just : for humours do abound.

That's just where it is. Humors do abound. The Solesmes revival is a humor; a fad, a fashion; but it is not final. It will pass like many another; and better things await us. Meanwhile, let me make myself clear. I make these remarks about the Solesmes version in no carping spirit, and without the slightest desire to disparage the labors of the Benedictines. I most willingly admit and admire the learning and scholarship displayed by the French monks. We owe them a deep debt of gratitude for the example of patient research which shows that the old tradition of the grand Maurist school is not forgotten. While thinking that Dom Gueranger's principle, upon which they have been working, is fallacious, I acknowledge that they have rescued from oblivion much that is of the greatest value. They know the limits of their work and they would be the last to claim more than the facts warrant. It is the humor of their friends that abounds. The purpose of this article is rather to stimulate students to work in fresh woods and pastures new, where faithful labors for the Church will be rewarded with more important results.

New Books.

IRISH HISTORY.

In imitation of the old Irish writers, Dr. Joyce prefixed to his remarkable *Social History of Ireland* a statement of "Place, Time, and Cause," setting forth as "cause," that it was written to give glory to God, honor to Ireland, and knowledge to those who desire to learn all about the old Irish people. In what measure it attained the first object we have not the duty of determining. It certainly does, obviously, attain its second purpose, by the wonderful mass of evidence it has brought forward to show that the ancient Irish were as well advanced in civilization, as orderly and as regular, as the contemporaneous peoples of other countries, and that they were in possession of a highly organized social system that must have been the slow growth of many centuries. Dr. Joyce's great work was, necessarily, too costly to meet with extensive popular sale, and to be within the reach of the thousands "who desire to learn all about the Irish people." He has, however, as far as possible, met this drawback by publishing the present compendium,* which contains all the facts and information concerning the people that are to be found in the larger work. Only quotations, bases of deductions, and reference to authorities, have been omitted, in order to bring the book within much smaller compass. It does not deal with legendary or pre-historic times; but with those only of which there remains authentic record. Every scrap of evidence, written and monumental, Dr. Joyce has thoroughly sifted, with the result that we can form a very accurare idea, not only of the political and public life, but also of the domestic life, even in detail, of the ancient Irish. The first part of the work deals with government, military system, and laws; the second with religion, learning, and art; the third with social and domestic life. Under the latter head we have a large quantity of interesting information on such subjects as food, fuel, light, public hostels, dress, agriculture, industries, weights and measures, sports, pastimes, social observances, wills, burials, funerals, and many others. The general impression conveyed by all the testimony is that the Irish were a highly intellectual people, far removed from the barbarism which some writers have attributed to them, though not quite as superior to all the rest of the world as some of their fond and imaginative descendants believe them to have been. It need not be said that Dr. Joyce's work has been done with due regard for the methods and responsibilities of scholarship.

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* *A Smaller Social History of Ancient Ireland.* By P. W. Joyce, M.A., M.R.I.A., etc. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The new history of Ireland from the pen of Father D'Alton* will cover the ground from the earliest period down to the present day. Two volumes have appeared; the first of which extends down to the end of the reign of Henry VIII., the second brings the narrative as far as the establishment of legislative independence in 1782. The ample size of these volumes has allowed Father D'Alton to treat his subject with satisfactory fullness. He is simple, clear, and, at times, picturesque. The temper of the work is fairly critical, though not unfrequently our author does not acquaint his readers with the existence of an opinion at variance with the one he favors. For example, regarding the birthplace of St. Patrick, he holds that the balance of evidence is in favor of Boulogne; and there is no reference to Bury's opinion. We are surprised, too, to find neither Bury nor Zimmer in the bibliographical list. Again, regarding the authenticity of the Bull "Laudabiliter," one would have expected that the able monograph of Thatcher would have been at least alluded to. But we must judge Father D'Alton's achievement by the purpose with which he starts out. His aim is not, evidently, to contribute anything original in the way of research or criticism; but to produce a popular history by a judicious selection of the best materials that his predecessors have furnished. Consequently, though he is careful to verify his sources, he, usually, spares the reader any tedious disquisitions on their value, and through these two ample volumes he proceeds to give a flowing narrative of the political and military events of the country, in a fashion more accurate, perhaps, and more impartial than many of those who have done the same work before him. But a real history of Ireland since the Norman Conquest is still to be written—and who ever would undertake it must leave the beaten track to seek for knowledge on a vast number of subjects, concerning the social, religious, domestic side of the life of the people, which has been almost totally neglected by those who have compiled Irish history of the last seven hundred years. Study the vivid picture of ancient Irish life as it is set forth by Dr. Joyce, in all its phases, then examine these histories of later days, where we find scarcely a hint concerning the real life of the people—and the extent of the field open for original research becomes apparent. It is true that the data may be meagre. But this can hardly be an objection in an age that has seen the wonderful results which, from still more scanty materials, in the cognate field of ancient Celtic, have been attained by German industry and scientific study.

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* *History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By Rev. E. A. D'Alton, M.R.I.A. In three volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A second series of lectures* on Irish subjects, delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London, has just been published under the editorship of Mr. R. Barry O'Brien. They fall within the period which extends from the accession of James I. to the execution of Charles I. The Rev. S. A. Cox gives an account of the Plantation of Ulster, and does not spare either the Planters or the English Executive. Mr. Philip Wilson discusses Strafford and the events which led up to the Rebellion in 1641. Dr. Donelan tells the story of the Confederation of Kilkenny, and emphasizes the moral of lost opportunities: "There is nothing more sad in all Irish history than to read that when Cromwell, with a comparatively small army, had subjugated Ireland in a few months, 40,000 Irish swordsmen took service in foreign countries. They had missed their chance."

An enthusiastic believer in the superiority of the Celtic race, Mr. Molloy † has assembled all the evidences, legendary, conjectural, and documentary, upon which rests the claim of the Celts to have been the original discoverers of America. Of the validity of that claim he has not the shadow of a doubt. He calls upon his Celtic kinsfolk to remember the glories of their race, "when our people were the standard-bearers of a civilization that was peculiarly their own"; to remember "that this was at a period when the present Anglo-Italio-Judaic civilization was almost unknown; that, either consciously or unconsciously, we have neglected our own ideals, and have been the mainstay of these foreign ones, thereby degrading ourselves, and, in a corresponding degree, elevating those who, when in position, have ruthlessly sacrificed us, and compelled us to carry the cross of their civilization instead of our own, producing the conditions as they exist to-day—our ignorance of the glory and humanity of our ancestors, while we display an immense knowledge of a barbarous European civilization which is, and ever was, antagonistic to the manners, customs, and welfare of our Celtic race!"

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* *Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649.* Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Dublin and Belfast: Browne & Nolan.

† *The Irish in America One Thousand Years Before Columbus.* By Martin J. Molloy. Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

JOHN CALVIN.
By Williston Walker.

A fairly objective account, from a sympathetic point of view, of the Geneva reformer's career* and of the part he played in the development of Protestantism. While the biographer acknowledges that Calvin's system, as a whole, has lost its hold, he claims that its educative effects may be traced through lands in which it has held sway even among those who have widely departed from its habits of thought.

JOUTEL'S JOURNAL OF LA SALLE'S VOYAGE.

This fine historical volume† is appropriately dedicated to the memory of John Gilmary Shea who, forty years ago, projected the series on the *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, of which this is the concluding volume. The first was issued in 1852. It comprised the narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, and A. Douay. The second, which appeared in 1861, is made up of the narratives of Cavalier, St. Cosme, Le Seur, Gravier, and Guegnas. Besides the text of Joutel's Journal, the volume contains the Preface of the French bookseller to the original edition, the Preface written by "Sieur de Mitchell, who methodized this Journal," and a valuable bibliography of the "Discovery of the Mississippi Valley," by Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, at present Chief Bibliographer of the Library of Congress. The body of the volume is a reprint from the first English translation of 1714, of the original French edition of 1713. This story of the last voyage, which proved fatal to the great explorer, is full of interest, at times even fascinating. Joutel was a man of some education, of an observant mind, and loyal to his great leader. After the murder of La Salle he conducted the remnant of the band through innumerable hardships and dangers, over the eight hundred miles of wilderness that separated them from Quebec. In his plain, matter-of-fact diary, the heroic character of La Salle stands out in full relief. "A man of iron," as John Fiske says, "if ever there was one—a man austere and cold in manner, and endowed with such indomitable pluck and perseverance as have never been surpassed in the world." The historian of the explorers might have added that, in high purpose and deep religious character, few men of action have stood higher than the hero of this narrative.

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* *John Calvin: The Organizer of Reformed Protestantism, 1509–1564.* By Williston Walker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage, 1684-7.* New edition, with Historical and Biographical Introduction, etc. By Henry Reed Stiles. Albany, N. Y.: Joseph McDonough.

INDULGENCES.
By Lepicier.

This edition of Father Lépicier's study on Indulgences* might almost be called a new volume. It indicates the result of careful revision, judicious amplification, and a large number of additional notes. The last named feature of the work is mainly due to the author's desire to refute at least some of the contentions and interpretations of facts to be found in the too well-known work of Dr. Lea on this subject. The general plan of the original edition is preserved. The doctrine of indulgences, as it exists in Scripture and tradition, is first expounded. Then the history of the practice of indulgences, from its root in the penitential discipline of the primitive Church, through the transitional period from the fifth to the tenth century, into the subsequent period of active development during the crusades, till it culminated in the great jubilees of the later centuries. Father Lépicier devotes a chapter to the use and the abuses of indulgences, which is, perhaps, the most interesting in the book, from the controversial or apologetic point of view. Admitting that gross abuses existed at certain times, he points out that such abuses nowise vitiate the principle, and are not to be urged against the doctrine itself. He very pertinently observes that modern writers who dwell so insistently upon these abuses, owe their knowledge of them, for the most part, to documents and records relating the condemnations by ecclesiastical authority against the abuses. Indulgences, Father Lépicier admits, "became an indirect source of riches to the churches in favor of which they were granted, or to neighboring places." But, he points out, "the alms for which a prelate grants an indulgence must necessarily have, in his intention, a holy destination." Money, of course, he says, that was originally destined to a noble end, may have been diverted by individual greed from its proper object. Again, Father Lépicier shows that, through the trusting faith of the people in the Church, fabulous concessions were invented. "At Ancona, for instance, it was supposed that Alexander III. had granted to the inhabitants of that town as many indulgences as there are the grains of sand that a man can scoop up from the shore and hold in his two hands. Some prelates, but little better instructed than their flocks, and men whose intentions were not unimpeachable, occasionally exceeded what was wise in their grants." But, even when abuses most prevailed, there were men who, seeing the danger attending the association, in any way, of indulgences and money, set their face against it. "We read as follows in the life (of Blessed Stephen of Aubazine): When he had laid the foundations of his church, the Bishop suggested that he should provide for its completion 'by sending throughout the neighborhood circular letters of indulgences, so as to gain the people's offerings by these abundant spiritual gifts, according to the practice of all church builders.' The saint would not consent to it. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that we should introduce a practice that might scandalize the people and bring trouble on ourselves! God forbid that we should go from church to church, advertising privileges and granting indulgences that God alone can bestow.'" Father Lépicier offers an answer to the the questions: Why do we see such prodigal liberality in the granting of indulgences to-day? And, Why are plenary indulgences attached to such easy works as repeating a simple prayer?

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* *Indulgences: Their Origin, Nature, and Development.* By Rev. Father Alexius M. Lépicier, O.S.M. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE LAST SUPPER.
By Meagher.

To produce a book of information, containing about four hundred and fifty pages, on the Last Supper would tax the powers of the best equipped scholar that exists in the Church or outside of it to-day. When, therefore, we took up the present volume,* which is of the above-mentioned size, we expected to find it cast in a mold unknown to scholarship. We were not disappointed. It is a grotesque farrago of legends, wild conjectures laid down as accepted interpretations, irrelevant digressions, personal reminiscences, disquisitions on all sorts of subjects, including the origin of wedding customs, the antiquity of the flute, shoes, and the evolution of the Prince Albert coat. Theology and ecclesiastical history are affronted by a sustained purpose of finding in the Old Law the origin of everything pertaining to the rites and ceremonies of the Mass, the vestments of the priest and bishop, etc. Even the sacred text itself is not respected, as, for example, we are referred to the Acts of the Apostles for the statement that during the Apostles' time Mass was celebrated with flowers, candles, and ornaments on the altar. While the Talmud, the Torah, Eversheim, and Migne's *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* are laid under heavy contribution, the elementary instruction of the catechism is neglected. We are told that at the Last Supper Christ consecrated the Apostles bishops to take part with him in saying his first Mass; but, we are informed, there is no record of the time when the "diocesan priesthood, represented by the seventy-two disciples, separated from the episcopate represented by the Apostles, and become an order of simple priests differentiated from the bishops." This regrettable volume is of a kind to foster false ideas among the faithful, and to bring the Church and her teaching into contempt.

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* *How Christ Said the First Mass; or, the Lord's Last Supper.* By Rev. J. L. Meagher. New York: The Christian Press Association.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.
By Fell.

Although this author* does not radically depart from the traditional method and arguments of Catholic philosophy in his exposition and proof of the doctrine of immortality, he gives them a certain freshness, and increases their persuasive force, by the ease and amplitude of his treatment. He insists strongly on the proof from self-consciousness, the unity of the *Ego*, and the existence of free will. Omitting the proofs based on the nature of *concepts*, *universal ideas*, he dwells upon the nature of the intelligent soul as a whole. He develops fully the arguments found in man's tendency towards happiness and aspiration after immortality, the postulates of the moral nature, and the consensus of mankind. One is naturally tempted to compare the work with the treatment of the same subject in Father Maher's *Psychology*. We should be inclined to say that, while Father Maher would make more impression on a man of scientific habits, the present work would appeal more strongly to the larger number of persons who approach the problem less from the dialectic than from the practical standpoint. When treating the question of the universal belief of mankind, the author has ventured upon the exegetical topic of the existence of the doctrine of immortality in the Old Testament. Here there is need for some revision in the light of the present views held by Catholic scholars, especially concerning the Book of Ecclesiastes.

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* *The Immortality of the Human Soul Philosophically Explained.* By George Fell, S.J. Translated by Laurence Villing, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder.

HUMAN PERSONALITY.
By Meyers.

Since scientific inquiry turned towards the systematic investigation of abnormal psychological states and activities, real or alleged, such as hypnotism, thought transference, clairvoyance, and the "disintegration of personality," an immense mass of evidence has been accumulated of facts and phenomena which cannot be explained on the convenient hypothesis of fraud. A large quantity of such evidence was published in one work about four years ago by the late F. W. Meyers. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have had an opportunity to form some idea of one section of the book through the articles on Spiritism recently contributed by Father Searle, who drew his facts chiefly from Myers. That work consisted of two bulky and expensive volumes. The present abridgment,* made by a son of the author, is scarcely half the size. It will, however, be sufficiently large and full for the ordinary reader. Without eliminating anything characteristic or typical, the editor has compressed the original into this one volume, by occasional condensation, and by retaining only a few characteristic cases, in many instances, out of a large number presented in the original. The scope of the work is, principally, to collect evidence of the phenomena discussed. Nevertheless, the author enters to some extent on the more difficult and dangerous path of interpretation and theory. Here, in many cases, we must decline to follow him, while fully appreciating the value of the book as an accumulation of reliable data on questions that press for more attentive study than they have hitherto received from our philosophers and psychologists.

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* *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.* By F. W. Meyers. Edited and abridged by his son, Leopold Hamilton Meyers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.
By Pratt.

We have here an attempt,* by a follower of Professor James, to analyze the attitude or state of belief into its various phases or constituent elements. Any one accustomed to the precision and rigor of scholastic methods, will be surprised to find the author ignore the crucial question, What is the difference, if any, between the state signified by *I know*, and that signified by *I believe?* Taking belief to mean "the attitude of assent to the reality of a given object," he distinguishes three types of belief—primitive credulity, such as is manifested in the young child; intellectual belief, or the assent which comes from intellectual motives, after doubt has arisen; and the beliefs, of many sorts, which draw their strength from the field of vital feeling. These three types he proceeds to study in the historical field of religion, and finds the three exemplified in various stages of Christianity. Then he proceeds to investigate, through the help of the conclusions he has reached in the previous analysis, the present status of religious belief. Here he gives the results of an inquiry he started, by the *questionnaire* method, "to discover the relation of argument and unreasoned experience to popular belief," that is to say, to find out, by inquiry from a large number of persons, how far their religious belief is a matter of intellectual conviction, or an impulse of the soul towards an object of which it experiences the need. The book will repay study. We must, however, submit that Professor Pratt's definition of intellectual belief stands in need of modification. On what grounds is the assertion made that intellectual belief must be preceded by doubt? Why, for instance, cannot the child, who first believes something that his parents have told him, subsequently, without calling the belief in doubt, exercise his intelligence and thereby acquire a reasoned conviction of what from the first he believed? This is, certainly, frequently the case. If, on the contrary, a period of doubt must intervene between the assent of unqestioning belief, based on trust in others, and intellectual conviction, an intermediate stage of scepticism had to be traversed, every Catholic child would necessarily be an heretical doubter before passing into adolescence.

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* *Psychology of Religious Belief.* By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

LITERARY FORGERIES.
By Farrar.

The purpose of this book * is to convey some idea of the large space which literary forgery occupies in the intellectual history of the race, and of the influence it has had upon the destinies of the world. If we are to judge the book by this grandiose purpose, it cannot be called a complete success. Although such forgeries as the *Letters of Phalaris*, or the pseudo-Shakespearean tragedy of "Vortigern," by which a boy of eighteen deceived many scholars, shall always remain curiosities of literature, and, perhaps, to a minor extent, problems of abnormal psychology, it is overestimating their importance to assign to the entire collection any great influence on the world's literature. The number of literary forgeries which have appreciably affected the fortunes of the world are very few indeed. This may be seen at a glance by looking at this very volume. Of the sixteen chapters it contains, which comprise most of the established cases of remarkable literary forgeries, only one or, at most, two relate cases which had any bearing on actual life. One of these is the ecclesiastical forgeries of the early middle ages, and the other the *Eikon Basilike*, which contributed to the restoration of the Stuarts. Mr. Farrar suggests that the number and character of some of the forgeries that have been exposed afford grave reason for suspecting that historians must have been deceived by a vast number of others which have eluded detection, and that there has been a wholesale incorporation of fictitious documents into the pages of history. This conclusion, however, is conjectural. Certainly, the history of the Marie Antoinette letters prove clearly enough that history has, to some extent, been vitiated by errors imported into it through the perverted ingenuity of manufacturers of evidence, which has proved too much for the vigilance of critics. The story of the Byron and Shelley letters, which deceived men in the most favorable position for detecting them, and which were found out by a mere accident, carry a useful lesson, just now, for those who, in immeasurably more important matters, place almost boundless confidence in expert criticism. The brilliant enterprise of M. Vrain

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* *Literary Forgeries.* By J. A. Farrar. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Denis Lucas, too, has a moral worthy of consideration by our rich American collectors, who pay large prices for documentary souvenirs and autographs of historic personages. The reader who will decline to gauge the book by its author's professed purpose, will find it a very enjoyable ramble through an attractive by-way of literature.

CONFERENCES OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

How often has the old translation of the *Conferences* of St. Francis de Sales, with its ridiculous gallicisms and its many other defects, provoked the remark: "Why does not somebody give us a good English version of this classic of the spiritual life?" If forty years has been a long time to wait for the desired work,* it is pleasant to find that when a new one has at length appeared, it leaves no opening for criticism. Though two names are associated as editors on the title-page, Dom Gasquet is alone in introducing the translation to the public. Abbot Gasquet tells us that Dom Benedict Mackay had actually begun the revision when death put an end to his labors. He pays a high tribute to the dead scholar, whose studies went for something in the excellence of this volume. "What his loss has been to this undertaking, only those who know what he has done in editing the works of St. Francis de Sales can appreciate. For more than twenty years he had been allowed by the Superiors of the English Benedictines to devote himself to this labor of love. The fourteen published volumes of the great Annecy edition form his most fitting monument. It has been lately said of him that there can be no doubt that by his death we have lost the man who knew more about St. Francis de Sales than any one else, living or dead." The eloquent Preface, written by Cardinal Wiseman for the translation of 1862, is prefixed to the present one.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS.
By Baker.

Through this collection of essays,† grouped roughly under three heads, Ideals, Sociological Problems, and Education, the thread of unity is the purpose to point out some of the weak spots in the present prevailing public and individual standards of conduct, which are to be made whole, not by public legislation, but by private effort, individual and social. Mr. Baker emphasizes the social motive as an incentive to work for the curing of the present weaknesses, which he attributes not to decay, but to the exuberance and bumptiousness of a young and vigorous nation.

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* *The Spiritual Conferences (St. Francis de Sales).* Translated from the Annecy Text of 1895, under the Supervision of Abbot Gasquet and the late Canon Mackay, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *American Problems.* Essays and Addresses. By James H. Baker, M.A., LL.D., President of the University of Colorado. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE ATONEMENT.
By Dinsmore.

This is a philosophical rather than a literary dissertation* on a profound idea, which has manifested itself from the beginning as one of the elemental chords of human life; that is, the idea of sin, retribution, and reconciliation. Assuming that literature is life in its highest expression, Mr. Dinsmore undertakes to show that it is this idea of offence and subsequent reconciliation which gives their value to some of the great masterpieces of literature — Homer's *Iliad;* the Plays of Æschylus and Sophocles; the *Divina Comedia;* Shakespeare's "Macbeth," "Richard III.," "The Winter's Tale," "Henry VIII.," and "The Tempest"; *Paradise Lost; Adam Bede; The Scarlet Letter;* and some other classics. From the persistence of this idea, he draws an argument for the truth of the doctrine that sin has separated man from his Creator, and that Christ is—to use a scholastic term which, probably unknown to the writer, summarizes his dissertation—the *principium reductivum*, by which man is reconciled to God. This study is in fine contrast with the manner in which the people who belong to the "art for art's sake" school treat the great masterpieces of literature.

HISTORY OF DIPLOMACY.
By Hill.

With the development of the family of nations, which this work pursues, its own specific character as a history of *diplomacy* becomes more pronounced. Intrinsically, as Mr. Hill observes, diplomacy is an appeal to ideas and principles rather than to force. Having but little of the modern machinery by which diplomacy is now carried on, the Middle Ages employed the thing itself on a vast scale and with far reaching results. The present volume,* covering the period from the Hundred Years' War down to the end of the Thirty Years' War, has to deal with the rise of national sovereignties, the preponderance and gradual decline of the Papal temporal supremacy, the Reformation and its consequences all over Europe, and the establishment of international law. It might be called a history of European statesmanship for the period under consideration. To treat such a vast subject in a single volume, even though of large size, imposes the necessity of condensation to such a degree that the significance of all events, and the complexity of the forces in play, can with difficulty be held up to view. It is, perhaps, the most meritorious characteristic of Mr. Hill's work that he shows a good sense of proportion, and resists the temptation of crowding up his pages with masses of insignificant details. Another merit is his impartiality and freedom from pre-conceived theory. The Papacy, of course, looms large throughout all this era, and throughout it receives from the author a treatment which, for fairness, contrasts favorably with the works of many general historians of the period. A history of this kind cannot have the interest of one which records every side of life. Yet, if the study of history is chiefly valuable for the lessons of human experience it records, we can find those lessons more ready to hand in a work of this kind than in one where we must constantly wade through accounts of campaigns, marches, and countermarches, lists of troops, stories of battles and manœuvres, which may possess some value for the professional soldier, but can do little towards increasing the practical wisdom of anybody else.

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* *Atonement in Life and Literature.* By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.
By Maturin.

In printed form, the sermons of Father Maturin hardly deserve to be called striking; so it must be that they do not, in any adequate measure, represent the qualities of his spoken discourse. The spontaneity and directness and simplicity of a preacher tell less in his favor when he writes than when he stands in the sight of a listening multitude. In the pages before us,† therefore, we find things that may be criticized from the literary standpoint, limitations which will prevent the book from exercising the same influence that its author would readily command in person. At the same time, for those who appreciate sincere, sensible, and profound spiritual lessons, this series of sermons on the Beatitudes will be an acceptable book. The discerning reader will easily perceive the superiority of this volume to the ordinary book of sermons, and will not hesitate to pronounce it well worthy of publication, as it stands. Father Maturin's characteristic tone runs through the whole set of discourses; first and last, he is a teacher of the things of the spirit. He is practical, clear, penetrating, and encouraging. He strikes hard at sin and points the way to holiness clearly. Books like his are good to have by our side, for reasons which the following passage will help to make plain in part:

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* *A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe.* Vol. II. *The Establishment of Territorial Sovereignty.* (Maps and tables.) By David Jayne Hill. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Laws of the Spiritual Life.* By B. W. Maturin. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"I think there is no one capable of such daring, perhaps even of such badness, as the woman who wants to throw herself into the tumultuous life around her and is held back by the fact that she has not the natural gifts that would bring her to the front. The restraints that she chafes against, the things that she sees and hears, and interprets perhaps as even worse than they are, all prepare her for a reckless plunge when she gets the chance. If she has been religiously brought up she revolts against the standards which she tries to imagine hold her back. The beauty and easy ways of human life, from which she is shut out, rouses in her a fierce antagonism against what she considers the narrow lines of her training, and her rebellious and bitter spirit throws them to the winds and tears them to tatters at the first chance she gets."

CHURCH HISTORY.
By the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Judging from the character of the handbook,* which the good Sisters of Notre Dame have written for children, we should say that if the average collegian or seminarian were obliged to submit to an examination in recent church history at the hands of these women he might well look forward with trepidation to the ordeal before him. The adult who would be a thorough master of the contents of these one hundred and thirty odd pages might congratulate himself on possessing a very intelligent acquaintance with almost every important fact, movement, and personage that figure in the fortunes of the Church in Europe from the rise of Jansenism till the death of Leo XIII. It is a complete history on a reduced scale, in which the proper proportions are carefully retained, the more important features placed in bold prominence, and their significance explained. The style is lively and the method of treatment displays a breadth of view and impartiality of judgment not always enjoyed by those who look at Catholic interests from a convent window. One or two excerpts from different sections may be submitted to give some idea of the quality of the whole. From an excellent brief synopsis of the history of Gallicanism we quote the paragraph regarding the Assembly of 1682: "Up to this point there had been no regular ecclesiastical action in the matter. When the council was called in 1682 its members were carefully chosen, under pressure from the government, so that the votes might be entirely in the royal interest. In spite of the absence of some of the most distinguished theologians, such as Bourdaloue, Mabillon, Fénelon, and others, the resolutions of the Assembly were issued under the title of 'Declaration of the French Clergy.' The Archbishop of Paris was a mere tool of the State. Bossuet, almost the only Bishop of note who took part in the so-called council, was under obligations to the king, and was not magnanimous enough to set his duty to the Church above human considerations. He accepted, though with reluctance, the important part assigned to him, and pronounced the opening speech." Another age and another land: "The theory of evolution, in its Christian sense, was applied by Cardinal Newman to matters of religion in his *Development of Christian Doctrine*, in which he shows that Catholic dogma, ever the same, has nevertheless grown with the ages, and taken new shapes to suit the varying needs of the changing times. The vitality of the Church is proved by her living teaching, which assimilates the ever-increasing store of human knowledge. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the current Aristotelian philosophy, which was supposed to be directly hostile to Christianity, was made use of by St. Thomas Aquinas to give logical precision and accuracy of expression to the scholastic theology. Nor can it be doubted that the scientific discoveries of modern times, when fully understood and developed, will harmonize perfectly with the teachings of the Church, and prove once more that truth is incapable of contradicting itself. Protestantism, on the contrary, denies the possibility of evolution in dogma, and abides by the letter of Scripture. The consequence of this stagnation is that when Scripture does not fit a particular case, there is no other refuge than negation, and negation means liberalism in its most extreme form." Where the standard of excellence is so high it is scarcely worth while to note one or two trifling inaccuracies that have struck the eye. And we shall merely note, without making the obvious comment, that, while the revival in Germany, the Oxford movement, Catholic emancipation in Ireland and England receive due consideration, there is not a line to indicate that within the pale of the universal Church there is a region called America.

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* *Leading Events of the History of the Church.* Written for Children by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Part V. *Later Modern Times.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. The handiest volume—and one most sorely needed for ready reference—of the complete works of Shakespeare has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The present book * is comparatively small; light in weight; excellent type; careful setting; and handy arrangement; with an appendix of textual notes and a glossary. It serves the purpose of one who would carry a Shakespeare with him for the summer or on a journey; and of one also who must refer to an authoritative reading of Shakespeare's text. The editor has been unsparing in his care and research. The present text is founded on an independent examination of the early Quarto and First Folio editions of Shakespeare's works; and the editor gives detailed reasons for his selection in a preface to every play and poem. To the editor and publishers of this volume we cannot but express our heartfelt thanks, and we recommend it most cordially to the scholar, the student, and the general reader.

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* *The Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by William Allan Neilson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 March): An application has been made to the Pope for the establishment of Catholic houses of study for women at Oxford and Cambridge. Since a decision of Propaganda in 1897 it has been unlawful to establish such colleges, although during the past decade many Catholic women have followed the University courses. The delegation was favorably received by the Pope and it is expected that the decision will soon be communicated to the Archbishop of Westminster.——There will probably be a long series of beatifications at St. Peter's during the year 1908, but none during the present year. ——The situation in France is reported to be unaltered: "The Bishops are simply marking time."

(23 March): A complete summary of the "New Theology" is here given. It is divided into ten portions, relating especially to "Revelation," "Faith," and "Dogma." The system is declared to be erroneous, *a priori*, narrow, obviously heretical and subversive of the Christian and Catholic faith. An appendix of quotations is given to illustrate these statements.

(30 March): A criticism of Dr. Gore's statement of the relations existing between the "New Theology" and the Anglican Church. His endeavor to establish a harmony between the two seems to compromise his own position, and leaves him open to the charge of inconsistency.—— At the Public Consistory, to be held on April 18, the Pope contemplates the creation of six new Cardinals. There is no prelate of English-speaking countries among them; indeed, all but one of them are Italians.

The Month (April): Writing on "The Shepherd and the Flock" the editor says: "If ever there was a time when the need of the Shepherd's voice was felt to guide the bewildered flock, assuredly it is now; and if ever the voice of Christ's vicar spoke in tones the unworldly dignity of which might seem impossible to gainsay, it is as Pius X. has spoken in this French crisis." The result of this has been that the Church's enemies refuse peace until she renounces the one claim which justifies her existence

—the exercise of any living practical authority.——The Rev. P. de Vregille describes the kind of mind peculiar to the French and the English. He finds each intellectual type trying to realize its own type in the physical theories proposed, and he thus gives us a view of the influence of both English and French minds on the development of physical science.——Father Thurston, writing on "The Early Cultus of the Blessed Sacrament," finds no evidence of what we should now call a visit to the Blessed Sacrament earlier than the year 1100. A few alleged illustrations of such earlier than this period are rejected by him. Probably the first real example is found in a letter written, in 1166, by St. Thomas of Canterbury. In the MSS. of the Ancren Riwle of the twelfth century evidence is found of the full realization of the Eucharistic Presence.

The Crucible (March): A teacher will find most suggestive the exposition of the Munich Catechetical Method by Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B. Though the authors of the Method do not claim Newman as an authority, their priciples are identical with those brought out by the great Cardinal in his *Grammar of Assent.* The distinction between notional and real propositions is explained, and the effective way of reaching the will through the imagination and the emotions, by means of concrete presentations, is expounded. The writer hopes to encourage study of this method, which is both Newman's and that of the Association of Catechists in South Germany.——Miss A. A. McGinley speaks of "Some Values of Impersonal Teaching," pointing out defects in the Catholic system of education which are traceable to an excess of personal teaching.——"The beauty which is from within," writes Miss Petre, "does not fade with time, but is deepened by the nobler struggles of life. Such beauty is personal, no mere accidental quality of body. The cult of mere ugliness, the lack of taste and artistic feeling, deserve no honor or respect; but, while exercising reasonable care that the body may be a worthy vehicle for the soul, we shall, in time, scorn those artifices which make us appear other than we are. We shall take more pride in making our looks than in letting our looks make us; and to be ashamed of our faces will become tantamount to being ashamed of our souls."——We are glad to know from the Editor that the Catholic Women's League has come into actual existence, and that the work is fast assuming definite form. The good women in this movement are doing a noble work in a noble manner, and must elicit interest and sympathy from every quarter.

International Journal of Ethics (April): Reform in the matter of the death penalty occupies the attention of Mr. Carl Heath. The moral perceptions of the more enlightened members of a nation, he says, are always ahead of its criminal codes. To effect a change means, in a democratic country, to first change the view of the average citizen. No easy task, for the average man is not only conservative in his views of moral problems, but to his natural conservatism is added a heavy weight of indifferentism that has first to be overcome. Hence, the bringing of criminal law into line with modern day ethical standards is a phenomenally slow process. Of all examples, the most striking is that of the legal penalty of death for murder. The writer voices the sentiment of a movement which is working for the exclusion of women from the death penalty, and the introduction of the principle of gradation as regards crimes of murder.——The ethical aspects of economics are pointed out in a discussion of the subject by Prof. W. R. Sorley of the University of Cambridge. There are two ways in which economic inquiry leads up to and is connected with questions of ethics. On the one hand, the action of human beings is not determined by purely economic forces. Economic motives do not operate—do not even exist—by themselves. So the modern economist, in order to secure a broader and truer knowledge of his science, has been forced to study a class of facts which are properly ethical. On the other hand, the real objective worth of things is determined by ethical, not by economic, standards.——Convinced that woman has a definite, peculiar contribution to give the civilization of this age and those to come, Mr. F. Melian Stowell urges her right to all the means necessary for her full development. She, from whom society is daily demanding more and more service, should be allowed some control in its direction. Those who believe with Clough, that human beauty and grace are grounded in utility and reason, will be little disturbed at the disappearance of the refinement that comes from doing nothing if they can hope for the refinement born of doing things well.

The Hibbert Journal (April): Rev. R. J. Campbell urges the need of bringing together on wider lines the men who, in various religious communions, are in sympathy with the standpoint of the "New Theology." The need of the hour, he insists, is the strong assertion of our fundamental Christian unity, or at any rate of the idea of social brotherhood based upon spiritual sanctions. The obvious, glaring thing in the world of human affairs to day is that the Church has been trying too long to save men from suffering in a world to come, and has been only partially concerned about the root-causes of suffering in this. Faith has too often been deprived of its moral content, and spoken of as if it had only an intellectual content. The ethical and spiritual reawakening of Christendom is at hand.——The aim of the new "Catholic Movement," says Latinus, distinguishes it from all preceding movements of a liberalizing tendency in the Catholic Church. Its character is essentially scientific. It has a religious as distinct from an apologetic value; that is to say, it tends not merely to conserve existing religious beliefs as legacies from the past, but to infuse into them fresh life and vigor from the realities of modern experience. Thoroughness and sincerity is the note of its philosophy throughout. First and foremost, it will have done once and for all with that timorous and pitiable system of concessions and half-truths, than which nothing has tended more to discredit religion among serious thinkers. As M. Paul Desjardins has well said, we do not make concessions to truth; we simply recognize it. Nay, more, if we are lovers of truth, we welcome it; and if we believe that God is truth, we see in each new acquisition of science an addition to our knowledge of God. Catholic thinkers speak of dogma as being psychological, in that it reflects the psychology of those who enunciate it and those for whom it is enunciated. Dogmas are thus relative, but they contain the absolute, and are indeed conditions under which the absolute is made known to us, in so far as we can know it. He who thus conceives religion, will rid himself of that fallacy of finality, and all that narrowness of vision and pettiness of mind aptly described by a French writer as the tradition of the little books that make God little. This is the spirit of the new movement, says the writer. It realizes the futility of trying to twist facts to suit theories derived from a past which was destitute of the knowledge we now possess; what we have to do is to adjust the theories to suit the facts. To him, he concludes, it seems that, both in the circumstances of the time and in the nature of the Latin religion, these are forces that make strongly for the realization of the ideal of faith without superstition, and obedience without servility, which leaders like Fogazzaro and Laberthonnière are setting before the Catholic world.——Sir Oliver Lodge discusses "A Reformed Church as an Engine of Progress." To make the National Church this, he says, there will be needed: first, more spontaneity and less monotony in Church service of all kinds, and the abandonment of mechanical uniformity in worship; second, more liberal education for ministers, and the broadening and simplification of tests, so as to exclude as few good men as possible; third, and consequent upon these two, clear-sighted recognition of the signs of the times, study and enlightened encouragement of true beneficence, and stalwart opposition to all abuses of power.——It is a notable feature in the theological unrest of to-day, says Rev. Frank Ilsley Paradise, that no serious attempt has been made to define the nature and functions of the Church. There are in the Protestant world at least several conceptions of this sacred institution which cannot be brought into agreement. It is for "The Living Church" that the writer pleads. When we have grasped the idea that the Church is called to bear witness to the true life of God, and the true sonship of Christ—that it must at last embrace "the whole human society, organized for the spiritual ends of man"—then the question of metaphysics and the niceties of definitions grow insignificant before the sublime and compelling purpose for which the Church exists.——To those who would explain the miracles of healing in the Gospel Narrative by the Neurotic Theory, Dr. R. J. Ryle says that they must show that diseases which Christ cured were of the kind which experience proves to admit of psychical treatment; and, moreover, must make clear that the way in which the cures were effected was the way by which, at the present day, such cures are effected when what has been called moral therapeutics has been the method employed. For it is to be remembered that only a very small portion of diseases to which human flesh is heir are nervous diseases; and that of nervous, again, only a very small and unimportant group admit of cure in this way.

Le Correspondant (10 March): "The Elections and the Public Spirit in Germany" is an anonymous contribution in which the dissolution of the Reichstag and other national questions are discussed. The recent elections demonstrate, the author concludes, that in the very heart of Europe there are sixty millions of people who are ready, at any moment and on any question, to hand over to their regent the reins of government when he says the word.——M. Jules Arren reviews Fr. Vaughan's *The Sins of Society*. These sermons are most interesting, from a sociological standpoint, as a study of the manners and customs of English society. They can also claim attention as examples of the ultra-modern method of preaching.

(25 March): A recent work, *Fénelon et Madame Guyon*, by M. Masson, is reviewed by Henri Joly. This work consists of new and unpublished documents. One sees in these evidences of a faith which prohibits reflection, of a will which is employed continually in securing absolute indifference. This is, without doubt, a dangerous narcotic.——The same writer reviews a new correspondence of St. Francis de Sales. In this we find no exchange of flatteries, such as characterized Fénelon's, but a frank, open avowal of friendship—a friendship strong and ardent, founded on a higher love and noble faith.——Jean Rodes describes the reform movement in China. It is spreading everywhere with unexpected rapidity along educational and commercial lines. One of the most progressive China-

men is Ho Kai, a graduate of the University of Aberdeen. Hong Kong is the centre of the Liberal Movement.

Études (5 March): M. de Vregille continues his defence of the Jesuits' attitude toward Galileo. In this number he first pleads the case of Bellarmine. This learned Jesuit, it must be admitted, transmitted to Galileo the condemnation of the Inquisition which, in 1616, declared the new theories unacceptable. But with the later and more important condemnation of 1633 he could have had nothing to do, having died twelve years before. Only one of the three consultors in 1633 was a Jesuit. The chief conflict waged against Galileo by the Jesuits was in the field of philosophy, where, as true defenders of tradition, they vigorously opposed the innovation of Galileo.

(20 March): M. de Tonguédec presents an analysis and criticism of the idea of Truth in the "new philosophy" of Bergson, Le Roy, and others. The charge is made that they do not use terms in their proper meaning. The writer claims that the scholastic phraseology is either rejected or interpreted wrongly, *e. g.*, truth is made entirely subjective by the new school. A return to traditional definitions is strongly advocated. In the domain of religion this new conception of truth is said to be dangerous, for mere fecundity and endurance of dogmas are taken as sufficient grounds for the truth of said dogmas. Frequent references to the works of Loisy seem to denote our reviewer's attitude concerning the exponents of this new school of philosophy.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (March): If the servants of Christ are to obey his injunction to "teach the nations," what science is required of them? Not merely theology, insists M. Paul Lapeyre, in an address to some seminarians, for authoritative, *a priori* teaching on matters not of faith has ceased to be popular. A broad spirit, springing from a practical knowledge of conditions, must replace the spirit which tends towards dogmatic pronouncement, if the religious teacher would influence in any degree, even his Catholic auditors. The character of priesthood as such is no longer an infallible passport to the hearts of the people. That must be reinforced by personality and active sympathy, if the divine teacher would have authority that commands. The men are urged to study how the people actually live, how they ought to live, and what are the processes which must be corrected if progress towards the ideal would be realized. Since social evils are the fruitful source of private vice, it is not merely expedient, but absolutely imperative that the clergy should co-operate in the effort to mitigate them.——It is difficult to define Socialism, regarded as a generic idea, for the term is applied indiscriminately to every species of reform movement. The idea fundamental in all socialistic tendency, however, admits of analysis, and to this it is subjected in the present number. Socialism is essentially economic. Questions of philosophic import have worked themselves into the discussion, but really have no legitimate place there. The suggestion is made that we Catholics study Socialism, not with the purpose of finding refutation for its possible errors, but with that of forming an estimate of it pro or con, which will be based on a scientific understanding of its aim and means. ——The Catholic social movement in Italy is second in activity to none in Europe. M. Toniolo, professor at the University of Pisa, writes of it with an enthusiasm which is characteristic of the leaders of the movement everywhere.

La Quinzaine (March): Charles Dupuis concludes his discussion of the system of equilibrium with an article on its evolution.——The efforts and struggles of Lamennais and Lacordaire, which resulted in the final suppression of *L'Avenir*, form the theme of C. Boutard's contribution. ——Ch. Florisoone estimates the value of the legends of the saints. They are not history, but unlike history their aim is to console and strengthen, and finally to elevate towards the absolute perfection of God.

(16 March): With deep regret we note the announcement that with this number *La Quinzaine* closes its brilliant, honorable, and useful career. In its valedictory the distinguished editor reviews its history and, modestly but confidently, points out the successful labors it has sustained in the promotion of intellectual development, organization of the movements for social amelioration

and social justice. Although, like every other good work, *La Quinzaine* has been subject to adverse criticism from persons whose honesty of purpose and good intentions are unimpeachable, this hostility has had nothing to do with its suspension; for, on the other hand, it has had wide support. But, unfortunately, the support has failed to express itself concretely, and the directors feel that their resources do not warrant a continuance of the publication. M. Fonsegrive defines with precision, and abundantly defends the principles which guided the policy of himself and his associates. He deprecates the tendency of some minds who perceive a heretic in everybody, however loyal he may be, who differs from their own views —"there is as much danger, in a period of transition like the present, in standing still as in going forward." Critical methods, regulated by prudence and guided by loyalty, have, he reminds us, achieved victories and conferred benefits on Catholic truth, and their help will prove necessary and effective in an increasing degree in the future. M. Fonsegrive gives a masterly outline of the present intellectual situation in France, as well as in the Church at large, and indicates the lines on which present dangers are to be met successfully. The regret we feel at the announcement of *La Quinzaine's* disappearance is deep and sincere. It is tempered by the assurance M. Fonsegrive offers that in future he may still, in *Le Correspondant*, keep in touch with those pens who made its pages vehicles of light and learning.

Studi Religiosi (Jan.–Feb.): P. Semeria, in a long study of the authorship of the *Imitation*, concludes that Thomas à Kempis has the best claim to that honor. He concedes, however, that this conclusion is not without its difficulties. ——L. Franceschi proves that the progress of evolutionary biology leaves intact the ancient belief in a Creator and a providential Ruler of the Universe.——C. di Jeano gives a summary sketch of the state of Byzantine Christianity at the time of the Arab invasions.——P. Minocchi tells us that since his article in the previous *Studi*, in opposition to Father Tyrrell, he has been receiving many letters in praise of his criticisms, but many more in censure of them. He has been especially rated for the article because, it is charged, it will tend to prejudice ecclesiastical authority against Father Tyrrell. To these allegations he replies, vindicating his impartiality and good faith, and once more declaring that, at least by implication, the famous *Confidential Letter* contains statements irreconcilable with the fixed dogma of Catholicism.

Stimmen Aus Maria Laach (March): Under the title "The Social Democratic Family of the Future," Fr. V. Cathrein, S.J., begins a criticism of certain socialistic views of the home and the marriage bond. Fr. Cathrein shows what he believes to be essential to the home according to the Christian conception. Its primary purpose is the generation and education of children. He calls attention to the part which family life has played in elevating and Christianizing our nations. One of the insidious attacks of Socialism on the present order is, he believes, its attempt to discredit the Catholic doctrine of the indissoluble marriage bond and to experiment with new and, as it professes, more nearly ideal forms of family life.

Current Events.

Russia.

Notwithstanding the assurances given by M. Stolypin that it is the fixed determination of the Tsar and his advisers that Russia is to become a constitutional monarchy, in which law and not arbitrary will is to be dominant, there was a moment since our last notes were written, and since this declaration, when the best informed authorities felt sure that the *Duma* was again to be dissolved. "The dispersal of the *Duma* is said to be resolved upon; nothing short of a miracle can save it." This miracle has happened; the *Duma* has not been dissolved—up to the present. So long, however, as its existence depends upon the will of one man and backstairs advisers, its existence is, at the best, precarious. But even if the worst happens, Russians can never again be the victims of an unmitigated despotism; seeds have been sown which must bear fruit. The only question is whether the reign of law is to be established peacefully and by discussion, or through the throes of a bloody revolution.

The hope that the evolution may take place peacefully, and be brought about through the instrumentality of the present *Duma*, rests, of course, upon the moderation of its members. That moderate means will be adopted depends largely upon the action of the Constitutional Democrats, and upon their securing the co-operation of a majority in the *Duma*. The extremists, whether on the Right or the Left, are the enemies who stand in the way. The refusal of the government to work with the Constitutional Democrats, its attempt even to ostracize them, forms another obstacle to the attainment of the hoped-for result. So far, however, such a catastrophe has been averted.

The interest which attaches to the attempt now being made by a mighty empire to rise from the depths of an oppressive tyranny to a measure of freedom, justifies a more detailed chronicle than the proceedings of an ordinary parliament deserve. The president of the *Duma*, on his reception in a special audience by the Tsar, was assured by his Majesty that it was with great satisfaction that he witnessed its opening. In the organization of the house by the election of various officials a narrow and sectarian spirit was shown by the Opposition, inasmuch as it refused to elect any member of the Right. The favorable impressions of the first day soon vanished; the air was soon filled with rumors of an immediate dissolution—rumors which were based upon the common hostility to the *Duma* of the Reactionaries on the one hand and the Revolutionists on the other. Amnesty for all political offenders and agrarian reform, together with the field Courts-martial, were the crucial questions. At the end of the first week military preparations, it is said, had already been made in view of a dissolution. The situation was saved by the moderation displayed by the great majority of the members of the *Duma*. The momentous words of M. Stolypin in his exposition of the government's programme, when he indicated his willingness to accept the decision of the *Duma* upon those proposals, even if contrary to the government's wishes, seemed to render success certain. And so they would have done if his assurance could have been relied upon. The question of the field Courts-martial showed, however, that this was not the case.

The rock upon which the *Duma* nearly split was the Bill brought in by the Constitutional Democrats for the abolition of the field Courts-martial which were established by Ukase last August. To these Courts-martial it may be remembered was given the power of trying and summarily executing within a few hours all persons taking part in revolutionary or riotous proceedings. The measure was of so arbitrary a character that it would not be dreamt of in a properly organized country. Notwithstanding his declaration made a few days before, M. Stolypin opposed even the consideration of the Bill. His opposition was not without result, for although the Bill was referred to a Committee, urgency was refused, as M. Stolypin promised that the Courts-martial would not act except in the most urgent necessity. This, together with the action of the Socialist groups, led to the belief to which we have referred, that the dissolution of the *Duma* had been decided upon. Happily the belief has proved to be without foundation.

Agrarian measures have occupied in the main the subsequent attention of the *Duma*. The Extreme Left advocates wholesale expropriation, in order to increase what all admit must be increased, the holdings of the peasants. The government, of course, resists this, but admits its admissibility in exceptional cases. The debates on this question have offered a striking contrast to the fierce irreconcilable character of those which took place in the first *Duma*. Finally, the Budget has been submitted to the *Duma's* consideration and has been referred to a Committee for detailed discussion. Although great efforts to reduce expenditure have been made, there is a deficit which will necessitate an increase of taxation. Such is a brief record of the proceedings so far of the second *Duma;* these proceedings afford grounds for both hope and fear.

By the death of M. Pobiedonostzeff the most dangerous enemy of the new order has been removed. He forms a striking instance, of which many might be given, of the harm wrought by the sincere holder of erroneous notions. The failure of all his efforts is, too, a proof of the impotency, at least in our days, of the alliance between would-be orthodoxy and despotism. The resultant state of Russia, morally and politically, is, to use a hackneyed expression, a good object-lesson of the failure of brute force. During the reign of Alexander III. and the earlier part of that of the present Tsar, of whom he was the tutor, M. Pobiedonostzeff was the power behind the Throne. He treated religious dissidents with such barbarous cruelty that—*Horresco referens*—some have almost been ready to thank God that Tophet has been ordained of old as a place of punishment. To him is due the compulsion which led the Uniats of Poland some years ago to join the Orthodox Church. And yet this man, who was so brutal in his methods, was the translator into Russian of the *Following of Christ*, and is said to have kept constantly on his table a copy of Emerson's Essays.

The relations of Russia with foreign powers remain unchanged. Its first backward step since it became a power has been taken. As stipulated in the Treaty of Portsmouth, Manchuria has been completely evacuated, except for a few soldiers who serve as guards of the railways. The Dowager Empress Marie, sister of the Queen of England, has been paying a fairly long visit to that country. A Russian Squadron has visited England. The sailors were enthusiastically received, and a message of welcome was sent to them by the King. All this contributes in some degree to the *rapprochement* between Great Britain and Russia, the accomplishment of which has been long expected and eagerly desired.

Germany.

The first session of the new Reichstag adjourned without any noteworthy achievement. The supplies asked for by the government were voted—even those for the colonies, although in a somewhat modified form. These were the occasion of the dissolution in December last. It is left to the future to reveal how the government will succeed in rallying to its support the hostile elements, of which the majority—if there is to be a majority—must consist. On the one hand, the Conservatives representing the agricultural interests wish to maintain, if not to increase, the tariffs which Liberals and Radicals representing consumers wish to diminish. The latter are anxious to increase the power of the people by making ministers responsible to the Reichstag; the former look upon such proposals with horror. There is one anomaly, however, which, although it calls in all strict justice for amendment, will doubtless call in vain, for the existence of the present majority depends upon its maintenance. On account of the ill-adjusted arrangements of constituencies, due to the movements of the population since the establishment of the Empire, the minority of the people have the majority of representatives in the Reichstag. The groups which support the government are weak among the masses, while the real mind and will of the people—so far as a majority is the right expression of them—is represented by the opponents of the government. This adds to the difficulties of an already difficult task.

The composite character of the Empire—it being a Federation of States, each with its own parliaments and ministries—adds to the difficulty. At the present time in the Prussian Chamber certain questions with reference to education are being discussed, and this discussion leads to a union between the parties which are opposed to each other in the Imperial Reichstag; the Conservatives and the Centre have entered into an alliance against the Liberals and Radicals. The latter naturally resent being thus thrown over when their support is not necessary, and being made use of as tools when their support is needed, and characterize the policy as amphibious and wanting in sincerity.

The Chancellor's difficulties are increased by the state of the national finances. The value of the Imperial loans has sunk in the time of the profoundest peace. The three per cents, for example, being valued at 84:90. The resources of the Imperial Bank are strained to the utmost. Among the causes assigned for this depression, is the Bourse legislation passed a few years ago at the instance of the Agrarians. This legislation testified to their recognition of the principles of commutative justice—whether this recognition was the motive for their action we cannot say. Its effect has been to restrict the operations of the stock market, for it prohibits transactions in differences and withdraws legal sanction from such bargains, and has thus been the means of sending out of Germany millions of capital. The repeal of this legislation, or at least its modification, is one of the demands of the Liberal Party in the Reichstag. If the Conservatives oppose it, the government's majority will be imperilled.

Of German activity in the world at large there have not been wanting signs. The project of neutralizing the entrance to the Baltic, of which mention was made last month, is declared by Swedish journals and by the Danish Minister to Great Britain to be one which would not be entertained by either Sweden or Denmark. There certainly has been no clear proof that the German government has committed itself to so dangerous a scheme. A better proved allegation is the activity of German agents in Morocco. Trade concessions are, it is said, being granted daily to German subjects. Moorish natives are being despoiled of their lands to satisfy Germans, thus evading the Act of Algeciras. What is really a German military mission has been sent to Morocco. The Maghzen's army is being placed under the command of German officers; while a German engineering corps is constructing bridges, roads, and railways. Everything is being done to inflame the minds of the Moors against the French; how successful these efforts have been is shown by the murder of Dr. Mauchamp. Such are the allegations made in Paris, and they are more or less confirmed by advices direct from Morocco. The support of Germany has given confidence to the Sultan, and has given him courage to resist the reforms which are so necessary, not merely for his own subjects, but also for the safety of foreign residents.

In one sphere, however, of her activity Germany demands the warmest approbation. Turkey's Sultan has been forced to bow before the demands of the Kaiser's representative. The whole story forms a vivid illustration of what is still possible under unmitigated autocratic rule. A gentleman named Fehim, an Aide-de-Camp of the Sultan and a General of Division, has for many years distinguished himself by various atrocities, and has enjoyed complete impunity on account of relationship and of his being a special favorite with the ruler, who is himself styled throughout his Empire as the "butcher." Fehim first became famous by walking out of his house in the capital, revolver in hand, and shooting down the passers-by in the street. Some fourteen persons were wounded, whether fatally or not is not known. No punishment, however, was inflicted upon him, and he, with such an auspicious beginning, became in a few years almost the uncontrolled master of the lives of the unhappy subjects of the Sultan. Under his control was placed a force of 140 men, who were made independent of the police and carried out his behests. As is well-known, the Sultan governs by an elaborate system of espionage, and in Constantinople Fehim was the spy-master. Not only the property, but also the virtue of the wives and daughters of Abdul Hamid's unhappy subjects have been at the mercy of Fehim. In an evil day, however, he allowed his greed to lead him into conflict with a subject of the Kaiser. The ambassador of Germany at Constantinople demanded the exile of the Sultan's right-hand man. Considerable resistance was offered, but in the end the demand was conceded, and the career of Fehim has come to an end. When civilized powers can be brought to act with decision, they are able to do good work; this the action of Germany makes clear. The pity of it is that it is so seldom that they can be induced to act in harmony.

The attitude of Germany to the approaching Peace Congress at The Hague has not been made perfectly clear, especially with reference to the question of the limitation of armaments. It is to Germany, as at least one of the principal causes, that the burden caused by vast armies of Europe is due. It was in order to relieve Europe of this burden that the Tsar urged the assembly of the Congress in the first instance, although he did not include this proposal in the programme of the new Congress. Great Britain and the United States, backed by Italy and Spain, are, however, strongly in favor of the limitation of armaments being discussed. Germany at first was thought to be strongly opposed even to the raising of the question, but it is now understood that she, while looking upon it as sure to be fruitless, will raise no determined opposition.

Austria-Hungary.

Discussions are still going on between the Empire and the Kingdom to settle the twelve-year-old dispute as to their economic relations. While hopes exist, no settlement has so far been made. The feelings of large numbers of the Austrians are very bitter towards the Magyars who have in recent years been giving them so much trouble. This is exemplified in a manifesto issued by the Christian Socialist, or, as it is otherwise called, the Catholic Anti-Semitic party. This manifesto declares that the Magyars have oppressed, exploited, and made slaves of all the non-Magyar peoples of Hungary, of her German citizens, and of the Slav and Rumane nationalities. Not only have all those various peoples suffered from the Magyars, but the Austrians themselves have been put under their yoke, for they have thrown upon Austrian shoulders nearly the whole of the immense military burden. The manifesto ends with the cry: "Away with the autocracy of the Magyars." Included in this programme of the Christian Socialist party is the demand of compulsory insurance against accidents and old age.

There is no room for doubt that a strong feeling in favor of separation is showing itself both in Austria and in Hungary. That Austria would draw nearer to Germany, and Hungary to the Balkan States, as the result of the economic separation which Hungary desires, is recognized as in the highest degree probable. In contrast to the feeling which existed a few years ago, which in Austria deprecated the very mention of separation of any kind, within the last few months resolutions have been adopted in all the Austrian Provincial Diets which indicate that all are prepared to take a stand, if not against Hungary, at least for Austria, in protection of her interests. The Austrian tendency for separation is divided: in the view of some the German provinces of Austria should seek incorporation into the German Empire, while in the view of others a "Greater Austria" should be formed, and Hungary and Croatia should be reincorporated in a Federated Austrian Empire.

France.

The long series of mishaps which have happened in the navy, and which has culminated in the destruction of the *Iéna*, has raised the question as to the efficiency of the republican management of the marine defences. The frequent changes in the supreme management have, it is said, rendered efficiency impossible, while mutual jealousy and indiscipline have contributed to the same result. The desire for economical administration has also been a contributory cause. The Committee appointed to inquire into the *Iéna* disaster dismissed the idea that it was due to treachery or malice, attributing it to spontaneous combustion of powder, which ought not to have been left so long on board.

Certain skilled workmen of Paris, because all their demands were not granted, without any regard for the convenience of their fellow-citizens, showed, by striking without any notice having been given, that workingmen could and would, when they had the power, be as arbitrary and tyrannical as any king or emperor. They found, however, that the government of the Republic was as much opposed to anarchy, and as well able to resist it, as every other civilized government. In fact, the French government is even more rigid than is that of some monarchies, for it is refusing the right of forming Trade Unions to all servants of the State.

Not a few things have contributed, together with the strikes actual and threatened, to give to the Socialistic movement in France a decided set-back. The agitation with reference to the enforcement of the week day of rest, the proposed income tax with the inquisitorial inquiries which it involved, the attempts to bring influence to demoralize the army, have caused a revulsion of feeling, and lead many to look forward to the adoption of a more conservative policy.

The seizure of the papers of Mgr. Montagnini, made by the French government, has been the occasion of flooding the French press with columns and columns of extracts. According to M. Flourens, a former Republican Minister of Foreign Affairs, this act of the French government was a violation of international law and courtesy, and an injury to the whole Diplomatic Corps in Paris. It remains a mystery how the press got possession of the papers, and it is perhaps doubtful whether trust can be reposed in what has been published. According to M. Piou, the political leader who figures prominently in various transactions, Mgr. Montagnini is by no means accurate in some of the reports which are given by him; while according to Mgr. Lacroix, the Bishop of Tarentaise, the report given by Mgr.

Montagnini of what the former said at the Conference of Bishops was ridiculously inaccurate, and proved that he could not have obtained his information from any one who took part in the Conference, but that the lamplighter or floor-scrubber at the Archbishopric must have been the channel. The extent of Mgr. Montagnini's acquaintance with the products of French learning is indicated by his reference to the well-known Mgr. Batiffol, rector of the Catholic Institute at Toulouse, whose book on the Breviary has been translated into English, as "a certain Batiffol." The whole character of the denunciation, said to have been transmitted to Rome as published in the papers, is such that we lean to the conclusion that it cannot be anything else than a fabrication. On the other hand, nothing in the whole of the matter published indicates that the Holy See departed in the least from the course marked out by Pope Leo XIII. The Republic is the established form of government and to be treated and recognized as such.

The murder of Dr. Mauchamp, to which we have already referred, brought to a climax a series of outrages and compelled the French government to take the important step of occupying Ujda, a town in Moroçco bordering on Algeria. At first there were fears that this would be resented by the power which is protecting Morocco. The provocation given to France was, however, recognized as justifying the step. France disclaims all intention of permanently remaining in possession, and will retire when her claims for compensation upon the Moorish government are satisfied.

The territory of France has been increased by some 20,000 square kilometres of rich land, and her population by some 200,000. This is due to an agreement just made with the King of Siam, which brings to an end the strained relations which have existed for about fifteen years. Certain concessions have also been made to Siam.

The project of a Channel Tunnel has been withdrawn. Lord Cromer's proposals in regard to the Egyptian Capitulations would not increase in Egypt the influence of France. The *entente cordiale*, however, between England and France is so well established, and also so necessary in the present state of Europe, that it will not be appreciably weakened.

What may be a step in the direction, at all events, of reconciliation with the Church has been taken by the *Conseil d'État*. It has annulled the decrees of the Combes' ministry which dissolved a certain number of religious orders devoted to both teaching and hospital work. These orders will still be prevented from opening schools, but they will be allowed to continue their work as nurses. The fact is that it has been proved impossible to find persons able and willing to do the works of mercy formerly done by religious communities. There are signs that it may not be long before it will be found necessary to recall the teaching orders as well. At all events, some of the teachers are giving the government a great deal of trouble by their desire to ally themselves to an organization whose one object, in the eyes of the authorities, is to destroy the existing state of things. M. Clemenceau has had to tell them that France will never dream of handing over to such teachers her sons, or allowing *sabotage* to be practised upon young intelligence: *sabotage* meaning wanton destruction of instruments and products of labor.

Italy.

The Giolitti ministry still remains in office, although it has not done its work to the complete satisfaction of the country. The Premier is accused of shirking parliamentary discussion and of exercising dictatorial powers. The railway system stands in the utmost need of reformation. Complaints have been rife for years, and the situation is getting worse every day. Commerce is being ruined for want of means of transport. The trains keep no time. Robbery is frequent. Any one anxious to have state-management of railways should study the Italian situation to see how badly the state may serve its customers.

The German Chancellor, Prince Bülow, having gone to Italy, it became the duty of Signor Tittoni, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to pay him a visit. This visit, it was announced, had no particular political significance. It resulted, however, in the declaration on the part of Prince Bülow that Signor Tittoni and he were in complete accord with one another, and in absolute agreement upon all points of international politics now pending. The meeting was a demonstration to Europe of the vitality of the Triple Alliance, and an assurance to Italy of Germany's good relations.

Spain.

Spain is on the eve of a general election, the Cortes having been dissolved on the last day of March. The Conservative government now in power will, in all probability, secure a majority, as governments in Spain are not at all scrupulous about using their influence at the elections. The visit of the King of England to Cartagena, and the enthusiasm of his reception, add strength to the friendly understanding between two countries which, for a long time, have been far as the poles apart.

The Near East.

The rising of the peasants in Rumania was very like the *Jacquerie* of the Middle Ages. Wholesale destruction of property took place; and, for a time, the capital was in danger. In the beginning the movement was purely agrarian. The peasants were ground down by the farmers and middlemen, most of whom were Jews. This is another instance in which those who are oppressed themselves become, when they have the power, oppressors. As the movement advanced, however, it took upon itself a new character, and destruction pure and simple became the leading motive. Villages, country houses were burnt in the most indiscriminate manner. A new ministry had to be formed—this ministry promised a large number of measures of relief to remedy the evils under which the peasantry had groaned. The character of those measures affords an explanation of the reasons for the uprising.

Ontario

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ARRANGEMENTS are now in progress for the sixteenth session of the Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain. The work of preparation assigned to the Board of Studies is nearing completion, and the report from the Chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements relating to the schedule of lectures from July 1 to September 6, a period of ten weeks:

First Week, July 1–5.—Lectures by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President of the Catholic Summer-School. Subjects: The First French Republic; The Second and Third French Republics.

Special programme for the Fourth of July, to be arranged in conjunction with the Patriotic Song Recital by Francis T. Molony, M.A., member of the Manhattan College Alumni Quartette, New York City.

Second Week, July 8–12.—Studies in Astronomy, by Professor Denis O'Sullivan, Catholic High School, Philadelphia.

Four Evening Song Recitals by Elizabeth Pattee-Wallach, Philadelphia, with selections from the composers of many lands. Under the title of An Hour in Dixie, she introduces plantation and Creole folk-songs, with poems and stories from noted authors. From the *Philadelphia Inquirer* this notice is taken:

Miss Pattee, who has a remarkably attractive contralto voice, of unusual sympathetic quality, showed in her rendition of some of the Southern classics that she was an artist of no mean ability. She interspersed her vocal efforts with dialect stories and poems, which were as thoroughly enjoyed as the songs. The latter included the best compositions of Paul Dunbar, Joel Chandler Harris, Edgar Justis, Roy Smith, and H. T. Burleigh. These were rendered in a manner which provoked enthusiastic encores from the select audience present. There is a rare charm in Miss Pattee's singing, which is not only extremely sympathetic but unusually fascinating. One of the best numbers was a negro melody in French dialect, like the Creole, which was given with great fidelity to the original. Miss Pattee accompanied herself on the piano and displayed marked ability as an instrumentalist. The concert was a splendid artistic success.

Third Week, July 15–19.—Lectures by the Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S.J. Subject: Great Epochs in the History of Education.

Evening lectures on Humor in Literature, by John T. Nicholson, Principal of Harlem Evening High School, New York City. Travels in the forbidden Land of Tibet, by the Rev. D. F. McGillicuddy, Worcester, Mass.

Fourth Week, July 22–26.—Lectures by the Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D., St. Thomas' College at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Subject: Relations of Church and State from the Earliest Times Contrasted with Present Conditions in the United States.

Evening lectures on The Church as Custodian and Interpreter of Holy Scripture, by the Rev. William L. Sullivan, C.S.P., St. Thomas' College at the Catholic University. Selections from Canadian Literature, by the Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S.S., Montreal, Canada.

Fifth Week, July 29–August 2.—Lectures by Joseph Dunn, Ph.D., Assistant Professor in Celtic Languages and Literature at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Subject: Gaelic Literature (Alumnæ Course), as shown by Old Irish Verse—The Official Poets and the Bards—Poems of Nature; The Iomramha, or Sea-Voyages of the Ancient Irish; The Tochmharca, or Courtship of the Ancient Irish.

Evening Song Recitals by Miss Maggie McCann,* from Australia. Lectures on Parliamentary Agitation, by the Hon. Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, President of the United Irish League of America.

Sixth Week, August 5–9.—Lectures by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Diocese of Albany. Subject: The Reconstruction of Religion in France after the French Revolution, especially as indicated by *(a)* The Literary Revival; *(b)* The Philosophical Movement; *(c)* The Social Movement Introduced by the Confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul.

Evening Lectures—illustrated—on The Irish Abbeys and English Cathedrals, by Mary Catherine Crowley, Boston; The Catholic Pioneers of the Pacific Coast, by the Rev. Michael P. Smith, C.S.P., New York City.

Seventh Week, August 12–16.—Lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Dean of Fordham University Medical School, New York City. Subject: Evolution, Old and New. (1) The Greeks and St. Augustine. (2) Before Darwin. (3) Darwin. (4) After Darwin. (5) Heredity.

Evening Lectures on Studies in French History, by the Rev. John J. Donlon, Diocese of Brooklyn, dealing with the relations between *(a)* Philip the Fair and Boniface VIII.; *(b)* Louis XIV. and Clement X.; *(c)* Napoleon I. and Pius VII.; *(d)* The Republic and Pius X.

Eighth Week, August 19–23.—Lectures by Professor J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C. Subject: Commerce Not Opposed to Culture.

Evening Lectures by Dr. John G. Coyle, New York City. Subjects: General James Shields, Warrior, Justice, and Senator from three States; Matthew Lyon, the Man who Elected Jefferson. The Catholic Memories of Lake Champlain, by the Rev. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, St. Albans, Vermont.

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* COMMONWEATH OF AUSTRALIA.—This will serve to introduce Miss Maggie McCann, a well-known and highly respected resident of Melbourne, who proposes visiting the United Kingdom, Canada, and the United States.

ALFRED DEAKIN,
Prime Minister.

Melbourne, 13 July, 1906.

TOWN HALL, MELBOUBNE, 14 August, 1906.—This will serve to introduce Miss Maggie McCann, who has for some years past been an active member of the musical profession in this city. As an artist she is very popular, and much respected by the public and her colleagues, and has been always ready to lend her aid in the cause of charity. Miss McCann is now visiting the United Kingdom, Canada, and America, where she intends to follow her profession, and it gives me great pleasure to give her this introduction. I trust she may have a deservedly successful career there.

HENRY WEEDON, *Lord Mayor.*

Ninth Week, August 26–30.—Lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Subject: The Old and the New Philosophy of Life. In this course the aim will be to formulate some of the main principles on which the Catholic Philosophy of Life is based, and to compare them with some contrary principles now being advocated.

Evening Lectures by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, U. S. A. Subject: The History and Character of the American Volunteer Soldier. Irishmen in the American Revolution, and their Early Influence in the Colonies, illustrated, by Patrick J. Haltigan, Editor of the *National Hibernian*, Washington, D. C.

Tenth Week, September 2–6.—Lectures by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, on The Dream of Equality and its Realization. The Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Subjects: Literary Fads, Ibsen and others; Literary Idols, Hugo and others.

Reading Circle Day, August 23.

Conference—September 2—On the Advancement of Parish Schools, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

Round Table Talk for Catechists and Sunday-School Workers—September 3—by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, editor of *The Sunday-School Companion*, and *The Helper*, published under the auspices of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, No. 10 Barclay Street, New York City.

Lessons in Gaelic Dancing by Loretta Hawthorne Hayes, Waterbury, Conn.

Instruction in Music by Professor Camille Zeckwer, Director of the Germantown Branch of the Philadelphia Musical Academy.

Classes for Children in the Ralston System of Physical Culture, with Swedish Movements, etc., by Catherine Collins, Boston, Mass.

The list of preachers, with names of distinguished visitors expected during the session of 1907, will be given to the press at a later date.

The Prospectus, containing rates of railroads, etc., may be obtained by sending two cents in postage to the Secretary, Charles Murray, No. 5 East 42d Street, Manhattan, New York City.

* * *

Vance Thompson, an American magazine writer, who has interviewed most of the famous men of the world, has never been impressed by any of them as he has by Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State. In a recent number of *Everybody's Magazine* he reports an interview with the Cardinal on the religious persecution in France, and thus describes the personality of the young prelate whom events have made a world-figure, as follows:

The Cardinal is the most modern of men; the Romans know him only as the great Secretary of State—that state constituted by 250,000,000 of the faithful. They see him when he drives abroad in his old world coach, drawn by black stallions. Those who know the man will tell you what a good game of golf he plays, how he can send a rifle bullet through a ten-cent piece at twenty yards.

These are things worth knowing about a really great man. And Merry del Val is, moreover, an accomplished man. He speaks all languages. His

English is perfect, he is a finished scholar, an extremely fine diplomatist, a rare judge of men.

I have met most of the strong men of the world and judged them as one may; but I have never been face to face with a man of such essential power. This is the impression you take away; calm power. There is no imperial hysteria; there is nothing strenuous and ill-balanced. You feel yourself in the presence of what the scientists call intra-atomic energy—something beautiful and still and irresistibly strong. And this is interesting and important, because to Cardinal Merry del Val is committed the conduct of the battle now waged in Europe for God and the ideal.

Of all the men in high place, he is the youngest. He was born in London, of distinguished Spanish-Irish parentage, in 1865. Before he was thirty-nine years of age he was a Cardinal; a year later he was made Secretary of State. In his hands was placed the greatest administrative trust that any man holds upon earth. Pius X., as the Romans are so fond of saying, is a holy Pope; it is upon the Secretary of State that the burden of the Church has been laid. And he has entered upon a great battle for liberty, perhaps the most important battle fought in France since the days of Clovis.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Christian Science. With notes containing corrections to date. By Mark Twain. Pp. 357. Price $1.75. *The Giant's Strength.* By Basil King. Pp. 342. Price $1.50. *The Mystics.* By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Illustrated. Pp. 191. Price $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Country House. By John Galsworthy. Pp. 307. *Beside Still Waters.* By Christopher Benson. Pp. 410.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:

The Disciple of a Saint. Being the Imaginary Biography of Raniero Di Landoccio Dei Pagliaresi. By Vida D. Scudder. Pp. 383. Price $1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Mother. By Maxim Gorky. Illustrated. Pp. 500. Price $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Gospel According to St. Paul. By William Porcher Dubose, M.A., S.T.D. Price $1.50 net. By mail, $1.62. *Oil and Wine.* By George Tyrrell. Price $1.40. *Sin.* By the Rev. H. V. S. Eck, M.A. (The Oxford Library). Price $1.40. *Hypnotism and Spiritism.* By J. Lapponi. Price $1.50. *Readings from Law's Serious Call.* Price 60 cents.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

The Demetrian. By Ellison Harding. Pp. 315. *How to Preserve the Local Self-Government of the States.* By Elihu Root. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Folia Fugitiva: Leaves from the Log-Book of St. Eranwald's Deanary. Edited by Rev. W. H. Colgan. Price $1.50. *Leading Events in Church History.* Part V. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. Price 30 cents. *Stimulus Divini Amoris of Doctor Bonaventure.* Price $1.25. *Notes on Daily Communion.* By F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. Price 30 cents.

UNION & TIMES PRESS, Buffalo, New York:
The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. Illustrated. Pp. 60. Paper. Price 15 cents per copy.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:
The Missions of California and the Old Southwest. By Jesse S. Hildrup. With 35 illustrations from photographs.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:
New Chronicles of Rebecca. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Pp. 278. Price $1.25.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
The Malefactor. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Pp. 304. Price $1.50. *Aunt Jane of Kentucky.* By Eliza Calvert Hall. Illustrated. Pp. 283. Price $1.50.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston:
Intimations of Immortality: Significant Thoughts on the Future Life. Selected by Helen Philbrook Patten. Pp. xxxi.-245. Price $1.50 net.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION BUREAU, Boston:
A Modern Martyr: Théophane Vénard. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. Revised and Annotated by James Anthony Walsh. Pp. 235. Price 90 cents.

AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
Essentials and Non-Essentials of the Catholic Religion. By Rev. H. G. Hughes. Pp. 111. Price 75 cents net. *The Question of Anglican Ordinations.* By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. Pp. 52. Paper. Price 15 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico. Edited by Frederick Webb Hodge. In two parts. Pp. ix.-972.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka, Kansas:
Fifteenth Biennial Report of the State Board of Agriculture—Kansas. Vol. XX. 1905-1906.

THE MYSELL-ROLLINS COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal.:
The True View of the Present Persecution in France. An appeal to the unbiased judgment of the American People. By Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S.J. Paper. Pp. 52. For free distribution.

THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY, Berkeley, Cal.:
Discrimination Against the Japanese in California. A Review of the Real Situation. By Herbert B. Johnson, D.D. Pp. 133. Paper.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
L'Education Populaire: Les Œuvres Complementaires de l'École. Par Max Turmann. *Activités Sociales.* Par Max Turmann. Deuxième Édition. *Les Reordinations. Etude sur le Sacrament de l'Ordre.* Par. M. l'Abbé Louis Saltet. Price 6 *fr.*

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:
Gerbet. Par H. Bremond. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *Introduction aux Etudes Liturgiques.* Par le Rme Dome Cabrol. Pp. 169. Price 3 *fr.* *L'Orde Naturel et Dieu.* Par. l'Abbé Alfred Tanguy. Pp. 386. Price 4 *fr.* 50.

E. NOURRY, Paris:
Le Crise du Clerge. Par Albert Houtin. Pp. 344. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

AUBANEL FRÉRES, Avignon, France:
Les Quatre Livres de la Femme. I. Le Livre de l'Épouse. Pp. xix.-186.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
La Theologie du Nouveau Testament et l'Evolution des Dogmas. Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Pp. xxxii.-576. Price 4 *fr.*

CH. POUSSIELGUE, Paris:
Le Réveil du Catholicisme en Angleterre au XIXe Siecle. Par J. Guibert. Pp. 390.

A. PICARD ET FILS, Paris:
Tertullien—De Praescriptione Hereticorum. Texte Latin et Trad. Français. Par Pierre de Labriolle (University Fribourg). Price 2 *fr.*

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXXV. JUNE, 1907. NO. 507.

THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

V.—SPIRITISM.

WE are now prepared to examine a matter which is probably the most interesting to the public in general of all those in the domain of modern psychical research. This matter is the possibility of communicating with disembodied human spirits. If such communication were proved to be practicable, the immediate result would be, of course, the assurance that the human spirit or soul does really continue to exist after death. And this assurance is of immense importance to those who have lost that which the Christian religion gives; that is to say, to the majority, in all probability, of those who pass for, or, at any rate, consider themselves to be, the more intelligent classes of society, both here and in Europe. We do not mean that these so-called intelligent or cultivated people have become convinced that there is no life after death, but merely that they have no firm conviction that there is; they do not feel sure about it, as everybody, practically, in Christendom did, say before the eighteenth century. Such a destructive effect on Christian dogma was sure to come from the illogical and absurd nature of Protestantism. The wonder is that Protestants retained their belief in even the most fundamental truths of revelation as long as they did; but now dogmatic belief among them is disappearing rapidly, and the contagion has spread even among Catholics

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

who do not well understand the grounds of their faith, or are trying to find a pretext for ridding themselves of it.

Outside of the Church, however, there are many who are not themselves so much to blame for the loss of their faith in a future life. They never had any better reason for it than that which they inherited from Protestantism, and they have found out that this reason is not sufficient. But there are many among them who are not satisfied with this loss, and who would gladly have the assurance of a life after death that their ancestors had. So anything which seems to be such an assurance is heartily welcomed by them. As was remarked in the beginning of our articles, the very title of Mr. Myers' book, *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, is a sign of this. All the other facts, of telepathy, of clairvoyance, of hypnotism, of phantasms of the living, of the dying, or of the dead, were mainly valuable to him, and are to most of those who read his book, as showing the existence of the human spirit as distinct from the body, and as not subject, necessarily at any rate, to the causes which destroy the latter.

It follows, of course, that the most interesting facts of all to those who do not look on the matter from a purely scientific point of view, are those which seem to distinctly bear on this great question of the immortality of the soul. So much is this the case, that the American investigators of the subject of psychical research seem to have become almost entirely absorbed in this branch of it; and there is, even in the English Society, a tendency in the same direction. Attention seems to concentrate on mediums, rappings, levitation of tables or of persons, automatic writing, trances, etc. The first point of interest is, of course, to prove that the phenomena are, in many cases at any rate, not due to trickery or fraud; the second, to show that they are not produced entirely by some abnormal though unconscious action on the part of the medium or other persons present; the third to ascertain, if possible, that the agency to which they are, at least partly, due is the one that it purports to be; that is, that of some definite person deceased; in other words, to obtain what are called "proofs of identity."

With regard to the first point, the idea that the whole business can be accounted for by jugglery of some kind is, we may say, now an exploded one among those who have paid serious attention to the subject. Of course there has been from the beginning a good deal of that sort of thing mixed up with the genuine article, especially among what may be called professional mediums, who make a living out of this business. With some of them it may have been mostly, or even entirely, trickery of some kind. Apparatus of any kind, cabinets, screens, curtains, etc., naturally and rightly suggest some merely natural means of accomplishing the result; and results produced with such accompaniments can never be quite free from suspicion. With the regular juggler one does not complain of such things, for he does not profess to get along without them; the question is how he gets along even with their aid. But, there is no reason why a disembodied spirit should need them at all.

The first examination of supposed mediums, some fifty years ago, was made, mainly if not entirely, on professional ones. Their tricks were either discovered, or shown to be probably discoverable, and the impression was produced that the subject was not worthy of serious investigation. Of course many, who had been brought more face to face with it, did not share this impression; but, undoubtedly, it was the prevalent one among scientific men, and prevails with many of them even now. Little interest, therefore, as we have previously said, seems to have been felt, about this special matter, by the Society for Psychical Research in its earlier years. But, after some time, it began to be forced on their attention by some facts which could not be ignored. Probably the most remarkable of these, in England at any rate, were the phenomena exhibited in the case of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses. The facts which we give are taken from a memoir by Mr. Myers, in Vol. IX. of the proceedings of the Society.

Mr. Moses was born in 1839. He took his degree at Oxford in 1863, it would seem, was ordained in the Anglican Church, and became curate at Kirk Maughold, in the Isle of Man. He seems to have held Anglican views of no extreme type, on any side, and was always beloved and highly respected by his parishioners and others who became acquainted with him. He afterwards became a curate at Douglas, also in the Isle of Man, and later in Dorsetshire. In 1871 he accepted a mastership in University College School, and retained this position till 1889, when he resigned it on account of ill health. He died on September 5, 1892. For seven years, from 1869 to 1876, he was tutor to the son of Dr. Speer, who had brought him through a serious illness in 1869. The physical phenomena brought about by him as a medium began in 1872, and lasted till 1881. His automatic writing was from 1873 to 1883. In 1882 he aided in the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research; but abandoned it in 1886, on account of what he considered its unduly critical attitude toward Spiritism; at which we can hardly be surprised, considering his own very extraordinary experiences. The Society, as we have seen, in its early years, took very little "stock" in this matter, and paid little attention to any evidence concerning it.

Mr. Moses suffered a good deal in health from time to time; but the phenomena in his case do not seem, at any rate, to have been due to any morbid condition, for they were at their best when he was in his best health, and declined or disappeared altogether when he was ill.

Every one who knew him seems to have been strongly impressed with his sincerity and the genuineness of his convictions. Probably his fellow-workers in the Society regarded him as under some delusion, but no one seems to have imagined him capable of any conscious trickery or fraud. His medical adviser, Dr. Johnson, of Bedford, testifies, however, that he was a man "of exceptional ability, and utterly free from any hallucination or anything to indicate other than a well ordered brain." It would appear that Dr. Johnson does not use the word "hallucination" in what may be called the technical or telepathic sense, but rather as meaning a disordered imagination. He further says: "I think that those who knew him best would not for an instant doubt that all he stated were facts and words of truth."

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Moses was not a "professional" medium, giving public exhibitions for money or for any other purpose. Most of his extraordinary phenomena occurred simply in the presence of the Speer family and other private friends. He examined, however, into those of other mediums, and was naturally somewhat inclined to credulity, though several times he detected fraud in their performances. He was, evidently, not in a "ring" with any one else. Now to give a few of the experiences. Of course we shall have to condense very much.

With regard, first, to movements of heavy objects, such as tables. Mr. Moses says:

> All that I have described (of movement) occurs readily when the table is untouched. Indeed, when the force is developed, we have found it better to remove the hands, and leave the table to its own devices. The tilting above noticed has been even more marked when the sitters have been removed from it to a distance of about two feet. It has rapped on the chair and on the floor, inclined so as to play into a hand placed on the carpet, and has been restored to its normal position when no hand has touched it.

The table to which he refers was not very heavy, weighing only about 40 lbs. He mentions, however, an instance testified to by Mr. Serjeant Cox, in which the table was very massive, so heavy that the united exertions of two strong men were required to move it, even one inch. The difficulty was increased by its standing on a Turkey carpet. It would appear that not Mr. Moses himself, but some other medium, was with Mr. Cox on this occasion. Only they two were present. They stood on opposite sides of the table, about two feet away from it. First the table moved about seven inches along the carpet. Then it rose three inches from the floor on the medium's side, then the same distance on that of Mr. Cox. The medium, then holding his hand four inches over one end of the table, asked that it should rise and touch his hand three times, which it did; then the same was done at the other end for Mr. Cox. On one occasion, when Mr. Moses was visiting a gentleman interested in the subject, it was suggested that they should try the effect of placing their hands on a pillar work-table belonging to his wife. It was filled with reels and tapes, and the appliances of needlework. Mr. Moses tells us:

> We had scarcely touched it when it began to move. It danced about like a live thing; executed a series of gyrations, first on one foot, and then on another; and finally lay down on the floor and jerked all its contents about the room. It rose again unaided, bounded off the floor, and waltzed about the room. When it was still I held my hand *over* it, and it began to quiver, and finally rose from the floor until it touched my hand, which was ten or twelve inches above it. It afterwards rose to the height of eighteen inches or two feet. While this was going on, a column of light was visible over it.

But mere movements of this kind, of tables and other objects, became so common in Mr. Moses' experiments as not to excite the slightest surprise. One might say that they were a matter of course. The movements were quite different, as is plain from the instance just given, from those which most persons imagine to be the only ones obtainable in spiritistic seances, and which they readily explain to their own satisfaction by unconscious pressure exerted by those present, if not by trickery of some kind.

The phenomenon of personal levitation, in which the medium himself is raised from the ground or floor, occurred quite early in Mr. Moses' experiences. On August 30, 1872, he tells us, that during a seance

> I felt my chair drawn back from the table and turned into the corner near which I sat. It was so placed that my face was turned away from the circle to the angle made by the two walls. In this position the chair (evidently with Mr. Moses still in it) was raised from the floor to a distance of, I should judge, twelve or fourteen inches. My feet touched the top of the skirting-board, which should be about twelve inches in height. The chair remained suspended for a few moments, and I then felt myself going from it, higher and higher, with a very slow and easy movement. I had no sense of discomfort nor of apprehension. I was perfectly conscious of what was being done, and described the process to those who were sitting at the table. The movement was very steady, and occupied what seemed a long time before it was completed. I was close to the wall, so close that I was able to put a pencil firmly against my chest, and to mark the spot opposite to me on the wall paper. That mark, when measured afterwards, was found to be rather more than six feet from the floor, and from its position, it was clear that my head must have been in the very corner of the room, close to the ceiling.

He adds:

> This experiment was more or less successfully repeated on nine other occasions. On the 2d of September, 1872, I see from my records that I was three times raised on to the table, and twice levitated in the corner of the room. . . . In the third case I was thrown on to the table, and from that position on to an adjacent sofa. The movement was instantaneous; and though I was thrown to a considerable distance, and with considerable force, I was in no way hurt.

If Mr. Moses and his friends had been Catholics, they might have had a temptation to pride, or at any rate have been inclined to regard him as a saint; for levitations like those just described are often recorded in the lives of the saints, specially in that of St. Joseph of Cupertino. The Church, however, is careful to warn us that this phenomenon is no certain proof of sanctity, and indeed that miracles in general, worked during this life, are not. It seems quite probable that Simon Magus was raised in the air much higher than Mr. Moses.

There is very strong evidence, however, of phenomena in Mr. Moses' case, much more extraordinary and startling than this of levitation; namely, of the bringing of objects from other rooms of the house into that of the seance, through closed doors. Mr. Moses testifies as follows:

> On August 28 seven objects from different rooms were brought into the seance room; on the 30th four, and amongst them a little bell from the adjoining dining-room. We always left gas brightly burning in that room and in the hall outside, so that if the doors had been opened even for a moment a blaze of light would have been let into the dark room in which we sat. As this never happened, we have full assurance from what Dr. Carpenter considers the best authority, common sense, that the doors remained closed. In the dining-room there was a little bell. We heard it commence to ring, and could trace it by its sound as it approached the door which separated us from it. What was our astonishment when we found that, in spite of the closed door, the sound drew nearer to us! It was evidently within the room in which we sat, for the bell was carried round the room, ringing loudly the whole time. After completing the circuit of the room, it was brought down, passed under the table, coming up close to my elbow. It rang under my very nose, and went round about my head, then passed round the circle, ringing close to the faces of all. It was finally placed on the table.

It seems hardly necessary to repeat other instances of the same kind. They occur often in Mr. Moses' notes. Considering their absolute opposition to the laws of nature, so far as these are known, it cannot be expected that they will be generally accepted. Still, it is difficult to see how the phenomena can be accounted for in any ordinary way. Dr. Speer specially testifies on one occasion to a large stone being "brought in (through *locked* doors) from my study. Hands held the whole time." Either in this he is lying, or some outside party is furnished with a key to bring the stone in through the locked door and lay it on the table. But that seems impossible to accomplish without detection by the members of the circle, even though the room was darkened, as it usually was. If they know that it is being done, why do it at all?

The seance room, as has just been stated, *was* usually darkened, more or less. Unless we assume that the whole record is a fabrication, concocted by the members of the circle, there is a genuine reason for this, on account of the necessity of excluding ordinary light in order to see the extraordinary ones which are testified to. But if we assume that the whole record is false, why should it state that the room was darkened? If one is going to tell a lie, one might as well tell a good-sized one. Why not say that the objects brought in were seen to emerge from the wall or the substance of the door in broad daylight?

As to these self-luminous objects, stated to have been seen in the darkened room, they were usually in the form of columns (as in the instance above given) or of globes or indefinite masses; occasionally of hands or arms, or whole figures. But sometimes the light was generally diffused, so as to show the furniture of the room. Mr. Moses says, under date of January 15:

> The room was lighted with a red light, sufficiently strong to enable us to see perfectly what was going on. We could observe the lifting and floating of the table to the height of two feet or more.

Dr. Speer independently confirms this, as follows:

> January 15.—Seance in red light. Great movements of the table. It was repeatedly lifted up to the level of our faces, even without touching it.

He also says:

> January 25.—Seance. A candlestick brought from next room through closed doors, and was thrown at Mr. M——, hurting him much. The table was repeatedly lifted, higher than ever.

Mrs. Speer adds:

> We saw a form surrounded with light standing between myself and the medium.

In Mr. Moses' experiences another phenomenon was frequently recorded, which seems to have been peculiar to them, or at any rate what may be called a specialty; namely, the presence of perfume of various kinds in the seance room. This was not only perceptible to the nose, but frequently fell in a liquid form, apparently from the ceiling. This was of very frequent occurrence. The following case seems to be unusually well tested. Mr. Moses says:

> We all joined hands, Mr. Percival standing up and leaning over the table so as to reach my hands. We grasped hands, and our palms were upwards. Whilst in that position, a flood of scent (verbena) was poured into our hands. Mr. Percival's hand was filled with more than a teaspoonful. Mrs. Speer received a considerable quantity, and my hand and arm were thoroughly wet. The table was drenched with scent all round. The door was locked, and the room empty. A more complete objective test cannot be conceived.

This experience was by no means confined to the seance room. Mr. Moses says:

> After the seance Dr. S—— and I walked up and down the dining-room, I smoking a cigar. The smell of scent became palpable through the odor of the tobacco. I casually said: "Now, if they would put it on the blotting pad we could see it." (A pad lay on the table.) Immediately wet scent fell on the pad, and this phenomenon was repeated a dozen times, I should think.

The following, however, is still more extraordinary:

> Quantities of dry musk have been from time to time thrown about in the house where our circle meets. On a late occasion it fell in very considerable quantities over a writing-desk at which a lady was sitting, in the act of writing letters. It was mid-day, and no one was near at the time, yet the particles of musk were so numerous as to pervade the whole contents of the desk. They were *placed*, for no throwing could have produced such a result, at the very bottom of the desk, and between the papers which it contained. The odor was most pronounced; and the particles, when gathered together,

> made up a considerable packet. Some time after this, when at a seance, I saw something which looked like luminous dust on the table. No odor was perceptible, but in my clairvoyant state I saw a heap of luminous particles, which appeared to me extremely brilliant. I described it, and, putting out my hand, I found that there really was a heap on the table. I inquired what it was, and *musk* was rapped out. We demurred, for no odor was perceptible, but the statement was reiterated. After the seance we gathered up the dust, which looked like musk, but *had no smell whatever*. The next morning, however, the odor was powerful enough; and the powder still exists, and is indubitably very good powdered musk.

It may be noted that if Mr. Moses had been of a scientific turn of mind, he would have taken special pains to prevent his inodorous musk from being tampered with. A scientific man would have taken precautions to prevent anything else from being added to it, and would have stated that such precautions had been taken. Beside the physical phenomena which have been described, musical sounds were frequently, we may say regularly, heard at his seances; but we need not describe them in detail.

It is hardly necessary to remark that these phenomena were apparently produced with the object of showing the genuineness of the "communications" received from various spirits, claiming to be those of deceased persons. These communications were in themselves about on the level of those usually obtained on such occasions, and need no special comment. On this matter, in general, we shall have more to say hereafter. We will only say now that there seems to be little doubt that Mr. Moses himself thoroughly believed that he was really receiving communications from the departed; he jumped, as spiritists almost invariably do, to the conviction that the "spirits" were incapable of lying, and were, of course, just what they represented themselves to be.

It is quite impossible, in our space, to give anything more than a very superficial notion of these "experiences" of Mr. Moses and his friends; or to discuss thoroughly the hypothesis that they were produced by fraud or trickery, on his part, or that of his associates. We must content ourselves with giving the verdict of the Council of the Society, that as far as he himself, at any rate, is concerned, "the supposition that the phenomena are to be explained by deception on the part of Mr. Moses, whether in a normal or an abnormal state, is in a very high degree improbable."

We shall devote the remainder of this article to an investigation made on the extraordinary occurrences observed in the case of a medium more celebrated, though perhaps not more extraordinary, than Mr. Moses, namely, Mr. D. D. Home. This investigation was carefully made by Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., one of the most eminent scientific men of the world. His report gives full accounts of eleven seances held in 1871. (Sir William was Mr. Crookes then. He was knighted in 1897.) The first three were at the residence of Miss Douglas, 81 South Audley Street; the last at that of Mr. Walter Crookes, 24 Motcombe Street; the remainder at his own house, 20 Mornington Road. The room seems to have been sufficiently, though not brilliantly, lighted, with candles or gas most of the time. Even when these were not used, there was a fire in the grate, and light from the street.

On the first occasion experiments were made on the matter of table-tipping. The table used was a round table with a centre pillar supported on three legs, and weighing 32 lbs. To lift one leg off the ground by means of a spring balance hooked under its edge was found to require normally a force of 8 lbs.

In the first experiment seven persons in all being present, and all, except the experimenter himself, lightly touching the top; he, attaching the balance to it in the way just described, found, on Mr. Home giving the word: "Be light," that a pull of only 2 lbs. was required. At the word: "Be heavy," the balance showed 48 lbs; the hands of the sitters were placed *under* the table, to be sure that they could exert no force to keep it down. Their feet were drawn back under their chairs. Also, one of the gentlemen took a candle and looked under the table, to make sure that no one touched any part of it. Similar experiments were made on other occasions.

Another very remarkable performance was given at this sitting by Mr. Home. He

> went to the fire and, after stirring the hot coal about with his hand, took out a red-hot piece nearly as big as an orange, and, putting it on his right hand, covered it over with his left hand, so as to almost completely enclose it, and then blew into the small furnace thus extemporized, until the lump of

> charcoal was nearly white-hot, and then drew my attention to the lambent flame which was flickering over the coal, and licking round his fingers.

He had previously laid a similar coal on a fine cambric handkerchief, folded. Only a small hole, about half an inch in diameter was burnt in it, though the experiment was continued for some time, the coal being blown on as before. Mr. Crookes afterward examined the handkerchief in his laboratory, and "found that it had not undergone the slightest chemical preparation that could have rendered it fire-proof."

Mr. Home was in a trance at this time.

At the second seance,

> The table rose completely off the ground several times, whilst the gentlemen present took a candle and, kneeling down, deliberately examined the position of Mr. Home's feet and knees, and saw the three feet of the table quite off the ground. This was repeated, until each observer expressed himself satisfied that the levitation was not produced by mechanical means on the part of the medium or any one else present.

Mr. Home himself was levitated at the eighth seance, held at the Mr. Crookes' own house. Mr. Crookes says:

> We all saw him rise from the ground slowly to a height of about six inches—he had been standing previously quite erect—remain there about ten seconds, and then slowly descend. From my position I could not see his feet, but I distinctly saw his head, projected against the opposite wall, rise up, and Mr. Walter Crookes, who was sitting near where Mr. Home was, said that his feet were in the air. There was no stool or other thing near which could have aided him. Moreover, the movement was a smooth, continuous glide upwards.

At the eleventh seance, at the house of Mr. Walter Crookes, Mr. Home asked Mrs. Walter Crookes to remove the chair from under him, as it was not supporting him.

> He was then seen to be sitting in the air, supported by nothing visible. Then Mr. Home rested the extreme top of his head on a chair and his feet on the sofa. He said he felt supported in the middle very comfortably. The chair then moved away of its own accord, and Mr. Home rested flat over the floor behind Mrs. Walter Crookes.

On another occasion:

> The water—a water bottle—and tumbler now rose together, and we had answers to questions by their tapping together whilst floating in the air about eight inches above the table, and moving backwards and forwards from one to the other of the circle.

At the fifth seance, at Mr. William Crookes' own house, the gas being turned up, and all hands off the table and joined, a lath which had been on the table rose from it to the height of about ten inches at one end, and about five inches at the other, and then

> floated about for more than a minute in this position, suspended in the air, with no visible means of support. It moved sideways and waved gently up and down, just like a piece of wood on the top of small waves of the sea.

Some very remarkable musical performances were given at these seances, at Mr. William Crookes' own house, with an accordion belonging to himself. Probably the most remarkable was this. Mr. Crookes says:

> Mr. Home still standing behind Mrs. I—— and Mr. Walter Crookes, the accordion was both seen and heard to move about behind him without his hands touching it. It then played a tune without contact and floating in the air.
>
> Mr. Home then took the accordion in one hand and held it out so that we could all see it (he was still standing up behind Mrs. I—— and Mr. Walter Crookes). We then saw the accordion expand and contract and heard a tune played. Mrs. William Crookes and Mr. Home saw a light on the lower part of the accordion, where the keys were, and we then heard and saw the keys clicked and depressed one after the other fairly and deliberately, as if to show us that the power doing it, although invisible (or nearly so) to us, had full control over the instrument.
>
> A beautiful tune was then played whilst Mr. Home was standing up holding the accordion out in full view of every one.

The paper or report from which the above extracts have been taken was written in 1889, eighteen years after the seances. But the facts were not given from memory, but *verbatim* from notes taken at the time. He says in the paper with regard to these notes:

> Their publication will, at any rate, show that I have not changed my mind; that on dispassionate review of statements put forth by me nearly twenty years ago I find nothing to retract or alter. I have discovered no flaw in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based on them.
>
> I am too well aware that there have been many exposures of fraud on the part of mediums; and that some members of the Society for Psychical Research have shown the possibility of fraud under circumstances where Spiritualists had too readily assumed it was not possible. I have myself frequently detected fraud of various kinds; and I have always made it a rule, in weighing Spiritualistic evidence, to assume that fraud may have been attempted, and ingeniously attempted, either by seen or unseen agents. I was on my guard even in D. D. Home's case, although I am bound to say that with him I never detected any trickery or deceit whatever, nor heard any first-hand evidence of such from other persons. At the same time, I should never demand that any one should consider Home, or any other medium, as "incapable of fraud," nor should I pin my faith upon any experiment of my own or others which fraud could explain. The evidence for the genuineness of the phenomena obtained by Home in my presence seems to me to be strengthened rather than weakened by the discussions on conjuring, and the exposures of fraud which have since taken place. The object of such discussions is to transform *vague* possibilities of illusion and deception into *definite* possibilities; so far as this has yet been done, it has, I think, been made more clear that certain of Home's phenomena fall quite outside the category of marvels producible by sleight of hand or prepared apparatus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

TESTING FOR GOLD.

THE anticipated victory over Father Cosgrove had its origin in one of those frequent conversations between himself and Hamberton that went on at Brandon Hall. Nothing pleased the cynical Englishman more than refuting the optimism of the humble priest, who saw all things in the mirror of his own guilelessness and self-effacement. Many a debate, that would have been heated but for the gentleness of the old priest and the laughter of Claire Moulton, took place as to whether pure disinterestedness could exist in this world, and under the ordinary conditions of humanity. For a long time the priest had the victory in the very immediacy of Hamberton's own workmen, who had been loyal and obedient and faithful, not so much from a sense of the profits that might accrue, as from gratitude to so excellent a benefactor.

"Psha!" Hamberton would cry, "the fellows would turn against me to-morrow if another employer came who would offer them a shilling a week more. They know they can't do better. Gratitude? There's no such thing!"

"Well, I misunderstand them very much if that is the case," said the priest. "I go amongst them a good deal; and, believe me, if you needed it, there are a hundred willing hands at your command. As for Miss Moulton, you know her presence is a sunbeam in the poorest cottage."

"For what she brings!" said Hamberton.

"No, no; if she came empty-handed, she would be just as welcome. Is this not so, Miss Moulton?"

"It is so, Father. Uncle is wrong, all wrong. I'm sure the

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people are not grasping. At least, I should be much disappointed if I found it otherwise."

"And you will find it," said Hamberton.

"Never! never!" Father Cosgrove said emphatically. "The day Miss Moulton's shadow shall not be welcome across every threshold in this parish I shall despair."

"We shall see," said Hamberton. Swiftly and suddenly came his prophecy and his justification.

He was, as we have said, much in the habit of searching for minerals; and picking up bits of quartz, etc., in which might be a possibility of gold. And a few times he journeyed to London to have these specimens tested. This did not escape the sharp eyes of his workmen, who at once attributed their own unusual wages to the fact that Hamberton had found gold, and "was coining." The marbles, they argued, bits of colored stone, could not pay him; nor could any explanation of his presence on this wild Kerry coast, and his munificence to themselves, be found, but in the fact that he had discovered some auriferous vein, and was secretly working it. These poor workers had as poor an opinion of human nature as Hamberton himself. They would have killed with scorn the idea that any man could do good from purely philanthropic motives. Their school had been a hard one; and there had been no place for high or generous estimates of their kind.

The ring-leader in this new suspicious movement towards Hamberton was a small farmer and day-laborer named Ned Galway—a knowledgeable man, because he had been at a Kerry hedge-school and could say the answering at Mass. 'Tis quite true his quantities were not always correct, and he had a tendency to mix Irish and Latin together. But he was the "best eggicated" man in the townland, and there was considerable deference for his opinion. Ned had watched with shrewd, suspicious eyes the taste Hamberton had manifested for certain pieces of rock, and certain kinds of gravel; and he concluded that the "masther" was finding gold and secretly amassing a huge fortune. And what were their wages? In one sense good; but, relatively to the vast wealth Hamberton was secretly accumulating, simply a mere pittance. He brooded over the matter a long time, whispered his suspicions to others; and then, unknown even to his confederates, he made several careful assays himself.

He secreted a large quantity of gravel, and took it by night to a lonely spot where a clear, mountain stream rolled down amongst grasses and hardy ferns, until it lost itself in the sea. In the deep midnight, and lighted only by a dim stable lantern, he washed the red gravel, eagerly looking for some dim specks that would reveal the presence of gold. Alas! nothing remained but a little red mud, that refused to scintillate in the light.

Then he got some quartz and broke it into powder in his back yard, his good wife wondering what he was searching for. This, too, was a failure. A couple of flakes of some glinting material, that looked like glass, and this was all. The dream of untold wealth had vanished from his eyes, only to make him more and more certain that Hamberton held the secret. So, by degrees, many murmurings were heard, as the disaffection gained ground, and the belief in Hamberton's millions held them spell-bound.

He listened patiently and said nothing; but, like a calm Englishman, he made inquiries, and found that that unsuccessful miner, Ned Galway, was at the bottom of the discontent that now raged among his people. He also heard—there is a traitor in every camp—of Ned's unsuccessful assaying for gold; and he took his revenge.

In the hearing of a young son of Ned's—a little fellow, cute as a fox and cunning as a wesael—he threw out a hint that, unless the quartz were boiled down until every grain of earth or clay were eliminated, and unless the gravel were similarly boiled in a leathern bag, the gold would refuse to appear. The hint was taken; and Ned's poor wife had hard times during the next few weeks to boil the potatoes and cabbage for the midday dinner, while Ned's stout pots were simmering with huge deposits of quartz and gravel.

Hamberton waited for a few days; and then strolled in, as was his wont, and talked to the cottagers in his easy, familiar style—talked about the weather and the crops and the hay and the potatoes.

"By the way, Mrs. Galway," he cried, going over and stirring with the ferule on his cane the huge masses of quartz that were being boiled in one of the largest pots, "I heard that you had excellent potatoes. These they?"

"Yes, your honnor"; said the poor woman. "They're wanderful intirely this year, Glory be to God!"

"They look nice and floury," Hamberton said. "But they seem rather hard."

"They'll come all right when they're well biled," said Ned, looking suspiciously at Hamberton out of the corners of his eyes.

"And this," said Hamberton, stirring up the bag which, in another pot, held the auriferous gravel, "a leg of mutton, by Jove! That's right! That's just what we want! I can boast now, like the French king, that there is a fowl or something better in every pot in my little kingdom."

"God bless your 'anner. Sure, 'tis to you and to the grate God we owe everything."

Hamberton should bring Claire to see the wonderful prosperity of his people. The pots were still simmering.

"Look here, Claire, look at this," he cried, again stirring up the quartz, "look at these for potatoes!"

"They are not potatoes!" said Claire Moulton, who was not in the joke. "They seem hard as stones."

"An' sure they are shtones, me lady," said Mrs. Galway. "Sure, we left the masther have his little joke about potatoes, and the King of France, and every wan with a chicken in his pot. Them's only chanies that Ned does be clanin' to put on the dhresser, or outside on the wall."

"The devil!" said Hamberton. "And the leg of mutton? I suppose that's meal for the chickens?"

"Yerra, no, yer 'anner; sure you're innicent. That's only a little sand up from the sayshore that Ned does be screenin' to make cimment for the little piggery outside!"

Hamberton laughed quietly; but he spread the story far and wide amongst the men, about Ned Galway boiling quartz for chanies and boiling gravel for cement. The rest were not slow to understand; and public opinion veered around, and set steadily against avaricious Ned. And he had to stand a running fire of questions ever after; for the Irish are unrelenting when they have turned a joke against some poor victim.

"Yerra, Ned, are the praties biled a-yet?"

"Yerra, Ned, when will ye be axin' us up to ate that leg of mutton wid ye?"

"Begor, we know who's coinin'. 'Tisn't crocks of goold, but rocks of goold we're afther findin' now-a-days."

"Well, Mary"—to the wife—"plase God, we'll see, one of these days, rowlin' in yer carridge and pair."

"Wisha, thin, sure 'tis we don't begridge you yer good fortune. Sure ye airned it hard, stirrin' and bilin' and rinsin' night after night. 'Tis the divil's own work to get at that same goold; and, sure, whin ye have it, little good it is, they say."

Father Cosgrove was taken into the confidence of Hamberton; but only half-way. In his simple, guileless fashion he believed that his poor parishioners had received a sudden accession of wealth, and he was genuinely glad of it.

"I'm delighted to hear ye have come in for somethin' good," he said to Mrs. Galway.

"Yerra, no, yer reverence"; the poor woman would say, "but they must be afther havin' their jokes."

"But all this golden quartz and gravel that Ned has been breakin' up! I believe Mr. Hamberton thought they were potatoes."

"His 'anner is fond of his fun wid poor people," she would reply. "And, sure, we're depindin' on him, and can't say a word agin' him."

And they didn't. They saw the "masther" was no joke; and that there was pretty deep meaning in his jesting. And he would have punished Ned Galway severely, but that he argued, in his own cynical way: He's no worse than every one else! Poor devil! What is he doing, but what every capitalist and speculator is doing the wide world over?

But the discontent and conspiracy were at an end. They were killed by the practical jest.

"These Irish are like the Jacobins," said Hamberton. "A clever *mot* will always pull down the barricades."

But it gave him the text for a little homily which he preached at Father Cosgrove some time after.

"There are two classes of men in the world, Rev. dear Father, that are intolerable—preachers and novelists. The former, because they teach a religion, whose practices they know to be impossible; the latter, because they paint an ideal world, a Utopia of morality and goodness and benevolence, which never existed and never could exist. Every sensible man knows that the real and only business of life is getting something—pleasure, profit, revenge, victory; a wife, her money, large dividends, broad acres, your enemies under your feet, your friends fearing you and depending on you. Now, when we all know this to be the sum and aim of all human existence, why will a certain class of men in snowy surplice take to telling us that this—the fact that stares us all in the face—is a delusion, that it does not exist? What would we do with a man that would tell us the sun doesn't shine at midday, nor the stars at night; that fire doesn't burn, and cold doesn't freeze? Clap a strait-jacket on him. And that's just what I'd do with all preachers. Strip them, unfrock them, as good Queen Bess did; and clap on the strait-jacket. But these confounded day-dreamers and romancers are worse. They pretend that such a cloud-world is realized in everyday life; they give the credulous world pictures of pure attachment, generous deeds, high motives, sincerity, honor, which every one knows cannot, and do not, exist. What is the result? Plainly, that the young and unsophisticated, instead of being taught the terrible truths of existence, go out as day-dreamers into a hard and terrible world; and have to learn by bitter, personal experience that what their romancers taught them is all a lie. And 'tis all the same and everywhere the same. London broker and Kerry peasant, American trust-thief and Ned Galway—'tis all the same. By the way, I'll break that fellow, I think!"

"No, no; you mustn't"; said Father Cosgrove. "He has a big family and is not a bad fellow at heart."

"Certainly not. A first-rate fellow, until he was bitten by the mad dog. Well, for your sake, I'll give him a chance. But don't speak of disinterestedness again. There's no such thing."

"There is, there is, there is"; said Father Cosgrove triumphantly, at which Hamberton bent his eyebrows and Claire Moulton laughed.

"Another mare's nest? O man, great is thy faith!" said Hamberton.

"What would you think, now, of a family in this parish," said Father Cosgrove, "in this parish," he continued slowly, trying to make his description graphic, "and within a few miles from here—a poor family, a very poor family, whose cattle had been seized for rent, or rather driven away, lest they should be seized—"

"That's better," said Hamberton. "Go on!"

"Well, this family, rack-rented, poor, distrained, takes in a poor fellow, a wandering tramp from nobody knew where, fed him, clothed him; and when he was sick, as he was lately, nursed him, and wouldn't allow him go to the Workhouse Hospital—wouldn't allow him go to the Workhouse Hospital, although he had fever—'twas only rheumatic, but still it was fever—defied doctor, nursed him themselves through all that *fever*, stayed up at night with him, and—and—and—"

"Were well paid in the long run, I bet," said Hamberton.

"Paid? How could he pay? A tramp, a begger, and an Englishman," said Father Cosgrove.

"That caps the climax," said Hamberton. "When they could take an Englishman to their heart, they must be Gospel Christians in very deed."

"Well, see for yourself," said the priest. "And, mind you, these poor people had to get milk for that poor fellow down from where their cows were hidden on the mountain. And, mind you, they hardly know his name; and they certainly don't know where he came from."

"Have they no suspicion?" said Hamberton.

"Suspicion? Yes; but only suspicion. They think he is a deserter from the army!"

"Hallo! That explains it," said Hamberton. "There always is an explanation. They are 'agin the government'; and it is a satisfaction to know they are sheltering a rebel. There it is, always something besides real sympathy and love. But we must see our fellow-countryman, Claire, and bring him over here. There's an empty cottage down there near that scoundrel's, Ned Galway; and we'll put him there, and he can keep a watch on Ned's prospecting. I'll give that fellow one chance for your sake, father; but if I find him tampering with the men, I'll certainly dismiss him. By the way, where does this model family live?"

"At Lisheen, about six miles to the east of this. You'll find what I say is right."

"Very good, *mon père*, we'll give you every chance to prove your optimism. Lisheen! Lisheen! Claire, remember the name!"

Well she did remember it. They visited Lisheen, with the result we have described.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN, December 12, 18—.

DEAREST EDITH: I have been in the greenroom, and have seen it all, just as you describe; but I have not seen the awful banalities you imagine. And I have been on the stage—a little—and I think, but I must not be too sure as yet, until I have heard the critics, that I performed my little part fairly well. The audience was vulgar enough, loudly-dressed and vacantly staring. My six bridesmaids were under sixteen—this I insisted upon; four were under twelve. They haven't bitten the apple of the Tree of Life as yet, and are still in their primeval innocence. But Maud Beresford kissed me, which is a good sign; and others some, not in my hearing, but all things return, nodded and whispered: "An' if she knew"; and, "Was that a wedding-bell or a passing-bell?" And one said: "Pride goeth before a fall"; from all which you will conjecture, dearest, that my *debut* on the stage of married life was a fair success. At least, I like it. The prompter's call has no terrors for me; and I think my complexion stands well the footlights. No; I have not the slightest desire to go back to those lonely and stupid boxes again. I have gone beyond the caramels and the sugared lemons; and I was tired of mere staring and wondering. "Give me action, action," was the cry of my heart; and my cry has been heard; and it shall go ill with me if I do not perform my part so well as to excite the admiration of my friends, the spleen of my enemies; and what more can human female heart desire?

But to drop metaphor—you led me into the detestable habit—why did you write me such a doleful, lugubrious letter? If it were written from foggy London—where we have just been, the fog yellow as the Tiber and thick as the darkness of Egypt—I could understand it. Everything is thick and heavy there; and the atmosphere clogs the ink in the pen, and the thoughts in the brain; and Puck could not be merry. But to get such a letter as yours from "India's coral strand," from the land of shining pagodas and skies of eternal blue—it was a profanation. Rainy seasons and steaming grasses and tropical heats won't explain it. What is it, dearest Edith? There is a note of sadness, even of despair, running through it all. Surely your life is not unhappy. I cannot think it. You—who were so jolly, so careless, so light-hearted—to send me, and on such an occasion, so terrible a forecast! Write again, dearest Edith, and say you retract it all, that it was all a horrible blunder, brought on by the heat depression. Or else I shall never allow Ralph to return to India. But I haven't told you about Ralph. Don't start at the name. The boy you mentioned—he was but a boy, compared with Ralph—took a mild attack of insanity, a strange, weird delusion, from excessive reading and poring over nonsensical books; and has gone down to the south of Ireland on some Quixotic expedition, from which it is expected he cannot return alive. I did him no injustice, I assure you. I warned him again and again to beware of ideas that, however nice they may seem in books, are never adopted in life, except within the walls of an asylum. It was no use. He would see for himself. He calmly dropped me, without a word of explanation, and went his way. When people marry an idea, they cannot wed a wife. Otherwise there would be incompatibility of temper, etc., which we read of in the courts.

Now, Ralph Outram—that's my dear husband's name—Ralph Outram, C.B., late of the Indian Service, has no ideas; and he is an archangel. He has mounted up, step by step, in the official and social ladder, until he has very nearly reached the top; and thence he has stooped down and drawn up little me! The height is dizzy; but I keep my head. We had a delightful few weeks in London, where he seemed to know every one, even the proletariat, for some queer people called at our hotel to see him, but he drew the line sharply at these. We had quite a round of parties, theatres, and then we ran down to a quiet seaside place called Littlehampton, away from the big, noisy world, and this was delectable. Not that I dislike the big, noisy world; oh, no; it is all right, especially when one can look the thing steadily in the face. But for one, just—well, on the stage, a little retirement away from the glare is sometimes welcome. But Ralph is an angel. Ever so considerate and kind and gentle; he has a strong side, too, to his character. He says all old Indians have. They must have from their intercourse with natives. One little instance gave me a shock, but filled me with admiration for such a great, strong protector. One of the proletariat (Ralph always calls them thus) presumed too much, and became offensive. Ralph was infinitely tolerant. Then he took the fellow, as if he were a child, in his arms, and dropped him into the area of the hotel. It was the evening we left London for Littlehampton.

And now one word about my little presents: They were many—I send you the *Irish Times* by the mail, as I cannot recount them in a letter—and beautiful. Very beautiful and very costly. One species was absent, and I thanked heaven. The vile, the detestably vulgar, cheque. It is one of the most dread signs of modern decadence. Ralph cannot see it. But men look at these things so differently; and I shall educate him. But how shall I thank you, dearest Edith, for your Indian present. I assure you its beauty took away my breath. The intense polish of the porphyry vase—it is porphyry, is it not?—the perfect outline and finish, and the sudden contrast with the little green, coiled cobra at the bottom, gave me a start of surprise, which soon yielded to pleasure. One vulgar woman declared she saw a fac-simile, but on a much larger scale, at Chatsworth; but this was a little feminine boasting. No; there's nothing like it in the world. So every one says. One or two affected creatures pretended, while admiring the exquisite vase, to have received a sudden shock when they saw the beautiful reptile. But this was an affectation. And some tried to make it a sign of something—a hint, an indication! But this, of course, is absurd. There it remains, until I shall create for it a special place in my new drawing room. Your lovely card that was in it Ralph picked up and kept as a talisman, he said, because you wrote in his beloved Sanskrit. He won't tell me what it is, except good wishes and all forms of Oriental and fanciful felicitations. Some day, dearest, when you have returned home, we shall talk the whole thing over, and you will translate the beautiful poetry for me.

One little drawback I must mention. Poor father, in his failing health, was depressed about it all. He couldn't come to church, his feet are so swollen; but he has been extremely kind. Somehow—there! I must tell you everything, the golds and the grays mix themselves up so much in life—I fear he set his heart too much on my marriage with Bob Maxwell—the young fanatic, who has lost his head about Socialistic theories, etc.—and I know he was hoping up to the last moment to have heard tidings of him. Not that it would matter much. I had long ago made up my mind that I would follow my star; and that no girlish or parental caprice should deter me. I knew I had a destiny, and that I must fulfil it. But poor Pap had set his heart on Bob—his father was an old military comrade—and sometimes he looks depressed and sad, and murmurs: "Poor Bob! Poor Bob!" Ralph is highly amused; and repeats: "Poor Bob! Poor Bob!" until I have to laugh. "Bob must gang his own gait," he says; "I only wish I had my ring back." This was a talismanic ring, given Ralph by a Brahmin, or a Buddha, or something, out there in India; and Ralph parted with it to Mr. Maxwell, as a kind of pledge or security that the latter would do his part in the mad undertaking. The ring is valuable, I believe; and Ralph says he must have it back. It was all a madcap business transacted in a Dublin club; but no one took Mr. Maxwell seriously until he asked for the ring; and then Ralph couldn't refuse it. But father is gloomy over the matter. Ralph says it is only the depression of gout, which will wear away.

There, now, I think I have told you everything. Oh! I was near forgetting. 'Tis only a trifle; but you are so good as to be interested in every little thing that concerns me. The poor organist at the cathedral did grind out the Wedding March from *Lohengrin;* but he broke down suddenly. Something went wrong with the hydraulic engine, or something else; but we had gone! Otherwise, I—not I, but some of my dear friends—would say it was an evil omen. I hope I am above such things; but some people are so superstitious. Anything more? No; except that I love you dearly, dearest Edith, and dream and dream and dream of the day which shall reunite us. Do you know, I sadly need a *friend;* and I have not one. With which sad confession, I remain, as ever,

Yours, etc., MABEL OUTRAM.

P. S.—Ralph tells me that he is some relative to a great Outram, who distinguished himself in India, far back in the eighteenth century, or seventeenth, I quite forget which. *N'importe!* Isn't Ralph, too, great, or shall be? M. O.

When the little woman to whom the above letter was addressed, received it on a dull December morning, as the old year closed sorrowfully, she uttered some ejaculations that were quite unintelligible to her Hindoo maid. And all day she went around sorrowful and mute, so that her husband asked her anxiously at dinner:

"Is't a mutiny at Delhi, or an approaching earthquake, Edith? I never saw you look so glum!"

To which she only vouchsafed the dumb answer of putting her finger on her lips, and waving a certain letter in the air.

Once or twice he heard her murmuring: "Porphyry vase! Cobra coiled at the bottom! Sanskrit!" But he was too wise to ask further questions.

CHAPTER IX.

POOR REYNARD.

Much as he struggled against it, Maxwell became every day, after Hamberton's visit, sunk in profound melancholy. They had brought with them that atmosphere of refinement and wealth to which he had been now for months a perfect stranger; and this had awakened reminiscences of the past life of gracious ease and pleasure, which was his natural environment. Nay; it must be confessed that, after this visit, Lisheen took on an aspect of sordid poverty which it had not worn before; and—shall it be said?—Debbie, his nurse, his handmaid, whom he had come to regard with a kind of brotherly affection, and whose rustic health and comeliness he had often wondered at, suddenly shrank into a mere country girl, rough, strong, healthy, but sadly wanting in the nameless graces that surround her city-bred sisters. The whole revolution in his feelings was horrible to his conscience and his honor; and he struggled manfully against it. But it would come back. That visit had shed a light on the floor of the humble cottage, in which the old, familiar aspects of things could never be seen again.

And then, as he brooded over this sudden change in his feelings, the conviction would force itself upon his judgment that his mission had failed. He had done nothing. These people were—where he had found them some months ago. He was so far from having lifted up the entire population, that he had not even helped on a single family. All that he had dreamed of in his sunniest moments had been dissipated. He had gained but one thing—the grace of illumination, the deep, close insight into a condition of things that seemed to him desperate. Whatever he had read or heard of the sordid and humble condition of peasant-life in Ireland paled into shadows before the reality; and "Good God!" he cried, "imagine some quarter of a million of people living under these conditions. The very stones should cry out."

In marked and violent contrast with his own failure, was the reported success of this Englishman, Hamberton. He had made many cautious inquiries of Pierry and of the priest as to the success of Hamberton's work. Yes; there was no denying it. Hamberton had swept away a foul village of rotten cabins, and replaced it with a comfortable and picturesque little hamlet of neat, red-tiled cottages; Hamberton had burned some rotting coracles and placed a little fleet of safe and shapely vessels in the harbor. Hamberton had put up a little fishing-pier; and Hamberton had torn open the bosom of a hill that had sheltered its treasures with ignoble secrecy since the creation of things, and with the appliances of science had established an industry that was repaying him and yielding a decent livelihood to his workmen.

"What wages does he give?" asked Maxwell.

"Fifteen shillings to boys; twenty and twenty-five shillings to men," said Pierry, as if he were relating something legendary and fabulous.

Father Cosgrove confirmed the legend, adding that he never allowed the men to work more than nine hours a day—seven to nine; ten to one P. M.; two to six P. M.

"And they have never struck?"

"No; they have murmured, but no more."

"We need the hand of the Saxon over us as yet," said Maxwell, in confession of his own impotence.

But the sense of failure galled him. How could he ever go back to Dublin, and face his own class again? The time was running on; and, so far, he could see no way out of the terrible difficulty wherein he had deliberately placed himself. If he could only see Hamberton, confess his identity and his failure, and seek for light and leading! But he had given his answer, curt and clear enough, and how now could he break with these people who had been so humane and kind? It was a horrible *impasse*, this to which his precipitancy had led him; and, apparently, there was no escape.

A few days before Christmas the long-expected letter came from a daughter in Philadelphia. There were many excuses for the delay—sickness, hospital expenses eating away whatever little reserve had accumulated, etc., but it contained a postal order for £5; and there was great jubilation at Lisheen.

"I'll take it in to the agent," said Owen McAuliffe, "and get a clare resate from him. And thin we can bring down the cattle. I hope it will be a long time before we can have to clare the manes agin!"

"Av you take my advice," said Pierry, "you'll buy a shuit of clothes for yerself, and a dress for Debbie, and let us have one dacent Christmas dinner; and pitch that ruffian to the divil."

"Betther have an aisy mind an' our night's rest," said Owen. "Sure I have not wan dacent shleep since our cattle wos removed."

So the old man took in the five pounds to Tralee, trudging the whole thirteen miles thither and back, and returning with a sad countenance.

"He wouldn't take thim," said he in explanation. "He demanded two pounds, twelve and sixpence more—costs, he said—which I hadn't to give him. I'm afeard he manes mischief."

"I'm dom'd glad he didn't," said Pierry. "Did you bring us anythin' from town for the holidays?"

"Not much," said the old man, dragging out of a frayed and broken bag a scraggy piece of raw beef and a bottle of whisky. "'Twas hard to brake Mary's bit o' money; but I thought ye'd be expectin' somethin'."

"The ruffian does mane mischief," said Pierry. "But we'll be ready for him; believe you me, we'll be ready for him."

Christmas Eve came around—that blessed season when men seem to forget for a while that life is a warfare, and to remember that momentous saying: "A new commandment I give you—that you love one another, as I have loved you." Alas! It fell cold and bleak, and darkened by shadows of coming ills, on the little household at Lisheen.

One incident touched Maxwell deeply, revealing as it did awful depths of poverty and hardship. Right over the fireplace there hung two pigs' heads, so dry, so hard, so blackened by eternal smoke, that for a long time he had supposed them to be wooden ornaments or articles of an unknown use. That they could be used for human food never remotely entered his mind, until this momentous Christmas Eve, when it was suggested that, perhaps, they could make the sacrifice, and use one of these as a kind of condiment to the ragged beef which the old man had brought from Tralee. At first the idea was scouted, the old woman protesting that she would feel lonesome-like, if she missed it from its accustomed place; but probably it was Maxwell's presence that finally decided that the bacon should be used with the beef.

"Two kinds of mate," said the old man jokingly. "Begor, we're gettin' on in the world."

And yet it was a lonesome Christmas—probably the most utterly miserable time Maxwell had yet spent.

St. Stephen's day dawned bright, crisp, and cheerful; and the two young men, Pierry and Maxwell, started out for a long bright walk up the mountain-side. It was about eleven o'clock, and they had mounted a declivity or two, when suddenly the music of a horn and the baying of fox-hounds broke on their ears. It startled them both into feelings of swift and eager joy; for Maxwell was a keen sportsman, and one of his many sorrows at Lisheen was to see the pheasant and the partridge whirring over his head whilst his fingers twitched for the weapon that was not there; and Pierry, like every farmer's son in Ireland, was prepared to walk twenty miles to a race or a meet. They both wheeled around, and saw, deep down in the level, a gay assemblage of pink and black coats, hats shining in the sunlight, and the dappled coats of the hounds. They swiftly descended and came out on the road, and made their way down to the meet. The huntsman was consulting some farmers or laborers, who were pointing hither and thither as if to demonstrate the places where a fox was likely to be found. When the two young men mingled with the throng they just heard the name "Netterville" addressed by one of the gentlemen present to a horseman, who sat his horse without grace, and was otherwise distinguished by short stature, a furtive look, and a pair of bristling moustaches fiery red, and sharply cut at the ends.

In an instant, Pierce McAuliffe divined that this was the hated agent, who threatened ruin to their humble household, and while his passions flamed up, he swiftly decided that, no matter what the consequences might be, he would shame that fellow before the crowd.

"Here," said the huntsman, impatient at the delay, whilst the fierce dogs ran aimlessly between the horses' legs, "do you know which of the two covers, Lisheen or Ahacross, is likely to hold a fox to-day?"

He spoke to Pierry and Maxwell.

"I dunno," said Pierry, with a drawl; "but I can put ye on the track of as big and bould a fox as there is from here to Dingle this minit."

"Where? where?" was shouted, as the horsemen bunched together.

"There, jest behind ye," said Pierry, pointing to Netterville.

There was a titter; and to escape, Netterville, under pretence of exercising his animal, leaped a fence, which, roughly constructed of stones, gave way beneath the horse's hoofs, and cantered into a field, where the stubble of last harvest still lay. In an instant Pierce McAuliffe was after him.

"Get out, get out, d—— you," the boy cried, "get out of an honest man's lands, you thundering rogue."

The horseman wheeled round at the challenge and confronted the young man, who was now in a dreadful fury.

"How dare you, you, sir, speak to a gentleman in that manner? I'd cut your hide well for you."

"Would you?" said Pierry, coming over. "You daren't lay a wet finger on me, you d——d coward, and you know it. Come, out o' this! None of your exterminators and evicthors will hunt over my lands to-day."

The whole group had now gathered at the fence to watch the singular episode. And Netterville, pale with rage and shame, gnawed his moustache, and made his horse caracole around.

"Come, come," said Pierry; "no nonsense. Out of this field, or, by G——, I'll make you."

There were now cries of anger from the whole hunt, and many queries:

"Who's this fellow? Who's his landlord? We must make an example of him," etc., etc.

And one said it was the Maxwell estate—which made Bob Maxwell shudder; and others said it was the Bernard property; and others that Netterville knew best, and would take a subtle revenge. He was still pulling his horse round and round, disliking to be conquered, and yet conscious that he was breaking the law, when Pierry, stung to madness by the remarks of the genteel crowd, struck the animal smartly on the haunches, and leaped aside just as the riding-whip of Netterville swished in the air over his head. Again Pierry struck, and again Netterville strove to lash him with his whip; but the boy was too agile, and lightly leaped back. At this juncture Maxwell, having shouted to the huntsman: "Call off the hounds, if you don't want bloodshed!" leaped lightly over the fence, and approaching Netterville said, with the accent and manner of one gentleman addressing another:

"You must be aware, Mr. Netterville, that this young man has a strict legal right to stop hunting over his fields, and that you are putting yourself in the power of the law by assaulting him. Come, let me lead your horse!".

"Who the devil—?" Netterville was saying, when Maxwell quietly took his horse by the head, and, as the bridle swung loose in the rider's hands, cantered the animal gently across the stubble and led him through the gap on to the road. Then, lookimg up, he saw Hugh Hamberton and Miss Moulton watching with interest the whole proceeding. The former, his face set sternly and his lips tightly closed, was looking vacantly across the field. He was evidently studying this strange object-lesson in Irish life, and apparently his sympathies were with the boy who had merely asserted his legal rights. Claire Moulton, looking very trim and perfect in her riding habit, was slightly flushed, and that strange gleam came into her eyes as in every moment of excitement. Maxwell was turning away, when she nodded in a friendly manner towards him; and Hamberton, waking up, said gravely:

"You did that well, my young friend, very well indeed. Come, Claire!"

They galloped after the hounds; and then, for the first time, was Maxwell aware how shabbily he was dressed and how plebian a picture he must have presented to these new-found friends, in whom he had begun to feel a strange interest. He looked down at his mud-soiled boots, his blue trousers stained with earth and badly frayed at the extremities, his overcoat gray and wrinkled and greasy, his brown hat slightly indented and badly discolored, and he grew red with shame.

"I'd have killed him if you hadn't interfered," said a voice. It was Pierry's; and his white face and manner made it clear that he meant it. "An' it was a chanst that will never come again. They couldn't hang me, for it was he broke the law."

The young men returned home, whilst the hunt moved away across the country towards Ahacross; and the short, bright winter day was darkening slowly towards evening, when again the deep baying of hounds, and the sound of the horn, drew them forth from the fireside.

This time, following the sounds, they went up towards the hills, Pierry armed with a thick bludgeon, and as determined as in the morning to allow not one of that hated band to cross a fence of his fields. When they had reached the heights, they saw the huntsmen laboring heavily across some fields beneath them, and looking further up they saw the hounds slowly and laboriously toiling up the fields, their tongues lolling out sideways and their dappled skins white and panting with exhaustion. A little in advance, and making his way apparently towards a farmer's cottage just outside the bounds of Lisheen, was poor Reynard, now making one last desperate struggle for life. He had given them a glorious run for many miles across the country from the cover at Ahacross; and now, as he stumbled wearily across the ploughed field, he could not be distinguished, except by practised eyes, from the brown earth, so discolored was he with dirt and so slow and heavy his movements. The hounds were leaping the fences into this field, as he approached the farm yard; and they were now silent from fatigue, and the certainty that they had reached their quarry. One or two huntsmen, and one lady, were leading, when suddenly the fox disappeared, as if the ground had swallowed him; and the hounds, rushing madly here and there, set up short yelps of disappointment.

There was a large crowd of country people assembled to watch the hunt; and they were as deeply interested in the sudden and unexpected termination of the day's sport as the horsemen who had ridden across country, and who now came up, hot, querulous, and angry. No one could tell what had become of Reynard, until one old hound, whose experience atoned for his loss of scent, tracked the animal down to where a narrow channel, on the level of the field, seemed to lead through the ground across the road. It was so narrow and so blocked with brambles, that the hound could only put his nose into the aperture, whence he immediately withdrew with a long deep howl of disappointment. In a short time, the whole hunt had assembled, horses and men panting and foam-flecked with the fierce exertion; but after a pause of a quarter of an hour or so, the huntsman decided that Reynard had escaped, and he drew off his hounds, and faced homewards. With the terrible instinct for destruction which still lingers in human hearts, the hunt, ladies and gentlemen alike, decided that it would be worth while to wait and unearth the fox; and they asked a few peasant lads present if there were no means of driving Reynard from his retreat. Maxwell, who with Pierry was standing by, could not help saying, as he forgot for the moment his assumed character:

"Let the brute alone! He has given you a good day's sport; and will give another. Don't you see the hounds are gone!"

There were some profane answers to this burst of indignation; some supercilious queries: "Who is this fellow?" etc., etc., which were interrupted when a young peasant lad put in a fox terrier in the channel, and the hounds and huntsman were whistled after to return. In a few minutes the poor hunted brute emerged from the channel at the other side, and wearily crossed a potato patch near the farmer's outhouses. There was a shout of triumph from the horsemen, the huntsman rode merrily up, the hounds gave tongue once more, and the hunted animal ran wearily back and forward on a ditch that bounded the farmer's haggart. When the hounds plunged down into the potato garden the fox, with one last effort for life, leaped up and struggled wildly to get a foothold on the thatch of the barn. He succeeded, and for the next few minutes, he ran across the ridge of the barn, whilst the hounds came beneath, yelping at their victim and tossing their tails wildly. The whole hunt stood still, watching the end. Maxwell was furious. It was cold-blooded cruelty, without an atom of sport. He told the huntsman so; he told the horsemen so; he told the ladies so. They looked on and laughed. After about ten minutes' vain endeavor to tire out or elude his foes, it was clear the fox's strength was failing. There was nothing for it but to wait. Then one fierce dog leaped up and pursued the exhausted animal. Without a cry, or moan, the poor brute rolled down the thatch, and fell into the jaws of twenty hounds. In a few seconds he was torn limb from limb, and nothing remained but a few scraps of skin and bone. The huntsman deftly saved the brush, and cantering over to where Claire Moulton was holding in her horse, he gallantly offered it to her. But she put it aside with a gesture of disgust; and Maxwell, again forgetting himself, could not help saying:

"Quite right, Miss Moulton! It was the most brutal and unsportsmanlike act I ever saw!"

Which remark again excited the curiosity of the crowd, who could not reconcile Maxwell's manner with his dress and company. And many were the conjectures that were made, as the hunt broke up and the horsemen filed slowly homewards in the deepening twilight. And Pierry too was lost in thought as he trudged slowly down the hill to Lisheen.

"Perhaps, after all," he whispered to himself, "Debbie may be right. No wan but wan of theirsel's would spake up to thim that way. But what, then, can he be doin' here?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ECONOMIC MOTIVE.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THE mental habit, universal in modern nations, of thinking of wealth in terms of money, and of associating money with nearly all forms of self-realization, is due to the *rôle* that money and credit symbols play in life, and to the circumstances in which we seek to possess them. In this way, popular judgment and aim are drawn away from the nature of wealth and lives are misdirected. Attention was directed in a former article to the relations of wealth, money, and credit, but it may serve present purposes to hear the soliloquy of Robinson Crusoe on them.

> If I killed more flesh than I could eat, the dog must eat it or the vermin; if I sowed more corn than I could eat, it must be spoiled; the trees that I cut down were lying to rot on the ground. . . . In a word, the nature and experience of things dictated to me, upon just reflection, that all good things of this world are no further good to us than they are for our use; and that, whatever we may heap up indeed to give others, we may enjoy as much as we can use and no more. The most covetous griping miser in the world would have been cured of the vice of covetousness, if he had been in my case, for I possessed infinitely more than I knew what to do with. . . . I had, as I hinted before, a parcel of money, as well gold as silver, about thirty-six pounds sterling. Alas, there the nasty, sorry, useless stuff lay. I had no manner of business for it; and I often thought with myself that I would have given a handful of it for a gross of tobacco pipes; or for a hand mill to grind my corn; nay, I would have given it all for six pennyworth of turnip and carrot seed out of England, or for a handfull of peas and beans and a bottle of ink. As it was, I had not the least advantage by it or benefit from it.

Possibly any one else, if in Crusoe's situation, would have spoken as wisely. But we live in an artificial, intense age, when money is supremely desirable, when it enters our thought and ambition in spite of us. When any reformer, as for instance the Socialist, proposes to do away with some of the confusion of motive and of values of life, and to restore natural functions of things to their natural place, we look on him as an enemy, a menace to the social disorder which we call order. A view of the *rôle* of the economic motive in life will enable us to understand much of Socialism's spirit and aim, and while we cannot believe in its remedy for social ills, we may see the justification for some of its attacks on present conditions and institutions.

I.

As soon as the average boy commences to correlate his experiences and make inferences from them, he discovers that money is prominent in life as a desirable thing. Its remote meaning is hidden from him, yet he learns to associate it mechanically with many forms of pleasurable activity. He receives money for being good; unthinking friends give him money as a present. It is given to him to heal bruises when he falls, to stop his tears, to induce him to take medicine. With money the boy can buy candy or pop corn. At school he reads about money; his examples in arithmetic, in past days at least, concerned it. At Church he hears money discussed; at home he hears conversations and maybe quarrels about money, cost, expense, saving or spending. His home experience associates privation and discontent with lack of money, joy and abundance with its possession. We are not surprised then when the boy of eight announces that he will, when he is a man, "buy all the oil and raise the price and get rich"; or when the little girl, just old enough to go to school, "plays church" by putting a real plate before an imaginary congregation and awaiting imaginary contributions, which she will place in her imaginary bank.

Example, suggestion, positive teaching, imitation, all concur in representing money to the young as a magic thing, powerful, desirable; to be thought of, sought, possessed. In earlier years, the child experiences both acquisition of it and its surrender in buying things. An average child will give all of his money for anything that he wants, as he has no idea of cost, proportion, or of the difficulties of acquisition. But all or nearly all of the forces that act on him in his formation tend to develop, mechanically, at first, and later by reasoning, the notions of price and cost, judgment of the average values of things and of the amount of money that one should or should not pay. With this may appear a consciousness of the value of saving, of accumulating, of the range of choice that it allows, of the value of future pleasure over present enjoyment, of the relation of money to life; and out of the whole mental situation emerges the pure economic motive of getting as much as possible for as little outlay as possible.

There is a dawning realization, however, that, after all, money itself must be bought, and the price must be paid. It costs labor, self-denial, foresight, thrift, deliberate surrender of ease and waywardness; study, and obedience to the will of others. It may be that most men are practically equal to one another in their willingness to have and to use money, while they differ vastly in their willingness to pay these prices for it. Possibly no more pathetic and spiritually disorganizing situation is presented in the modern world than that of men of great attainments and unquestioned power paying willingly, eagerly, health, conscience, culture, home, for money.

Excepting the small number who inherit money, the millions face life in their young years under the necessity of "making their living." The world is indifferent to them. It is a saddening and hardening process that transfers the youth from home, where he means so much, to the world, where he means so little, and brings the thought in full force to him that life is a struggle and he must enter it to win, or go down. Commentaries, rich and varied, on civilization, on institutions, on life, run through the mind as a young man looks at the rapidly moving mass of humanity, crowded thick and forbidding, in one another's way, jostling, obstructing one another, and wonders where he may find a safe place. As life is organized, making a living means making money, and the young man finds all of his earlier experience of the value and power of money reinforced by his pressing need of it. If his parents have not money, he must go to work early in life and earn. If they educate him for law or medicine, he must wait for years to be independent. As he turns toward the world to earn his living, he makes a discovery of greatest importance. He has no access to the natural sources of wealth. These are owned as property by individuals, and, if he would work or "make a living," he must work for or be hired by some one who owns the ordinary sources of income. He must make himself valuable to the property owner; he must show traits that are profitable. And he finds, last of all, that the employer is just as eager to increase his amount of property or money as he himself. He finds further that, on the whole, the employer is in control, and that their interests clash at the very heart of industry, in the process of distribution.

It may be said that this is an inaccurate presentation, for the employer who accumulates property, engages in business, assumes risk, furnishes directing genius, is thereby the greatest benefactor of the laborer, who is required only to labor. But this is the employer's view, and we are tracing the way to Socialism. There the view described dominates and the other is slurred over.

II.

There are among men wise and foolish, keen and dull, good and bad, industrious and lazy, farsighted and shortsighted, provident and improvident, selfish and unselfish, blundering and shrewd; in brief, individuals are strong or weak, and there are many forms of strength and of weakness. The first concern of all of them is provision for physical existence, the securing of the wealth, food, clothing, shelter required for life, or the securing of money by which these may be procured in season. Led, no doubt, by experience, which teaches a most impressive lesson, society assumes that, on the whole, men are as lazy as they dare be, and that the incentive of personal exclusive possession of property seems to be the greatest security of the race against its own tendencies. It believes that prospect of power, gain, and enjoyment invites genius to serve the race in its industry, and that necessity compels the millions to work when they would otherwise idle. Whatever the historical process, these appear to be fundamental assumptions employed to defend actual industrial organization. It is said of Johnson that the pension which the king gave him "reduced him to his native indolence."

As a result society, through the state, tells the individual that he must make his own way. It authorizes competition, sanctions private exclusive ownership of all kinds of wealth, and ignores all individual differences among men. Life is thus made into a combat, and success, measured in terms of money, becomes costly. In addition to overcoming self by discipline, foresight, and judgment, to overcoming nature by labor, the individual must overcome his fellowman by cunning or superior genius, if he would take the economic prize. An able and successful railroad president said recently in writing of Brotherhood in Business: "My judgment throws to the wind all the theories of equitable distribution by brotherly love or by legislation. I believe that, in economic affairs, the only way to get a fair share is to be prepared always to fight, and, when necessary, to fight for it."

Difference of skill, intellect, foresight among men, is a fundamental sociological and economic fact which the State itself ignores. Hence law and policy in the State allow for the results of these differences. Granting, then, intense desire for money or property, competition for it, and differences in skill, luck, foresight, judgment among men, it cannot but happen that society will tend to divide into two camps—that of the strong and that of the weak. The able, farsighted, self-disciplined, educated, thrifty, and keen among men will tend to acquire all property, all power, and mastery; while the weak, uneducated, unskilled, shortsighted, self-indulgent will be in misery or in the power of the former in their economic relations. This would be the first natural tendency in the circumstances, but so many artificial elements enter the situation—the legal organization of property, inheritance, freedom of disposal, organization of credit, confusion of standards—that we find many who are useless and stupid owning property, and able to hire brains to operate it, while uncounted thousands of willing, thrifty, honest men and women are held down through lack of opportunity, of education, or by the uncharted blunders that appear to throw the social universe out of harmony.

We find then, on the whole, strength of property, strength of genius, and of leadership; the strength of establishment, of nearly all corroborative learning, as of law, and the strength of civil and moral and social sanction amalgamated. And it would seem that motives that concern money, and activities related to it, are fundamental in this process of concentrating the forms of strength. "The wealthy who, as luxurious idlers, spend money and make trade, or, as captains of industry and lords of enterprise, employ labor and organize the prosperity of kingdoms, will never be without great social power. From the dependence of the working many on the moneyed few, flows a patronal authority which sends its tinge far into law, religion, morals, and policy" (Ross).

In the camp of the strong an atmosphere, a philosophy, and point of view are developed. Men are there because of qualities which insured ascendency or of accidents of social organization, which in some way perpetuate it impersonally. These strong are individualists; they believe in struggle, conquest; in the fixed and final sacredness of their social position, of their property, prestige, and theories. They insist on judging all men and opportunity by themselves, their success. Their standard of justice is one which insures to them what they have, for every large social group attempts to make its own moral code. The strong tend to forget absolute morality and to make theirs relative. They judge state and religion by reference to economic interests; the former exists to protect life and property as judged by them. Many men high in finance and in affairs of state, non-Catholics, appear to think that the main value to the future of the Church is to suppress Socialism among the laboring classes. Not long since, the *Wall Street Journal*, commenting on the decline of faith, said: "There is no one who would not prefer to do business with a person who really believes in a future life." "If there has been a marked decline in religious faith, that fact must be of profound, far-reaching significance. It alters the basic conditions of civilization. It becomes a factor in the markets. It changes the standards and affects the values of things that are bought and sold."

The property interest seems to be the basis of cohesion of the strong. And state defends it substantially; Church defends it in all essentials and laws sanction it. Here we find, then, a philosophy of life, a judgment of human nature and established conditions which place social power in the hands of the strong.

The first natural effect of competition among unequal men, struggling for limited prizes, is to throw all to the strong and nothing to the weak. After this division, naturally, competition may go on in both groups. There are degrees of strength, and strong may compete with strong. But this struggle is on a higher plane; it is not for existence, as in the first case. It is for power, victory, increase; and a time comes when the strongest combine, end competition, and live in established peace.

But this process creates a group among the weak. Into it are thrown they who have no strong to defend or assist them. Here are massed the dull and stupid and careless; the self-indulgent and the short sighted. And the strong look out on these and sit in judgment on their defects of character and sins of choice, and justify to themselves the many privileges of their self-righteous strength. But the camp of the weak contains more than these. There are brave and intelligent men and women to whom opportunity has been denied; there are those of skill in craft and ambition in heart who found the struggle too much. There are those whom environment damned before baptismal water brought the dawn of grace to their ransomed souls. And so we find in the camp of the weak, massed in one jumble of indiscriminate condemnation by the strong, the weakness of poverty and of ignorance and of low ambition and uncultured natures and of intemperance and of lives unlit by hope; the weakness of economic dependence and of defenceless subjection to landlord and merchant and marketman.

Weakness as well as strength has instincts. Among these millions who are the weak, it was inevitable that many forms of strength would appear. Giants have come and gone among them; prophetic voices have called out to them and, stinging them to fury as by the quick crack of a threatening whip, roused them to action. But time has corrected much, and now recognized and orderly action succeeds. This prostrate weak class attempts to rise and becomes conscious of its weakness. It finds law in the way; it finds property organization in its way; it finds prevalent standards of justice in its way; it believes—very often—that God and religion are in its way. The experience of life in many thousands has shut these out from everything that might engage their acceptance of law, justice, and religion. And so, in labor union, the weak speak strongly, though conservatively, uttering a new philosophy, a new judgment of property rights, a new concept of the functions of law, and they engage the strong in battle. Beyond the unions, a wider philosophy springs up, that of Socialism; the voice of the weak, the exploited, appealing for a new justice, a new industry, a new organization of property. And, in the complex psychology of this revolt of weak against strong, we find atheism and free love and confiscation and violence and class hatred mixed in streaks with Socialism and unionism and much lawless feeling. Keen will be the mind and calm, indeed, the judgment that will disentangle all of these threads, trace each to its beginning, and explain the weaving. But fatal surely to social peace and harmful to progress will be the error of those who mistake the essential character of the struggle, and fail to see the deeper moral issues that divide society. Personal experience of life is the text-book of the weak, and they read its pages lighted by ideals that the great teachers of humanity have sanctioned. The difference is not so great between the strong one who staggers from the banquet table, drunk and overfed, and the weak one who staggers from the saloon, drunk and underfed. We pity the former as he is carried to his richly furnished home in his carriage, and we blame and despise the latter when he is carried from the gutter to a cell by a patrol wagon. The difference is great, however, in the complicated social processes back of each of the two facts, and these remain to meet each other in struggle for mastery.

III.

Back of the economic schism of society into two states—those of the strong and of the weak—are these simple facts: that men vary in power; that private exclusive possession of property is encouraged; that men are competitors for property; that money symbols and credit symbols facilitate the holding of great quantities of wealth; that the economic function of society is entrusted to individuals; and that through economic activity in the main wealth may be accumulated. Everything in the history of the strong tends to make them self-centred, selfish, forgetful of larger and nobler relations of life. Perhaps it would be well to modify the figure which represents society split into two camps, and to say rather that two philosophies have developed out of the circumstances of life; that of the strong and that of the weak, and that all of the marked tendencies of life seem to indicate that finally they must come to issue. Back of trade unions, Socialism, single tax, populistic agitation, as we have known it; back of the more temperate, but none the less determined, criticism and complaint that are heard every day in nearly all circles, lies a common, instinctive judgment that the strong—they who command property and sit in legislature, and speak in courts and pay great salaries to learned men who direct and defend them—have been grasping, selfish, cruel in the use of the unchecked power that they enjoy. And in this the weak are one. There is enough articulate feeling against the strong to overthrow them; but its efficient assertion is hindered because thousands cannot see any way out. Throughout the great middle class, in which the hope of any nation must lie, and in whose happiness is found the real test of any civilization, we find fear, resentment, and discontent. Centralization is going on; laws in vain attempt to check it. More and more the strong extend their empire and the weak feel danger's threat. The merchant in the town, whose thrift gave him capital, sees his business dwindle before the invasion of the great mail order houses of the large cities whose immense catalogues furnish pleasant reading to prospective buyers. The dealer in agricultural implements is confronted by the strong who, in their organized heartlessness, compel him to sell their machines under terms that mean practical slavery. The dealer who once, thrifty and independent, made a comfortable living in handling oils is ordered by the strong to close his doors and vanish, and an agent of the strong replaces him. The strong build up great department stores, and dozens of little merchants, who had lived well and independently, are driven out of business. Not only the laboring millions, who never were independent, but also tens of thousands with some capital, pluck, and ambition, feel the tightening grip of these strong ones, and see for themselves or their children one fate ahead —descent into the ranks of the hired as wage earners.

It is true, the process which tends to split society into the two camps has not worked unhindered. While the state professes equal regard for all, it cannot take account of differences in strength and weakness among individuals. However, it does attempt, in a general way, to strengthen individuals through education. The elaborate provisions made for free schools, with a recent tendency toward compulsory attendance, constitute some guarantee that many will be well equipped to begin life, and will enjoy some comfort, otherwise not to be looked for. But the main bitterness of life, the sharpest contrasts which cut deep and embitter, the most effective tyranny and successful exploitation, take place in manners which the law does not reach. The state commences to see this, and its struggle against the strong in the name of all is impressive. Labor legislation, railway legislation, new methods of taxation, are first steps by which the state endeavors to discipline the strong and draw them back to right relation to society at large. Sometimes the state wins and sometimes it loses in its struggles. But the weak are awake; their feeling is intense and they are slowly discovering their power of numbers. They find that the strong are represented in every branch of state activity; that sympathy, traditions, and conditions are with the strong. These are favored by the whole situation, by actual law, presumptions, and procedure. They judge the weak by these and condemn them. The weak judge the state and law and the strong by their personal ideals, their life experience, and their human instinct of justice; and at that bar the strong are judged to be cruel, selfish, lawless.

The state, in taking this attitude of indifference to individual differences, necessarily relied on morality and religion to temper the results and to harmonize relations among men. And so morality, with its absolute ideas of human relations, and religion, with its absolute estimates of man and of all things, have been mighty forces endeavoring to right things. But the strong have insisted on coloring morality and religion in one way and the weak have had to test and judge them in another, until we have practically two moral codes and two religions—one of the strong and one of the weak. And this has served only to emphasize the unhappy schism into which society has fallen. Christianity looks on the race in organic unity, liberty tempered by charity, strength sanctified by service, weakness ennobled by loyalty and compensated by the joys of trust, valuations disciplined by absolute truth and enlightened life. Christ relegated the economic motive to the lowest place and placed glory and self-realization in those moral and spiritual relations in which all may be rich and none need be poor.

The strong have experienced a development and created an atmosphere in which these features of Christ's law do not thrive, and the weak have found themselves in conditions where they, theoretically, might more easily obey Christ's valuations, but all the facts and processes of life tend to embitter them, engender a spirit of suspicion, a sense of helplessness, and a demand for peace and comfort here in life. And in the process, Christianity appears not to be successful in re-establishing peaceful relations between the strong and the weak. The strong are losing religion rapidly, and the weak seem to lose it with equal rapidity but with less apparent blame. Some tell us that the attitude is against churches and not against Christ; others say that it is abandon of all religion; others claim that, where external forms are retained, religion no longer possesses the internal transforming power without which it is not religion. Christianity is, then, in a hard way. If it is driven out of nearly all business until social groups construct their ethical codes independently; if it is losing its power over the strong as their manner of life and of surrender to the economic motive would show; if it is losing its power over the weak as is alleged on so many sides; it is not strange that, in the face of this great process of economic, moral, and religious disintegration, some sort of constructive movement should appear claiming to rebuild the social structure into symmetry and life. Socialism is just such a movement and it professes just such a purpose.

IV.

The weak commence to discover their identity of interest. their power of numbers. They know that ultimate human authority is in the state; that the state is democratic and that in a democracy numbers is the last form of strength. Socialism is at heart an organized effort of the weak to get possession of the machinery of government, in order to reorganize industry democratically; to change our economic institutions in such a way as will hinder the economic motive from dividing the race, and to furnish an economic basis of society on which it will be possible to realize ideals of service, brotherhood, and culture. This states its best intention, not its dangers.

On the whole, Socialism appears to misunderstand itself quite as much as its enemies misunderstand it. We find it on all sides of us, established as a hope, taught as a system, diffused as a sentiment, and fearless as a criticism of the existing order. Its literature tells us that it is and that it is not atheistic; that it is and is not against Christianity; that it does and does not teach materialism; that it does and does not favor free love, disintegration of the family, class hatred, and confiscation. It is strange that we can so easily overlook the actual materialism of society, resulting in a very direct way from the inevitable psychology produced by our institutions, and take such offence at the presence of many materialists among socialists. It is awkward that we overlook patiently the rapid and unmistakable disintegration of the family among both strong and weak, postponement of marriage, falling birthrate with its implications, loss of home atmosphere, all due largely to facts connected with the economic motive, and then allege against Socialism that it endangers the family. It is peculiar that we find property rights indiscriminately so sacred, and personal rights, humanity's rights, rights of children and of mothers and of fathers, so difficult of demonstration and so doubtful of realization. If those of us who feel that the present industrial order should be defended, were to listen patiently to the indictment of it prepared by Socialism, and then shrink from no fact and evade no inference, no matter how unwelcome, we might learn more from Socialism than we appear to learn. And if we applied the same severe logic to our own proposals for reform that we employ against Socialism, we might be led to see that we match impossibility against impossibility in much that we write and suggest. This will be seen in a brief review to follow, of the aims and means of Socialism and of the attitude taken in our literature against it.

SOME VICTIMS OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

III.

ON the 17th of May, 1794, at eight o'clock in the morning, above twenty members of the District of Compiègne, and six or seven of Robespierre's creatures from Arras came to the prison, escorted by a hundred and twenty guards. The prisoners were instantly ordered each one to their own quarters, and a guard posted at every door in the prison. A soldier with a drawn sword was also stationed within the nuns' room, and strictly ordered to take care the nuns did not open a window, nor leave the room for a moment; and, above all, that they burnt no papers. Some of the nuns turned pale and almost fainted, which the Mayor observing, he, with his usual good nature towards them, ordered the guard to sheath his sword. An officer soon after made his round and asked the guard in anger why he had not his sword drawn. He told him the nuns were afraid, at which the officer began to scoff, and said something about the guillotine, and with horrid imprecations commanded the guard to draw his. This made the nuns more afraid. While they were in this situation, from time to time they heard the jailer call the prisoners, one at a time; the men first, and then the women, to a lower room; but no one returned. The nuns durst not speak to each other for fear of the guard. After they had been in the most cruel suspense for about nine hours, the nuns were called down. It was then five in the evening. Before they got half way down the stairs, counter orders were given, and one of the nuns, D. A. Robinson, who could speak French, was ordered down. The nuns therefore returned with a guard, and only this young religious was conducted to the room below. The Commissioners immediately began to search her pockets; but the Mayor checked them, so that they were not so insolent to her as they had been to others. Nothing of value having been found about them, they were dismissed, and the whole tribe of rough fellows, about thirty in number, came up with them to the room where the nuns all were. One of them (who was a fallen priest) could speak a little English. He was a busy man on this occasion, and was the orator. He addressed the nuns in a manner which seemed the most proper to terrify them, enumerating the punishments that would certainly be inflicted upon them if they concealed either writings or anything of value from them. The Procuratrix produced the little paper money they had, and laid it before them. The nuns in general assured them that all their writings had been taken from them at Cambray. After asking many questions, and talking in a low voice to each other, they withdrew, leaving the money upon the table, which, however, the nuns durst not touch. They then proceeded to search all the prisoners' beds, men and women, pulling the straw and everything else about the rooms. They took everything of value; such a trifle as a silver thimble did not escape them. In the course of this examination they pulled the women's caps off their heads (some of them were ladies of quality) unpinned their gowns, and searched them in the most cruel manner. If they found a crucifix or a reliquary of gold or silver, they took it; if it was of a baser metal, they broke it and sometimes gave the bits back to the owner. From the Hon. Thos. Roper and the Rev. James Higginson, who were our companions in prison, they took everything they could find; *viz.*, a metal watch and two beautiful gold repeating watches, which had formerly belonged to the Revd. Fathers Walker and Welch. This last mentioned gentleman had ended his life with the nuns at Cambray during the early part of the revolution.

Having stript the other prisoners of everything of value, they were returning to the nuns' room, when one of the prisoners addressed the Mayor as follows: Surely, sir, you are not going to search those poor nuns a second time? You know how barbarously they were used by the people of Cambray, and at present you are well assured that they live in the greatest poverty, having only the poor pittance which they gain by their needle to maintain them. The Mayor seemed to be pleased with the person who spoke in their favour, and after a short pause turned off, called the guard out of the nuns' room, and soon after went out of the prison, attended by the administrators of the District (as they called themselves) and the guards.

This was one of the most suffering days we ever passed, though in those times of universal terror the nuns experienced many sorrowful ones.*

The prisoners from the time I am speaking of were treated with greater severity than they had ever been before. They were in the greatest distress. Some of them passed days and weeks with no other food than bread and water; a few of the prisoners of Compiègne entertained a hope of escaping a public execution, yet this seemed to take no effect on their morals, for they were for the most part very ill livers; though few days passed but one or other of them was taken out of the Compiègne prison and thrown into the dungeon, to be ready for execution. Here some of them remained till the death of Robespierre, others were carried to Paris, and an end put to their existence by the guillotine.

About the middle of June, 1794, sixteen Carmelite Nuns were brought to the prison, and lodged in a room which faced that which was occupied by us. They were very strictly guarded. They had not been long there before they were, without any previous notice, hurried off to Paris, for no other crime than that an emigrant priest, who had been their confessor, had written to one of them. In this letter, a bishop, who was also an emigrant, had unfortunately desired his compliments to an old gentleman, who was cousin to the nun to whom the letter was directed. He was a man of great property, a crime not easily overlooked in those days. This venerable person was carried to Paris with the nuns. A servant who attended him seemed ready to die of grief, and the good old man shed tears at the parting.

The Carmelite Nuns quitted the Compiègne prison in the most saint-like manner. We saw them embrace each other before they set off, and they took an affectionate leave of us by the motion of their hands, and by their friendly gestures. On their way to the scaffold and upon the scaffold itself (as we were told by an eye-witness of credit, Monsieur Douai) they showed a firmness and a cheerful composure which nothing but a spotless conscience and a joyful hope can inspire. It was reported that they sung or said aloud the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, until the fatal axe interrupted the voice of the last of them. They suffered on the 16th of July, 1794, the feast of their Patroness, B. Mariæ de Monte Carmelo. One of this holy community happened to be absent when the rest were taken to Paris. She concealed herself in different places till the death of the Tyrant Robespierre, which happened on the 28th of July, 1794. When this monster was removed, she returned to her friends in Compiègne, and frequently visited us in prison. She gave us the names and the ages of her sisters who were put to death. They are as follows:

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* This terrible day is probably the same recorded in an official paper of Cambrai, dated 3 Prairial, An II. (the 22d of May, 1794) the difference being slight with Dame Partington's 17th, under the circumstances. "In Virtue of a Decree of Lebon, certain citizens, named, presented themselves at Compiègne in order to seize at once all papers in the house of detention there, where suspected 'persons' were shut up, persons from Cambrai and elsewhere, None of the names of the English nuns are on the list of persons searched, but amongst many others are 'Catherine Cusack, aged 40, an Irishwoman living at Cambrai. Nothing found on her.' 'An Englishman, Jack Igginson, aged 30, ci-devant priest; four pieces found on him. signed' (*i. e.*, Father James Higginson). 'Thomas Roppert, aged 50, Englishman, officer in the ci-devant regiment of Dillon; 32 pieces found on him, signed' (*i. e.*, Hon. Thomas Roper). 'Plowden-Taff, aged 57, Englishman; 3 pieces, signed, found on him.' 'Three Nuns, *non-assermentées*, Robertine, Eleanore, and Pulcheria Conpigny; also one sister of charity.'"

Croisi, Agée de 49 Ans, De Paris; Trozelle, 51, De Compiègne; Haunisset, 52, De Reims; Le Doine, 42, De Paris; Pellerat, 34, De Lazarts; Tourret, 79, De Monij; Piedecourt, 78, De Paris; Brudeau, De Bedfort; Brard, 58, De Boert; Cretien, 52, De Evreux; Dufour, De Beaune; Meuniere, 29, De Franciarde; Soiron, 55, De Compiègne; Soiron, 45; Roussel, 52, De Compiègne; Vezelot, 30, De Compiègne.

One of this community was novice, and two others were portresses, or Extern Lay sisters.

Two or three days after the Carmelites were taken to Paris, the Mayor and two Members of the District of Compiègne called upon us in the prison. We were still in our religious dress, which he had frequently wished us to change; but we always alleged that we really had not money sufficient to furnish ourselves with any other clothes than the ragged habits we then wore. The same day he returned to us again, called two of the nuns aside and told them that they must put off that uniform, as he called it; that he durst no longer permit them to wear that prohibited dress; that should the people grow riotous, we should be more easily concealed in any other dress than in the religious one. The truth was, he expected, like the Carmelites, we should soon be conducted to Paris for execution, and he was afraid he might be put to trouble if we were found in the religious garb. Being again assured that we had not money to purchase other clothes, he went himself to the room which the good Carmelites had inhabited while in prison, and brought some of the poor clothes they had left behind them there. These he gave to us, telling us to put them on as soon as possible. We were in great want of shoes. The Mayor civilly said he would get us what we wanted, but one of the jailors bluntly told the Procuratrix we should not want shoes long. On leaving the room the Mayor turned to Mr. Higginson and said: Take care of your companions—as much as to tell him, prepare them for death, for he had nothing else in his power, as the Mayor well knew.

The next day the news became public that the poor Carmelites had all been guillotined. The old clothes which before appeared of small value, were now so much esteemed by us, that we thought ourselves unworthy to wear them; but, forced by necessity, we put them on, and those clothes constituted the greatest part of the mean apparel which we had on at our return to England. We still keep them, a few articles excepted, which we have given to particular friends.

The prisoners at Compiègne were still importuned to pay off the old debt (as they called it) for the allowance of one meal per day, which had formerly been given them, but which had long since been withdrawn, in so much that during many months before we had leave to quit this tedious confinement, we had not even bread given us unless we could pay for it.

The two last months of the year 1794, and the beginning of the year 1795, being extremely severe, we had a great deal to suffer from wants of various kinds, especially from want of fuel, as no one had a sufficient quantity of clothes to keep herself (though the youngest of us) moderately warm. The room we inhabited was large and very cold, but no entreaties could obtain more than one single blanket for each nun. The scarcity of provisions also increased in a dreadful manner. Bread was so hard to be got, that no one inhabitant of the town was permitted to purchase more than a certain fixed allowance, which made a very scanty portion. Guards were placed at every baker's shop, and in their presence the bread was weighed out, to each one his pittance, till the whole poor stock was distributed; but commonly there was not a sufficient quantity of it to supply more than half the people who were expecting to have each a little; so that no day passed without some tumult in the town. The bread for the most part was of the very worst and most disgusting quality; yet we thought ourselves very fortunate when we could buy a sufficient quantity of it. Very frequently, when we had finished one poor meal, we had not a morsel left for the next.

The English throughout every part of France had more than once petitioned for some mitigation of their sufferings, and some of them had with becoming freedom pointed out the absurdity of detaining in confinement so many innocent sufferers, for the apprehension of whom there had never existed a pretence of justice. At last it was decreed that all foreigners should have an allowance of two livres paper money per day. Bread was then sold at three livres per pound. This allowance, besides its being irregularly paid, was utterly insufficient to subsist upon in the state in which France then was, paper money being then reduced to a very low rate. We received this allowance for the first time on the 23rd of December, 1794. It was then counted to make the value of twopence halfpenny, or at most threepence per day, English money.*

Some months after this the prisoners began to be treated with more lenity than they had yet experienced. The Honble. Thos. Roper and the Revd. James Higginson had liberty to go into the town. This was of great service to us. Mr. Roper showed himself indefatigable in using every means possible to procure victuals and fuel for us. He carried the wood himself, and ran from shop to shop to buy us bread. But, notwithstanding this seeming liberty, the prison was still very disagreeable. The soldiers had no longer power to command us as formerly; yet the door to the street was open night and day, so that it was scarcely possible to step out of our room without meeting a crowd; one part of the prison being turned into a guard house, all came in and went out as they pleased. The garden, too, was always taken up by the soldiers and the rabble. About this time the convention frequently ordered the prisoners of war to be sent from one town to another, to show them to the people. When those bodies of prisoners passed through Compiègne, a number of them were always lodged in our prison, and nothing distressed us more during the whole of our confinement, than on such occasions to meet with brave Englishmen in want of the most common necessaries of life, and to see them treated with the greatest scorn and contempt by the most despicable of the French Jacobins, who were quite elated to have an English soldier under their feet. Whenever these prisoners arrived all was noise and confusion, and we expected nothing less than to see the house on fire. The weather being remarkably cold, they burnt everything they could lay their hands on.

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* The following paper is copied from the Archives Nationales, of Paris: It bears exactly on this subject.

6 Vendiaire, l'an III. de la Republique.

The Administrators of the district of Compiègne to the *Comité de Secours publies de la Convention Nationale.*

Representative Citizens: Certain former English Nuns, living at Cambrai, have been transferred to the house of detention at Compiègne. They have lived there up to this present with other détenus, more fortunate than themselves; but at this moment, the house is emptying and they are without resources. They addressed, on the 29th Fructidor last, a petition upon which we invite you to be so good as to pronounce as soon as possible.

At the bottom of the page. "Given over to be reported upon, to Citizen Paganel. Decision of the 6 Brumaire, An III. (ou: 1794).

On the same sheet.

Paris, 27 Brumaire, III.

To the Representative Citizens Composing the *Comité de Secours, the National Commission of Civil Administration*, etc., etc.

Representative Citizens: The English ex-Benedictines of the former house of Cambrai, transferred from the said Commune to that of Compiègne, demand help from the Republic. Their goods have been confiscated in virtue of the Decree of the 18 Vendemaire, Year II., relative to the arrest of all subjects of the King of Great Britain. It seems that they have already addressed their complaint as to the state of destitution in which they are. The General Council of the Commune of Compiègne attests that they have conducted themselves during their imprisonment with an exemplary resignation, and that, up to this, they have lived only on the help afforded by the more wealthy détenus who have now just been liberated, and also by their work, which is insufficient of itself for their subsistence. The Same Council certifies, moreover, that they are unprovided with garments and linen, and it joins its entreaties to theirs for an amelioration of their lot. We await your orders to fly to the help of these unfortunate women, the ex-Benedictines detained at Compiègne.

Seeing no prospect of an end to the miseries of the unhappy country in which we were confined, and provisions growing so scarce and dear that it became quite out of our power to procure them, we at last resolved to apply to Paris for passports to return to our native country. The Mayor of Compiègne privately advised us to take this step, and assured us of his assistance. Accordingly a petition was drawn up and signed by the whole community. The Mayor forwarded it to the convention at Paris and seconded it by a letter in our favour. About ten days after, our liberty was announced to us by the district of Compiègne. After this we contrived to borrow (the good Carmelite above mentioned assisting us) sacred vessels and ornaments, that we might have the happiness of hearing one Mass, the only one we had during our eighteen months' confinement, and we were in the greatest fear the whole time of it.

In order to raise the necessary supplies for our journey we contrived privately to draw money from England, though at a great loss, by the way of Hambourg. A charitable gentleman, the present Edwd. Constable of Burton, Esq., had two years before given us leave to call upon him for money what we might want, in case we came to be in distress, which he seemed to foresee would happen. The horses being for the most part taken for the army, we found it very difficult to get carts to transport us to Calais. After many delays, a great deal of expense and trouble, the whole community left Compiègne on the 24th of April, 1795, in two carts; four of the eldest nuns having gone off a few days before in a coach. We were in the prison at Compiègne eighteen months and five days. In our journey we made Cambray in our way, but had not courage enough to cast a passing glance at our dear convent, which, from the time we were driven out, had been turned into a common gaol* (it was then in a ruinous condition) out of which very many had been dragged to the guillotine. On one day twenty-five persons were dragged to the market place in Cambray and there guillotined, among whom was a most pious and learned priest, Mr. Tranchant, who had frequently sung Mass in our church. He was saying Mass in his own house and his niece serving him; they were immediately hurried to prison, not allowing him time to take off his vestment.

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* This is verified by several papers in the Town Archives: "Maison des ci-devant Anglaises," (*sic*) stands in a list of Cambrai prisons during the Revolution. In January and February, 1794, there are papers ordering prisoners to be removed to the house of the "ci-devant Anglaises," which one paper qualifies as capable of holding a certain quantity of prisoners. It is pretty clear that hatred of religion was at work in the arrest of the Benedictine Community and in the seizure of their property, although the law including all British subjects is the plea. There were other English houses of secular people in Cambrai, and their owners arrested as such. Why is the epithet "ci-*devant* Anglaises" so constantly given as distinctive of the Benedictine Nuns only? Evidently to secure the hatred of the populace more surely. "On 21 October, 1793, the Council (Municipal Council of Cambrai) charged two of its members to join with the Commissaries of the district to operate a verification of all the papers in the Maison des Anglaises. Instantly a member arose and demanded that the street called '*Rue des Anglaises*,' should henceforth bear the name of '*Rue de la Montagne.*' Another member observed that this street, which up to this time had had in it a *Convent of English Women*, is now *purified* of it, and so he demanded that it should be called '*Rue Purifiée.*' *Purifiée* was adopted." Another paper, dated 10th of November, 1793, states that a deputation of the Societé Populaire went to the Municipality to demand a formal change of name for certain streets, *i. e.*, that of "*L'Evêché*" into that of "*Rue Lepelletier*"; that of "*Rue des Anglaises*," into that of "*Rue Purifiée.*" How long this amended name stuck to this street we cannot say; but we are glad to assure our readers that at this day it is still called: *Rue des Anglaises*, recalling the sweet memory of the English Benedictine nuns, who for nearly two hundred years dwelt there in their Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation, founded for the lineal descendant of Blessed Thomas More and her eight companions, related also to other English martyrs.

We found that our houses and effects had been publickly sold, but had not been paid for. We were also informed that our enemies had made the common people believe that the prevailing scarcity was greatly to be attributed to the English nuns having amassed such quantities of provisions. This was made an accusation against us by the very people who had ordered us to prepare provisions against a siege, or to be expelled ye town.

The Revd. James Higginson went six or seven times to the town house, thinking to expostulate with the District upon their cruel behaviour, and to assure them that one time or other we should call them to account; but he was refused entrance. Finding nothing could be done, the community followed Lady Abbess and three old religious, who, as I said before, set off from Compiègne a few days before us. We found them at Calais, where they had been some days. We rested one night, and on the next morning, May 2d, the whole community sailed from Calais in a Danish vessel, *Captain Johnson.* We happily landed at Dover the same evening, in number sixteen religious, Mr. Higginson, and Roper. The next day being Sunday, we rested at Dover, and reached London about ten o'clock on Monday night, May 4th. We remained at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, London, till Wednesday, the 6th, when the charitable Marchioness of Buckingham, hearing that our situation was exceeding unpleasant at a common inn, sent the chaplain of her family, a clergyman of the Established Church, to inform us that she had provided a house for us at the West end of the town during our residence in London. Here she was the first person to visit us and afford us every comfort in her power, and the respectable clergyman above mentioned copied the example of his noble patroness. Many instances of civility and kindness we experienced during our stay in London, for several of which we are indebted to persons unknown to us; but that Being who has promised to repay a cup of cold water given in alms for His sake, will not let their charity go unrewarded.

Gratitude obliges me to mention here one friend in particular, *viz.*, Mr. Coghlan, Book Seller, who tho' a person in business and possessed of no great riches, yet rendered us most substantial services. It was he that first made us known to the Marchioness of Buckingham, and we owe him thanks for many other favours.

The community remained in London about twelve days, during which time the Rd. Mr. Cowley President and Rd. Mr. Brewer concluded that we should take the management of a school for the education of Catholic young ladies. Nothing but the great desire we had to maintain ourselves and be no burden to our friends or society in general, upon whom Providence has permitted us to be reluctantly thrown, could have prevailed with any of us to have undertaken such a charge, worn out as we found ourselves with past sufferings. But superiors letting us know that such was their pleasure, we left London in three companies on different days, as we could get places in the stage coach. The last company arrived at Woolton, May the 21st, 1795, where we experienced every civility and kindness. Mrs. Porter and Rd. Dr. Brewer entertained the whole community a week at their house, with great good nature and compassion rendering to each one every solace possible, till we got settled in a school which had been for about six years under the superintendance of the Rd. Dr. Brewer, but the management of which he now resigned to the nuns. Here we have now been near three years, during which time we have found no abatement in the kindness and charitable attention show'd to the community, not by our friends and relations only, but by our country folks at large.

We are not less grateful for the allowance of a guinea per month for each religious, which in common with so many other of our fellow-sufferers, we have received from Government ever since our arrival in our native country; and we shall always think ourselves under an additional obligation of praying for the welfare of England.

We had not been long settled at Woolton before Edwd. Constable, of Burton, and Francis Sheldon, of Wycliffe, Esquires, honour'd us with a visit, to see their Aunt in particular, but paid great attention to the community in general—many one of whom were old acquaintance to them both. They brought with they a French priest, to whom Mr. Constable allowed forty pounds a year. As we had no Mass nearer than Mr. Brewer's Chapel, he offered to leave him at Woolton, which we joyful accepted of; and he has since that time remained with us. To help the community in general. Mr. Constable also gave an allowance of £60 per annum. It is paid quarterly and we have reason to hope it will not be withdrawn till something falls out to enable the community to live without it.

APPENDIX.

The following letters, written after the Community reached England, will be of interest and bear out what the "Narrative" of Dame Ann-Teresa Partington has already stated:

First. A letter from Dame Ann-Joseph Knight to her brother, Alexander Knight, Esq., of Sixhill Grange, Lincolnshire.

LONDON, May 5, 1795.

DEAR BROTHER: I have just a moment quiet to let you know I am safe arrived after a great deale of mortification and trouble, but hope God Almighty will help us through. All I have to depend upon is you, my dear Brother, as they has stript us of all intirely; but at the same time there are many much worse off, as there are many gone to the next world and we were affraid of it. I must now beg the favour of you to come here as soon as you possibly can; I don't know the name of the inn we are at, but Mr. Bennet will tell you. I am affraid you have not heard of the death of my dear Aunt about a year agoe, after attending me in a long illness. They could not tell me of her death for some time after. I won't say any more of all that now, as I feel more than I can express; and the goodness I have allways received from you makes me depend upon a little quiet before the last moment. I am tollerably well, thank God! and hope to be still some little service to you and family, which I shall be happy to doe as long as I am able. All thanks kind to my Str. and children. I hope you will be here soon.

I am, Your ever affectionate and loving Ster,

ELIZABETH KNIGHT.

Second. To the same, from Ann Taylor, a friend in London.

9th May, 1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have this moment brought your Sister and her "Mistress,"* as she calls her, to my house. I understand the lady is Aunt to Mr. Constable. They are better than could have been expected after the uncertain state they have been in, and the fatigue of a voyage and journey. Your Sister desires to inform you that they are to go to Lancashire as soon as possible, and hopes you will be in Town before they go, as she says she must go when the rest does. . . . etc., etc.

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* Dame Frances Sheldon, aged 75, whom she tenderly loved.

Third. To the same from Mr. Henry Robinson, London, who writes on May 9, replying to Mr. Knight's inquiries:

"I was this morning favor'd with yours of the 7th inst., and in consequence made enquiries after the ladies of Cambray, whom I find are at present very comfortably situated at No. 2 Hereford Street, a House belonging to Lady Buckingham, which her Ladyship is so good as to let them have free from any expense. This being the case, I have advised Mrs. Dunn & Taylor to let your Sister remain with the rest of the Community, as I understand they are to set out for Lancashire on Monday or Tuesday next. I have two of these poor unfortunate Ladies in my House at present; they are part of those from Dunkirk, relations of Mrs. Robinson's. The distresses these poor creatures have suffered are really dreadful, but I hope you will soon have an account of your Sister being again comfortably settled."

Fourth. There are letters, after the arrival at Woolton, between Mr. Knight and his Sister, Dame Ann-Joseph, whom he also visited there. None are so directly to our purpose as the following, written by Dame Ann-Joseph to a cousin:

DEAR COUSIN: I should not have been so long in writing to you to assure you of my taking part in your affliction in the loss of my dear Uncle, whom I remember very well. I did not hear the news till I arrived in London. I assure you I prayed for him and recommended him to the rest of our poor Family, which is but small, and indeed, to say ye truth, I am more surprised it is not worse after all we have gone through, but I won't tire you with all our misfortunes, as I fancy you may have heard from my dear Brother, or rather I may call him Father; he has been to see me. I can't but say I should be glad if you were not so far off, but we may be happy to have any house, as we have lost all we had. By bad luck our money was placed in France, and they always seemed to give us hopes we should not be disturbed, provided we would make our provisions for six months, which we did and paid all. And even the very morning they turned us out, they came to us to see if we had done as we were ordered. I had the keys of the great doors at that time; and when I opened the door I saw 3 great men with clubs in their hands. I never was so frightened in my life. They told us we were to go out just then. We begged for a small space of time, but could only obtain half an hour at the most. All our linning was in the water for the wash and our bread in the oven, and you must imagine in the bustle we were then in we could not do much. I for my part went to my cell to gather a few things and make up my bundle, but in all my hurry I took chiefly rags and left all that was good for anything. And we were all much in the same case, some of us had scarce a shift or anything to put on; we had one Coach, and the rest were all carts. We had guards, which was happy for us, as we should never have arrived at our journey's end without. We were all in our Habits. They insulted us all the way, and even cut some of our veils; the guards did all they could to hinder them, but could not. We had four days in that condition, and never a bed at night but one; at last we arrived at Compiègne, where we were put into a large room all together; no distinction of people, the beggar and the rich were all treated alike, égallité. We lived for the first three months very well, had our diet from the cook's shop; after that we were put upon bread and water, and was sometimes even without that, as they would give no one leave to come to us. Had it not been for a poor woman who sold milk, we must needs have starved, though after all this they were better to us than many others, and would help us underhand, and said we were innocent; it was hard for us to suffer. They even robed the other prisoners of all they had, money, watches, and other things. We had a guard in our room that day from 8 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, and could not stir out, not even for what was necessary. You may imagine we were frightened as we expected them every moment and was affraid of our lives; but, thank God! nothing came, nor they never was rude to us in any kind of a way, though in the Habit; they seemed rather to have some little respect for it. We had the affliction in that time to loose 4 of our Family and a Gentleman, our Chief Superior, he was a very great loss to us, one of the other ladies was my Aunt, but I did not know of her death for some time after, as I was at that time very ill and they durst not tell me, and I really believe if they had, I should never have seen my own country. I am affraid you will be tired of my account, but I assure you it is all truth and not half what we have had; we could have no recourse to our friends, therefore was in want of money. One of our Ladies had a little of her Nephew's that gave her liberty to help in distress, which she did; but with great loss to us, as we had nothing but paper money, which was very little value. But all this is past, thank God! and our heads are safe; but I really think it has ruined our Constitutions, or at least hurt them very much, and I, for my part, an old woman though, thank God! am tollerably well, but not strong. The Gentleman who was so kind as to help us keeps a school for Young Ladies a little way from this house, and has given it up to our care, that is to teach works and other things. We have now a good many and expects more. I hope, if ever you meet with an occasion of recommending any, you will; and I hope they will be content. I have nothing to doe with that occupation, as I really could not, and am too old. I beg you will give my love to Cousin Dick and Compts to all my acquaintance.

And believe me, dear Cousin,

Yr ever affectate Cousin till death,

ELIZABETH KNIGHT.

My address is Woolton, Nr Liverpool, Lancashire.

August ye 20th, 1795.

THE ÆNIGMATIC VISION.

BY REV. THOMAS J. GERRARD.

"Videmus nunc per speculum in ænigmate" (I. Cor. xiii. 12).

A FRUITFUL source of much of the present-day confusion in religious thought is the failure to realize the analogical character of our knowledge of God. In one sense the confusion serves a good purpose. It is instructive. It demonstrates that, amid a multitude of distracting doubts and difficulties, there exists, deep down in the collective human consciousness a need for clear ideas about God, a thirst for the Beatific Vision. Only, however, by recognizing that our present knowledge, compared with the Beatific Vision, is but an ænigmatic vision, and that now we see as through a glass in a dark manner, but then face to face can we control our felt need for the sight of God and foster it into perfection. To have honestly faced the fact that our present vision of God is but a faint passing shadow of the ultimate and enduring Reality is to have made a great step in our intellectual salvation, avoiding on the one hand an attitude of indifference or nescience with regard to religion in any form, and on the other hand the tendency to make a God whose image and likeness is of our own individual taste and fashioning.

The question, then, which I set before myself is not whether God exists—that is taken as proved—but what is my conception of God? To help me to state my principles, ancient as they are, I shall utilize our master theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas, and to help me to apply them to modern exigences, I shall avail myself of that great student of the modern mind, Professor William James.

In the first place, then, I will say that I have different conceptions of God at different times and places. I have a different conception of him now from what I had as a child. I have different conceptions of him according as I am at my desk, or at my prie-dieu, or in my pulpit. At my desk I think of God chiefly in intellectual abstractions. At my prie-dieu I think of him chiefly in childlike images. In the pulpit I endeavor to make a happy combination of intellectual abstractions and childlike images. I hold that it is the function of the former to correct the latter, and of the latter to visualize the former.

I take for granted that I do not now see God as he really is. Whatever knowledge I have of him, therefore, is but a shadow of the Reality. This all-important principle, although apparently so rudimentary, needs special emphasis in these days of failing faith. Men have too often identified the shadow with the Reality. The shadow which they have been cultivating has proved inadequate perhaps to their intellectual, ethical, or religious needs. Then, rejecting their unsatisfactory shadow, they think they must needs reject the Reality. They forget the warning of the Apostle about thinking childlike thoughts in childhood and manlike thoughts in manhood. Or, perhaps, they fail to realize that even the thoughts of manhood, according to the same Apostle, are but, as it were, the sight of the sun through smoky glass (δι’ ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι).

There are, however, as I have said, two kinds of smoky glass: one that I use at my prie-dieu and one that I use at my desk. At my prie-dieu I think of God in the language and thought-forms of every-day life. Then, when I go to my desk, I find that all those pictures which I have been enjoying whilst on my knees have a certain crudeness about them. I find that the qualities and actions which I have been attributing to God involve contradictions and imperfections which the philosophical mind sees are incompatible with a perfect being. So, in order to get a more correct idea of God, I must strip my prie-dieu images of all these imperfections. Or, rather, I must abstract from them their perfections and attribute those perfections to God in an infinite degree. Thus my thought-forms about God fall into two categories, the concrete, which I associate with my prie-dieu, and the abstract, which I associate with my writing-desk. The Greek Fathers classified the former as κατηγορήματα ἀπόρρητα, or μυστικὰ, and their corresponding science as θεολογία συμβολικὴ, whilst the latter they spoke of as κατηγορήματα τέλεια, or ἀποδεικτικὰ, and the corresponding science as θεολογία ἀποδεικτικὴ. The function of the one is to enable me to form as "real" a conception of God as possible. The function of the other is to enable me to correct the inadequacies of such conception. Thus whilst, on the one hand, I am saved from worshipping an anthropomorphical fetish, on the other hand, I am saved from worshipping a metaphysical abstraction.

The value of the shadows will be better seen, perhaps, if I explain the various ways in which I cut them out. First, I look at certain qualities in men, say goodness, wisdom, and power. Then I reflect that, since those perfections came from God, they must exist in God. The shadow is thus considered in its positive aspect. God is, as the schoolmen say, its *causa exemplaris.* Secondly, I look at these same qualities in men from a negative point of view. I see that they cannot possibly exist in God in the same manner as they exist in men. Since God is a perfect being, the perfections in question cannot have those limits both of extension and of intension which I see they have in men. Thus I may say that God is good, meaning that he possesses goodness in an infinite degree, and I may say that God is not good, meaning that God does not possess that participated goodness which is limited both in extent and richness. This second way of looking at analogies is called by the schoolmen, the *via remotionis*, or, the way of getting an idea of God by taking a shadow of him, as found in creatures, and removing from that shadow all its limits and imperfections. Thirdly, I may combine both the positive and the negative. The seeming contradictions are saved in transcendence. If, for instance, the mercy of God seems to imply an imperfection in his rigorous justice, then I must remember that the attribute of justice is only an analogy; that it is only a shadow of the Reality; that although it gives me an impression of something eternally true, yet such impression is not commensurate with the eternal truth. The schoolmen speak of this way of regarding analogies as the *modus eminentior.* The three ways may be likened to the methods of the fine arts. Just as a painter produces his picture by putting paint on his canvas, so I use the positive way of forming my shadows—I take qualities from creatures and I transfer them to God. Just as a sculptor produces his statue by chipping off pieces from a block of marble, so I use the negative way of forming my shadows—I think of qualities in creatures and I remove the limitations. And just as a poet makes his word-picture more by metaphorical suggestion than by exact description, so I use the more eminent way in forming my shadows—I take the qualities of creatures and, knowing that they are all realized in infinite degree in God, I conclude that any mutual exclusiveness which they have in creatures must be transcended in the simplicity of God. I do not know how. I only know that it must be somehow.

The difficulty of apprehending this more eminent way lies in the tendency to regard God as if he were the greatest and topmost of a pyramid of creatures, whilst he is even more than generically distinct from all. It is not a question of more or less. In the goodness of man and the goodness of God there is no common measure. So, on the same principle, the justice of God cannot be measured by man's justice; not that God's justice is in any way contrary to man's justice, but that it gathers it all up and transcends it beyond human thought. In the endeavor, however, to apprehend this transcendent aspect of analogy care must be taken not to lose sight of the creature's relationship to God. God is certainly outside the category of creatures, yet, at the same time, creatures are the offspring of his will. Whatever is possessed by them, is possessed by him without limit of kind or degree. Thus, by taking all the three aspects of analogy into account, I can both save myself from the taunt of anthropomorphism and guard myself against the pitfall of agnosticism. I can say, with the Greek Fathers, that God is at the same time all-names, nameless, and above all names (πανώνυμος, ἀνώνυμος, ὑπερώνυμος). These technicalities are beautifully summed up in St. Gregory Nazianzen's "Hymn to God":

> "In Thee all things do dwell, and tend
> To Thee who art their only end;
> Thou art at once One, All, and None,
> And yet Thou art not all or one.
> All-name! by what name can I call
> Thee, Nameless One, alone of all?"*

I now pass on to apply the foregoing ancient principles to some modern exigencies. As a type of the modern mind, as one who is as fair as he is fearless, I suggest Professor William James. I do not know any one, outside professedly scholastic

* Σοὶ ἐνι πάντα μένει, σοὶ δ' ἀθρόα πάντα θοάζει,
Σὺ πάντων τέλος ἔσει, καὶ εἷς καὶ πάντα καὶ οὐδὲν.
Οὐχ' ἓν ἐών, οὐ πάντα. Πανώνυμε, πῶς σε καλέσω
Τὸν μόνον ἀκλήϊστον;

scholars, who seems to have a better grasp of the scholastic position. The great psychologist's summary * of the scholastic doctrine regarding God's attributes is a piece of synopsis worthy of any scholastic professor. It is only when he comes to consider its practical bearing on conduct, that I must respectfully beg leave to differ from him. He does well, however, to insist on the fact of the bearing of science on conduct. "What God hath joined together," he says, "let no man put asunder. The Continental schools of philosophy have too often overlooked the fact that man's thinking is organically connected with his conduct. It seems to me to be the chief glory of English and Scottish thinkers to have kept the organic connection in view." I do not know exactly what he means by "continental" schools. The organic connection, however, has never been lost sight of in Catholic schools. If there are chairs of dogma in which the science of theology is expounded, there are also chairs of pastoral and catechetics and homiletics, in which is treated the application of theology. Still, from the very fact that we cannot do all things at once, that our training must be taken piecemeal, that our professors must be specialists in their respective subjects, and that paramount importance is given to dogmatic theology, a tendency may creep in to treat this subject from a purely intellectual point of view. The infusion of the spirit of Newman has done much to counteract this tendency. The strictly logical consideration of theology has its advantages. But these advantages are largely augmented when the moral and emotional faculties of man are taken into consideration also. It is from the living, concrete man, expressing himself by the aid of his illative sense, that we get an all-round workable philosophy.

In the light of these remarks, then, I venture to approach Professor James' indictment † against scholastic analogies. It is that the strictly metaphysical attributes of God, as distinct from his moral attributes, even though they be forced on our minds by a coercive logic, are nevertheless destitute of all intelligible significance. The attributes of aseity, necessariness, immateriality, simplicity, indeed all those attributes known as negative, would appear, according to him, to have no definite connection with our life. "Pray what specific act can I perform in order to adapt myself the better to God's simplicity? Or

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* *Varieties of Religious Experience.* Pp. 439-442. † *Loc. cit.*, p. 445, and *seqq.*

how does it assist me to plan my behavior, to know that his happiness is anyhow absolutely complete?" And again: "Did such a conglomeration of abstract terms give really the gist of our knowledge of the Deity, schools of theology might, indeed, continue to flourish, but religion, vital religion, would have taken its flight from the world. What keeps religion going is something else than abstract definitions and systems of concatenated adjectives, and something different from faculties of theology and their professors."* These are plain questions which demand careful answers.

I begin with an illustration. I go into the garden and I see the gardener cleaving a fallen tree. He hammers in a wedge. Then he hammers in another. And so on, until the tree is split. If I ask him how it is that the wedge splits the log, his answer will be: "Because one end of the wedge is thin and the other is thick, and the force of the beetle drives it in." He has been educated before the age of technical schools, and so he has never studied the properties of the inclined plane. But the science of the inclined plane is supposed in every stroke of his mallet. The immutable laws of physics are realized at every movement of the wedge. He volunteers to tell me, indeed, that if the wedge were thin all the way it would go through the tree without splitting it. But if I volunteer the information that the reason why the tree splits is because the wedge is a mechanical power consisting of two inclined planes placed base to base; that this power depends on the proportions of the length and height of the planes; that the longer the length and the less the height of the planes so much less number of foot-pounds will be needed in order to overcome the resistance of the fibres, he will wonder what I am talking about. He has a practical knowledge of wedges; I have a theoretical knowledge of wedges. If he had a theoretical knowledge in addition to his practical knowledge, he might frequently find short cuts to a more extensive knowledge of them, which with only a practical knowledge must demand an experience including many failures.

There is a similar relationship between the prie-dieu conception of God and the study-desk conception of God. Neither is an adequate expression of the Reality. The prie-dieu conception, however, is more real than the study-desk conception.

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* *Loc. cit.*, p. 446.

But the study-desk conception serves the purpose of accentuating the inadequacies of the prie-dieu conception. I say, for instance: "There is One who sticketh closer than a brother." "Brother" is a metaphorical term, intelligible alike to the simplest child and the most learned philosopher. Behind the metaphor, however, there is a scientific analogy represented by the term "omnipresence." The scientific analogy corrects the limitations that are implied in the humanistic metaphor. There is, therefore, a certain danger in using these scientific analogies, in so far as functions are attributed to them which they are not supposed to fulfil. They are not supposed to give us either adequate or realistic representations of the eternal truths which they signify. The information they convey is, in a way, positive, but needs to be supplemented by concrete counterparts.

Now, I would beg to suggest that Professor James has quite mistaken this function of analogy when he dismisses so summarily the value of the scholastic conceptions. No scholastic ever maintained the value of which the learned professor disapproves. If our ecclesiastical students are taught to conceive the eternal truths in scientific categories, they are also taught to express them in popular categories. We read our philosophic manuals in order to correct our bible-reading, and we read our bibles in order to correct our philosophic reading. Both the Old and the New Testament existed before scholastic philosophy. The divine revelation was given in vulgar thought-forms. This revelation has been translated into scholastic thought-forms, not for the purpose of giving it in that way to the people, but in order that the preacher may first have a clear idea of the Church's interpretation, and then translate his idea into thought-forms suitable to his audience. To seek for rules of conduct, therefore, directly in the attributes of aseity, necessariness, immateriality, simplicity, and the other negative attributes, is to entirely misunderstand the function of these abstractions. They are not intended to be direct norms of ethics. They are only intended to correct our anthropomorphical metaphors, to enable us to compare notes with those who use different metaphors, to remind us constantly that our metaphors are but metaphors. When God wished to lay down direct rules of conduct he spoke in language which all classes of people could understand: "Thou shalt not have strange gods before me." "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not steal." The divine revelation is a concrete life. Theological science is an abstraction from that life. Just as literary criticism takes its rules from classical writers, so theology takes its rules from the life of the Church. A young writer buys a manual of English composition. By studying the rules and practising them he is able eventually to write correctly. But then those rules are nothing but abstractions from the works of geniuses, who knew no rules but invented them. The genius invents them, the grammarian finds and arranges them, and the young writer follows them.

So is it with theological terms. They all exist, veiled in the language of the Bible or in the lives of men. The theologian finds, abstracts, and classifies them. The preacher clothes them in the thought-forms of his congregation, and thus the congregation uses them. When, therefore, I come to answer the question: "Pray what specific act can I perform in order to adapt myself the better to God's simplicity?" I must first ask myself what is the popular thought-form of which the scientific analogy is the abstraction; what is the precise anthropomorphic idea which the idea of "simplicity" is supposed to correct? I find it in John, iv. 24, which gives me not only the popular conception corresponding to "simplicity," but also tells me the specific act which I must perform in order to adapt myself the better to that simplicity. "God is a spirit, and they that adore him must adore him in spirit and in truth." The attribute of simplicity is the very key to all the moral science which saves us from superstition and idolatry. Man, being a composition of body and soul, must of necessity think of God humanwise. But he may never forget that his way of thinking of God *is* a human way. Here is the difference between a Catholic who prays *before* an image of Mary and a pagan who prays *to* an image of Artemis. So also with the pictures we make of God. We do not pray to them, but, as it were, in front of them to God. The attribute of simplicity accentuates this. The human mind, since it is human, has an innate tendency to anthropomorphism, and it is one of the most important functions of scholastic theology to check this tendency.

There is, however, a danger attending the scientific representation; namely, of forgetting that that very representation is in itself but a more intellectualized form of anthropomorphism. Pure analogies pertain more to God than to creatures; mixed or metaphorical analogies pertain to creatures rather than to God. Nevertheless there is something human about the pure analogies. Compared with the ultimate Reality there is practically no difference between the conception of the peasant, who regards God as a kind old man of fatherly aspect, and that of the theologian, who regards him as a simple, infinite, and immutable being. If anything, the peasant is nearer the truth. The Gnostics and Stoics maintained that the divine substance was indefinite, vague, empty, and formless, like the air. Tertullian and Lactantius, in their zeal against this doctrine, maintained that God had a body, form, and figure. Both parties had mistaken the nature of their analogies. Had they known the function of the analogy of simplicity, neither party need have fallen into its error.

The next question is less excusable: "Or how does it assist me to plan my behavior to know that God's happiness is anyhow complete?" The knowledge of this truth has been the staple spiritual food of millions. It is the neglect of this truth which is the cause of so much of the spiritual destitution of the present day. By knowing that God's happiness is anyhow complete, I know that he is quite independent of me. I know, consequently, that whatever action he does outside himself, that is, whatever he does for creatures, is a perfectly gratuitous act of love towards them. This knowledge shows me the greatness of the divine condescension in deigning to pay such attention to poor me. Realizing this condescension, I have a strong motive for appreciating his gifts. In order to show my appreciation I do my best to conform to his law. The knowledge of God's intrinsic happiness, therefore, helps me to keep the ten commandments. And I would here pause to make a remark in parentheses. It is to notice that the rejection of Papal supremacy in the sixteenth century has found its logical issue in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in the rejection of the supremacy of God. But the knowledge of God's intrinsic happiness not only helps me to recognize my position as a creature, but also enables me to correct a number of concrete conceptions which might otherwise lead me to imagine imperfections in God. For instance, I know that Christ in suffering death upon the cross was but translating into human terms the compassion which the Eternal Father felt at the thought of his creatures crushing themselves by their wilful sins. "The compassion of the Eternal Father" is a mixed analogy by which I endeavor to express God's intense desire for the good of his creatures. Since desire and love connote suffering in men, I apply suffering in an eminent way to the Eternal Father, and to prevent my being misunderstood I call it "compassion." The passion which is known in men as "suffering love," is possessed transcendentally by God. God is the source and root of that wondrous phase of man's life in which he shows his love by suffering. But, lest the application of the term "suffering" to God should lead me to imagine imperfection in God, I fall back on my theological proposition that, anyhow, God is happy in himself. In so far as God is πανώνυμος, he may be conceived as suffering. In so far as he is ἀνώνυμος, he may be conceived as free from suffering. In so far as he is ὑπερώνυμος, he may be conceived as transcending suffering, whilst at the same time being the author and source of it. Other metaphors used of God, such as anger, sorrow, and pity, may be treated similarly.

I come next to discuss what Professor James calls the moral attributes of God. Here he will grant that the analogies holiness and justice, for instance, do enter into definite relations with practical life. But he maintains that theology cannot prove these attributes of God, and so cannot take the credit of supplying a solid basis to religious sentiment. "How stands it with her arguments? It stands with them as ill as with the arguments for his existence. Not only do post-Kantian idealists reject them root and branch, but it is a plain historic fact that they never have converted any one who has found in the moral complexion of the world, as he experienced it, reasons for doubting that a good God can have framed it. To prove God's goodness by the scholastic argument that there is no non-being in his essence, would sound to such a witness simply silly."* Here a new aspect is brought into the question of analogy. Hitherto I have contented myself with showing that use of analogy which consists in correcting metaphors. It has a further use. It enables Christian philosophers to converse with non-Christian philosophers. The concrete forms of revelation being translated into abstract forms, the scholastic apologist is enabled to meet the rationalist on his own ground.

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* *Loc. cit.*, pp. 448-9.

The function of the scholastic arguments is to convince the reason in the case of truths available to reason and to meet objections brought from reason in the case of the truths above reason. It is only when they have functions assigned to them which they are not supposed to perform that they appear silly. No one but an idiot would attempt to console a bereaved and despairing mother with the proposition that God must be good to her since he had no non-being in his essence; though that answer would certainly be adequate to the connoisseur in opinions, who endeavored to show from his limited outlook on the universe that God was not good. If I must label the fallacy which Professor James commits so often in this matter, it is that known as the illicit transit from the logical to the ontological order.

So far I have occupied myself in considering the limitations of analogy. Indeed, the writer who passes as Dionysius the Areopagite says that the highest peaks of our knowledge of God "are unfolded rather in the bright cloud of silence teaching hidden things, which shine most clearly rather in the darkest obscurity, and, in an all-pervading intangibility and indivisibility, fill our eyeless minds with the most beautious splendors." But the Areopagite was more fitted for conversation with angels than with men. The exigencies of modern England and America demand a more every-day language. So, whilst keeping the Areopagite in view, as a reminder of the inadequacy of the most systematic and intellectualized of forms, I will lay down a plan of God's attributes:

First, God may be considered simply as a being. In this respect he has both negative and positive attributes. The negative attributes are: simplicity, infinity, and immutability; inconfusibility, immensity, and eternity; invisibility, incomprehensibility, and ineffability. The positive attributes are either internal or external. The internal ones prescind from God's relationship to things outside himself; and are unity, truth, goodness, and beauty. The external ones regard God's relationship to things outside himself; and are omnipotence and omnipresence. Secondly, God may be considered not merely as a being, but also as a living, spiritual being. In this respect his attributes are intelligence and will.

This is what Professor James would call a shuffling and matching of pedantic dictionary adjectives. I prefer to call it a scientific arrangement of "notions" of the divinity which, in the language of Newman, compel my "notional" assent. But they must be visualized before they can enter into serious relations with my conduct. They must be "realized" before they can compel my "real" assent. Before stating my concrete conception, however, I would like to state what Professor James thinks our conception should be. "First," he says, "it is essential that God be conceived as the deepest power in the universe; and, second, he must be conceived under the form of a mental personality. The personality need not be determined intrinsically any further than is involved in the holding of certain things dear, and in the recognition of our dispositions toward those things, the things themselves being all good and righteous things. But, extrinsically considered, so to speak, God's personality is to be regarded, like any other personality, as something lying outside of my own and other than me, and whose existence I simply come upon and find. A power not of ourselves, then, which not only makes for righteousness, but means it, and which recognizes us—such is the definition which I think nobody will be inclined to dispute. Various are the attempts to shadow forth the other lineaments of so supreme a personality to our human imagination; various the ways of conceiving in what mode the recognition, the hearkening to our cry, can come. Some are gross and idolatrous; some are the most sustained efforts man's intellect has ever made to keep still living on that subtile edge of things where speech and thought expire. But, with all these differences, the essence remains unchanged. In whatever other respect the divine personality may differ from ours, or may resemble it, the two are consanguineous at least in this—that both have purposes for which we care, and each can hear the other's call." I quote this passage at length to show that even with the most determined of intentions one cannot very well dispense with the string of dictionary adjectives. And if this is demanded by the experience of one man's lifetime, how much more must it be demanded by the experience of the two thousand years of the life of the Church? Did the limits of this article allow, it might be shown, just as I have already shown in regard to God's simplicity and intrinsic happiness, that all the attributes of God have a bearing on human conduct. Perhaps they might not bear directly on life in its political or economic aspect. But man has a deeper and richer life to lead than that which is manifest in his commercial and civic capacities. He has to lead an unseen life of the spirit, the fruitfulness of which is enhanced by a more extended knowledge of God and his attributes. But it is time now to suggest the concrete expression of the conception of which I have given the abstract equivalent, a "realization" of the scientific arrangement of "notions" of the Godhead. In plain words, I come back to my correspondent to tell him what I mean by those three letters: G–O–D.

The most perfect and the most pregnant piece of visualization that I know is that revealed to me by him who said: "Thus, therefore, shall you pray: Our Father who art in heaven." Both the letter and the spirit of this prayer of Christ enable me to conceive God as kind and gentle and good beyond all thought. And if I call him "Our Father who art in heaven," I must, also, go further and say: "hallowed be thy name." I must recognize that if his name signifies all that is good and beautiful in the perfections of an earthly father, it also excludes all the imperfections of an earthly father; nay, that it transcends all the kindness and gentleness of an earthly father, and reaches out into regions of kindness and gentleness, so that the mind which would attempt to gaze thereon is lost in delirium. With this conception before me, I have no difficulty in facing truths of his revelation, which to my limited mental outlook may seem unkind or unjust. I know there are those who essay to work out the doctrine of hell fire by pure logic. I prefer to accept it on the authority of the word of Christ and his Church, and rely on the goodness of our Father who is in heaven that, even so, all will be right and fair after all.

On the other hand, retributive justice on the part of God and its connotation, reverential fear on the part of man, may not be excluded from the general truth shadowed by the analogy of fatherhood. There may be theologians who "tend to substitute conventional ideas of criminal law for *a priori* principles of reason."* It may be granted to Professor James that "the very notion that this glorious universe, with planets and winds and laughing sky and ocean, should have been conceived and had its beams and rafters laid in technicalities of criminality, is incredible to our modern imagination. It weakens a religion to hear it argued on such a basis." * Indeed, the predominant feature of the mission of Christ was that the law of talion had been superseded by the law of love. "You have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him also the other." † Nevertheless, although I deny that fear is the basis of Christian morals, I must maintain that it has its place and function therein. One of the primary dictates of conscience is that of retributive justice. It is an abuse of analogy, however, to fix our attention on that attribute alone and suppose it to be the foundation of morality. If, as theology shows, the attributes of God are identical with his essence, and identical with each other, then his retributive justice is but another aspect of his all-pervading, all-embracing love. In the realm of analogy, therefore, fear, reverential fear, on the part of a creature, must be considered as the minister to a creature's love, whilst retributive justice, on the part of God, must be considered as the obverse side of God's love. There is a natural tendency in the new century man to look at the lower and more primitive races and feel himself something very superior. He ought not to overlook the fact, however, that there is still much of the brute nature in himself to be eliminated. Even Professor Huxley can tell us that "men are very queer animals, a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness, and camel malice—with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please they are very hard to drive." ‡ There is, therefore, still plenty of room in the world for such ideas as salutary fear and retributive justice. It is not only now and then that the angel must appear. The life of the Christian on earth must be a gradual approximation to the life of the angels in heaven. The life in heaven is set before him as the ideal at which he is to aim in his life on earth. "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The function, then, of those analogies which tell of the severer attributes of God is to bring about this happy consummation. In the sense that God is all-names his justice can imply nothing but supreme kindness. In the sense that God is nameless his justice must exclude all unkindness. In the sense that God is above all

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* *Varieties of Religious Experience.* P. 448.

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* *Ibid.*

† Matth. v. 38-39.

‡ *Life and Letters.* II. P. 428.

names all seeming unkindness must have its full explanation in the fact that God's kindness transcends all our conceptions.

Next come the two great problems which have perplexed the mind of man ever since man began to think, the problem of good and the problem of evil. God placed the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the midst of paradise, and under pain of death commanded man not to eat of it. But then, even as now, curiosity prevailed, and in prevailing followed the trail of the serpent. Here again the true function of analogy is liable to be lost sight of. The problem of evil is exploited beyond all reason, whilst the problem of good is scarcely deemed worthy of notice. Christ sets the two in their right juxtaposition, the good first and the evil afterwards. The visible beneficient effects of God's omnipotence and omnipresence, of his intelligence and will are visualized in the next petition of the prayer. As God is everywhere by his essence and power and presence *(per essentiam et potentiam et presentiam)*, upholding all things by the word of his power, so he is actively causing and providing all things good for me; and, being likewise present in me, he is causing and enabling me to avail myself of all these good things. This I acknowledge and pray for when I say: "Give us this day our daily bread."

He is in my spirit too, moving it by his grace according to its own nature. He moves all things sweetly; and when he illumines my intelligence, inflames my affections, and excites my will, he does so in a way as not to injure the laws which he has ordained. My mind normally follows the eternal laws of logic, although I may be unable to notice it explicitly; and my will normally follows its law of freedom. But the allurements of passion interrupt these laws from time to time. So God must step in again to put things right. All this is visualized by the expressions evil, temptation, sin, and forgiveness. Once more I must remind myself that these words represent analogies only. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." This is not, as captious minds are inclined to suggest, a setting up of man's standard of forgiveness as a measure for God. Christ, knowing what is in man, knowing how man will be able to appreciate sin and the forgiveness of sin as between man and man, takes this psychological fact and uses it to form an analogy of sin and the forgiveness of sin as between man and God. I must first feel my own willingness to forgive offences against me before I am in a disposition to ask God to forgive my offences against him. "For if you will forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences."

So also with the petition: "Lead us not into temptation." They are hardly worth taking seriously who would quarrel with the supposed implication that God does lead us into temptation. Evidently the analogy is first an acknowledgment that the external circumstances of our lives, as arranged by God, are the best for us; and, secondly, a petition to God to maintain our wills in a right attitude towards those circumstances. It is, therefore, from its transcendental nature, suitable to all sorts and conditions of men. The untutored mind may regard the cataclysms of nature, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and volcanoes, as the special visitations of God, rendered necessary on account of unforeseen developments of nature or unexpected vagaries of men's actions; the scientific mind may regard them as the necessary result of the working out of ruthless eternal laws. The untutored mind may look upon the lesser incidents of life which determine our plans as almost miraculous interventions for the special benefit of the individual; the scientific mind may regard them as mere coincidences, yet not exclude the belief that they are part of a great plan as yet incomprehensible to man. But in all cases the same eternal truth is acknowledged, namely, that somehow God is behind all things, arranging them for the good of the suppliant; whilst the same simple expression serves the purpose of all: "Lead us not into temptation."

Finally the twin problem of evil is faced in all its nakedness. Christ has shown me that God is supreme wisdom and goodness. He has shown me too that God does permit evil in the world. But he has not explained the mystery. Endless attempts have been made at this explanation, though all, eventually, have to fall back on faith in God's goodness. Apologists disagree only as to the precise point where this act of faith must come in. Christ does not explain the problem; he shows how to transcend it: "But deliver us from evil. Amen." He ends in the same spirit as he began. I must put forth my will in prayer to my Father who is in heaven. I must remember that all the fairest things that I can dream about him are but faint suggestions of the Reality. If I seem to realize in him a kindness which is sweeter and gentler than that of a father, mother, brother, sister, friend, or spouse, yet such realization in my breast falls infinitely short of the kindness which is eternal in heaven. I find it difficult, nay, physically impossible, to put even a short portion of my life into syllogisms satisfactory to my mental vision. How much more impossible then must it be to do this with the complex life of God's universe. What I can do, however, is to trust and wait until the great Syllogism is made manifest, praying meanwhile, with the prayer of Christ, to be delivered from all evil. Then shall I see that all things, even the permission of final impenitence and the infliction of everlasting punishment, work together for the good of those who love God.

REQUIESCAT.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

Be still and rest, O time-distracted Heart!
From Life's slow-emptying glass,
That rains a *requiem* for all sorrows as they pass,
The immeasurable sands are run;
And thou, thy work being done,
Dost, like a noise-affrighted infant, fare apart
By paths of me untrod,
To ease thy griefs with Silence, which is God.
Sleep, then, and rest;
For Death, which is God in Christ, is best;
Though mine be still the task of waiting and the smart.

CINDERELLA'S SISTER.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

FOR those who like a vacation spent in the far forest, by rushing stream or undulant lake, with all the camping-out, canoeing, hunting, and fishing heart can desire, together with relief from the frills of civilization and their hampering and hindering feminine concomitants, Matapunk is the place. But an Adam expecting there to enjoy an Eveless Paradise is not absolutely safe; for there be women also who fly the monotony of the conventional resort, with its ten vapid maids to one vapid man in a treadmill of bridge and gossip, that they may refresh their souls in Nature's fastnesses. Incidentally, the possible adventurous Adam, of virile pursuits and athletic and manly presence and converse, is not without interest to such wandering Eve. Should she be rich enough to have her own motor car, distance from a railroad need be no check to her explorations.

"Was that an infernal machine I saw over at Todd's Crossing on our way back?" grunted one of the happily-tired hunters, smoking around the camp-fire after supper.

"Out in this wilderness? No, Masterton; it was the apparition of a red devil haunting you for your sins in begging a lift back, instead of walking like a man and a member of the Alpine."

"You did your shooting from around the lake. I've tramped fifty miles easily since day-break for mine. But even avenging ghosts don't honk. They leave that to wild geese and wilder autos." He went on maliciously: "There were females in it. I knew by the voices and the floating veils."

"The near neighborhood of Moose Lodge *is* a danger," admitted Chesney; "but"—with serene confidence born of nicotine—"they won't get past the Crossing. This end of the road's impossible for gasoline."

"Thank God!" chimed several in pious chorus. Then they fell to talking of the weight of the buck hanging outside, and of incidental doubts, mishaps, and thrills in getting him. When this subject was well threshed out, Masterton rose to desert them for the night, in favor of Moose Lodge.

"What's that for?" growled the chorus.

"Hot bath—to limber up. Lake's all right for early morning plunge. Too icy under the stars."

"He pines for Mother Todd's petting. He has gone back on his hunter's couch of balsam boughs," scoffed Chesney. "He is a Sybarite—an effeminate whiffet."

"A gilded youth; a spoiled darling; a pampered weakling; a Nancy!" agreed the chorus.

But Masterton was already whistling to his dog and striding along the foot-trail which led to nearby Moose Lodge. A low, wide bungalow this, built of rough logs, in sylvan harmony with forest surroundings, and kept by a trapper's widow, genially ready to make others as stout and comfortable as herself, and thus favorably known for many seasons to campers and sportsmen. Chinks in her log walls and open fireplaces insured fresh air to Masterton, who slept in any case dreamlessly, and awoke with the dawn to go down to the lake and return, glowing with health and exercise, for his landlady's famous flap-jacks and venison—the latter supplied by himself.

"Well, Mother," he began cheerily, entering the dining-room; but stopped abruptly, for the only feminine form there bore no likeness to Mother Todd's rotundity. A girl, tall and slender, turned from the window to regard him with a quiet courtesy of well-poised and impersonal quality. "I beg your pardon," he amended, "I thought Mother Todd—"

"She is in the kitchen. My sister and I are, I am afraid, the cause of breakfast not being on time. We walked over from the Crossing rather late last night, and we are now waiting for our companion, who will drive here this morning. Perhaps I can hurry your breakfast. Mrs. Todd, I am sure—"

"It is of no consequence, if you will kindly tell her that I am expected to breakfast at the camp. "He was conscious of speaking ungraciously in the shock of finding strangers—ladies—invading this hitherto perfect hostel in the woods. "Confound it!" he thought, as the door closed behind him, "why can't they stay where they can enjoy their fripperies and their brass bands? Perhaps"—hopefully—"we might persuade them it's too rough here; or else, me to the woods strictly."

He turned for a look, in the nature of anathema, at the now feminized Lodge, when out on the side porch stepped a second girl, framed delightfully by its rustic pillars and crimson-leaved ampelopsus. She was small and slight, with a quantity of blond hair, carelessly pinned up, and big, dark eyes, still sleepy. Unconscious of observation, she stretched her lissome form in pale-green silk negligee, and yawned daintily, before apostrophizing the landscape. "This is certainly the jumping-off place," she complained, "a howling wilderness! It's hard on me, who detest the beauties of Nature, to suffer for them—and I won't long!" She shook a small, doubled-up fist at the awakening forest and water-courses, shivered in the chill morning air, and went within.

Masterton chuckled as the woods swallowed himself and Hector. "She's honest—at least to herself," he reflected, "and, ye gods! What eyes! Is it possible these girls—not over twenty, I should say—came by the roughest kind of trail late last night, with feminine misgivings as to snakes and wild animals for company? It's a wonder they didn't insist on lugging the elderly companion; and I'm glad she had sense enough to resist, in favor of driving this morning. Upon my word, the present-day American girl!" He began to find humor in the unwelcome news to be sprung on the camp.

But Chesney was the only one utterly dismayed. "It's too rotten bad," he protested; "a measly shame! It'll just completely ruin our free, good time having prinky—or, worse, athletic—girls cropping up in our paths when we least want them. Some day the masses will arise in their wrath and smash every automobile in the land!"

"'I' faith, captain, these be very bitter words!'" said Masterton, his own serenity restored.

"It's only you two bachelors—Mother Todd's pets—who need mind," said the others, married philosophers mostly. "We seldom go under a roof, even hers, unless the supplies run low, and André takes care that rarely happens."

It happened that very evening, however, and, as hungry hunters cannot live by venison alone, it was unanimously voted—and with malice prepense—that, to make the scanty store of bread go round, the bachelors should sup at the Lodge.

"Well, I'm sure glad you've come up to help amuse the gals," exclaimed Mother Todd. "*One* of 'em is moping, leastwise. The other likes it here first-rate. Mrs. Smith, Miss Fenwick, Miss Hartwell, these here be Mr. Masterton and Mr. Chesney. They been apologizin' for their huntin' clothes; but I guess you ladies'll find 'em all right."

Under cover of conventional greetings between the others, the dark-eyed blonde, at whose side Masterton found himself seated at table, murmured: "When a man's dress is the most becoming possible, it's a pity when occasion demands any other." She gave a swiftly approving glance at both young men's athletic figures in tweeds and knickerbockers. "I don't know why I wear this silly, flowery, frilly gown in the evening out here, instead of a simple, white cloth suit like my sister's. That is Paris simplicity, by the way, which costs. But she is enormously sensible—always does the suitable thing and puts to shame my frivolous self. She is—oh! masculinely equal to every situation."

She knew by his responsive glance that he also thought the diaphanous, fluffy gown admirable setting to blond hair and big brown eyes. He found himself dropping into just the careful undertone, the complimentary inflection, the delicately admiring gaze, of which he might have been guilty at a fashionable resort. If spur to this had been needed, it would have been supplied by certain consciousness of Chesney's envy, who, on the other side of the great fire, devoted himself perforce to Mrs. Smith's amusement. Miss Fenwick, easily poised in manner, quietly attentive in look, sat a little apart, her face shaded from the fire and observation by a hand-screen.

"They like it pretty well here—may stay some time," announced Chesney, in the young men's room.

"You don't seem as prostrated by the prospect as you were," commented Masterton. "I see what it is! You hope to make an impression on Mrs. Smith. Fie upon you! Moose and lady-killer!"

No answer being deigned to this, he went on: "You say 'they' like it. In this case, 'they' means Miss Fenwick. I gather from pretty little Miss Hartwell's confidences, that her sister is the autocrat. The car is hers, and she whisks them as inexorably as a cruel fairy from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from ocean to mountain, from pillar to post. The little one sighed—she was looking at you, Chesney—'I should love it here,' she said, 'but next week we may be hurrying to catch the steamer for the Mediterranean. It is all so unpeaceful—so unrestful; but what can a poor, little nobody do but obey orders? I am just a Cinderella, myself, helpless as she was and content enough if I were let sit quietly beside the hearth somewhere.'"

"The sister bullies that lovely child!" exclaimed Chesney, with indignation.

"It seems so. They are only half-sisters; and the income is, probably, Miss Fenwick's, from her father. This is mere conjecture, understand."

"You seem to have learned a good deal in a short time," commented Chesney resentfully. "And, Masterton, I warn you, that way you have of being all eyes and ears for the woman you happen to be talking with is highly misleading."

"My dear boy"—mildly—"you surprise me. Southern women, I find, expect it. Others are not displeased by it. Try it yourself!"

Next evening came Chesney's innings, when Miss Hartwell, looking forth into the night, murmured: "How I should love to go a little way on that trail by starlight!"

"We have been all day out doors," said Miss Fenwick discouragingly.

But he was quick to profit by their chaperon's easy-going indulgence; and had the felicity of holding a soft white hand in his descending from the porch, and having it laid confidingly on his arm at the shadowy entrance to the woods.

"This is the way to your camp, is it not?" she asked. "How bright the starlight is! I wish—I wish we dared go as far as the camp."

"Why not?"

Her soft voice grew a little tremulous: "Martia will not hear of it, I know—just because I want it! Oh, no, no; I didn't mean to say that—it sounds unkind. But she is so severely proper—and—and hardly ever wants to do anything I wish; she is a little—well—repressive."

"I'll ask her," in valiant championship.

Miss Fenwick—following, perforce, with Masterton—had scarcely spoken; for, indeed, the vibrant mystery of woods and stars held both in thrall. "No, thank you; I do not need your arm, since you were so thoughtful as to bring the lantern. What is it, Grace? Oh, I think not. They might not like it."

"They'd be delighted," averred Chesney, with cordial untruth.

A fleeting smile lighted Miss Fenwick's clear eyes, played an instant about her sensitive mouth, and was as quickly gone. Masterton was suddenly aware, by lantern light, that eyes and mouth were fine and sweet. All the more pity that wealth and power should have hardened her. A bat, attracted by the light, swooped near her face. She stepped back hastily, but without noise, and the flying creature's next dash was close to Miss Hartwell.

"My hair! My hair!" she cried musically, and tried to cover its shining waves with her hands.

"Too tiny," laughed Chesney; and Masterton hiding the light, the bat flew away.

"I am a dreadful coward," admitted the girl, in pretty deprecation. "But that horrid thing in one's hair!" she shuddered. "Martia thinks me a perfect goose! Am I to be punished, dear, for general idiocy by having to go back without seeing the camp?"

"As you like," said her sister; and no effort could keep a note of constraint from her tone.

"Ungracious!" decided Chesney; and presently they came upon the smoking, chatting campers. Rallying hospitably from surprise, these furnished stools, offered refreshment, even brought a dilapidated guitar for the ladies' manipulation. To a man they were delighted when the pretty visitor, her charming head on one side, touched the strings and, in a rather thin voice, led this or that ballad, to which they supplied volume. Masterton looked curiously, once or twice, at the other reluctant guest, easy enough now in desultory talk; and when a restrained contralto enriched the chorus, he was again aware of her. It was, inevitably, she who resisted general protest at early leave-taking.

"What a picture the little girl made in the group among the tents and the camp-fire!" said Chesney afterwards, "and what an appealing little look at the masterful sister's dragging her off. Even a fortune need not make one selfish and severe with a charming child like that."

"It was late enough," said his friend indifferently, "and all of us strangers, with no chaperon along."

"Ye gods! Masterton as Mrs. Grundy!" jeered Chesney, "What miracle is this?"

Miss Fenwick maintained her character for unkind domination by resisting any further visits to camp; but Miss Hartwell, being now made free of it, seemed to divine when Chesney, for instance, would be returning thither—his bag laden with poor little feathered things and his sportman's conscience unpricked.

"By Jove!" he would exclaim, "this is good! It's the crown to the successful day to see you coming against these gorgeous woods." He would call André to take the bag while he strolled on beside her, and when she laid slim, hesitating hand on his "murderous weapon," it incited such target practice as brought him back earlier of afternoons and necessitated bewitching tremors and appeals on her part, protecting superiority and manly encouragement and tenderness on his—thus completing his enslavement.

"Martia would call me stupid," she would say, pouting like an ill-used child. "She has no patience with timidity."

"She must be a perfect dragon," said the infatuated young man.

Indeed, one less admiring might have appreciated her gliding grace, her softly-tinted draperies, her eyes and hair and form framed in glowing crimson and gold autumnal leafage. Masterton thought so evidently, when he spent unconsidered hours canoeing with her on the lake. She looked the nymph of Matapunk waters seated in the shallow bark, with pretty head uncovered and white arms bare, and she paddled with skill. This made it the stranger that once, when they met her sister crossing the lake with swift, strong stroke, she should grow nervous apparently, and upset the canoe. It was fortunately in a place not deep, and he found himself on the bank holding a laughing, trembling, dripping creature, who presently bit a quivering lip, and said to her sister: "I couldn't help it, Martia. Don't scold me yet, please. I—I can't bear it just now. Let me get home first and change my wet things."

He was wonderingly conscious of a wave of crimson across Miss Fenwick's face and neck; of the quick, impetuous word, instantly controlled into a quiet: "Yes; the sooner the better! You may take cold. I will have a change ready," and left them.

While he wrapped his coat about the water-nymph, she raised soft eyes—moist with hurt feeling or the lake—to whisper appealingly: "She—she is sometimes hard on poor me. Because she is so strong in mind and body—she cannot understand—"

He thought he did, though not entirely certain. On one pretext or other, the young men now spent most of their evenings at the Lodge, to the disgust of their fellow-campers.

"Two more good fellows gone wrong," growled one of the chorus.

"They still shoot straight enough," urged another in extenuation.

Bets, indeed, were freely made as to which of the young men would win out; for, whereas this hunter could describe a smile observed on its way to Chesney, another would relate an incident patently in favor of Masterton. The harvest moon, now in full glory, induced certain gay, impromptu flittings to the porch or thereabouts, while landlady and chaperon played cards beside the crackling logs. Masterton, hearing hum of voices one evening in front, unobtrusively skirted the porch, not to be an obnoxious third, and came upon Miss Fenwick pacing the other veranda alone.

"With permission," he said, and fell into step beside her.

"Those silvery glimpses of the moonlit lake," she observed, "through the trees—"

"If you begin that way with me, after nine weeks' acquaintance," he interrupted, "I shall think two things and do one."

"And those?"

"First, I will withdraw, being evidently unwelcome. Then I shall know that you still consider me a stranger and a platitudinous one at that."

She smiled in openly sincere friendliness. The hood of her long white cloak, shading the upper part of her face, threw into relief the firm chin and sensitive mouth he had before remarked. "It was I who 'spoke platitudes,' though not 'in stained-glass attitudes.'"

"Yes, like most of us, as a shield. Because you cared not—or dared not—to speak of what was really in mind or heart."

"Cared not, perhaps; but—'dared not!'" She reared her slender height, not much less than his own.

"Come, then! I offer the proverbial penny!"

She turned toward him, and, the hood falling back, revealed a clear and perfectly direct glance: "Well, then, I was thinking of my sister, of your friend, and—and of you, also. I am young myself; but the fact of our being orphaned, and that I am in some unimportant matters more favored, confers responsibility. If I oppose her—she is sometimes a little wilful; yet I have tried—I should wish to make her life safe—" She stopped.

"I see what you mean," Masterton assured her. "Such intimacy as springs up in a place like this requires credentials. Especially when—a greater intimacy seems to be aimed at. Our elderly friend in camp, Mr. Shepherd, Mrs. Smith knows at home, his standing and reputation. He will answer for Mr. Chesney as I do. He is a fine fellow, of excellent record. His material prospects—"

She checked him here. "Those we need not discuss," she said, "until his chance is more certain."

Even by moonlight a blush is sometimes divined. He was impelled to answer this one. "That, of course, is still on the knees of the gods. When I know what my own chance is, my full credentials shall be at your service."

Later, Chesney said to him: "I begrudge you unspeakably saving Miss Hartwell—as she reports—from drowning. Her plutocrat of a sister was more interested in the spoiling of her gown—for which, I judge, she pays. I'd give—yes, the contract for the Easton Bridge, to know how you stand with her since."

"Heavens, man!" said Masterton impatiently, "why don't you ask her? Here's the September moon up every evening, shining in the most obliging manner possible. You have first asking—at least, while I stand aside."

"Awfully white of you, old fellow," declared Chesney gratefully. Had he known it, he owed far more to so humble an instrument as André, their cook and guide, in conjunction with Miss Fenwick's chauffeur. The latter, amenable as his superiors to Miss Hartwell's beauty and diplomatic wiles, had imparted to her careless and condescending probing many things he learned at camp. Flattered by her interest, he now divulged, respectfully but with conviction which convinced: "It is André who have told me, mademoiselle—a compatriot, as you know, of the tongue at least Thees Monsieur Chaisney—they call heem in the encampment Jean J., he scatter the money so—he is reech—reech to the millions! Oh, many! They joke about the reechness, and call him Crœsus, also."

Thus rumor, founded upon Chesney's habit of indiscriminate tipping, and a slight confusion of names, lent its aid to Chesney's eloquence, poured into a pretty, calculating ear under the September moon.

"I judge from that gladsome whistle and that fatuous expression of countenance that I may congratulate you," said Masterton in the night. And while they shook hands: "No, no; don't sympathize with me. I shall probably survive it, and give unswerving allegiance to Mother Todd after this." He seemed, indeed, philosophically unruffled; and grinned shamelessly when, in camp, bets were ostentatiously paid in his presence.

"It's just a bluff, we know," they taunted him.

However this might be, he seemed comfortably content to chat with Mrs. Smith when his friend and fiancée next disappeared together, after a sweetly-searching Parthian glance from the latter. The loquacious old lady, with whom he was a favorite, overflowed in indiscreet contentment.

"He is an excellent young man, Mr. Shepherd tells me; socially and in every way all right. I hope they may be happy. It will be so much more comfortable for dear Martia and me! We could never stay at home—she was so discontented. And Martia has a fine old country place, which she loves and wants to improve. Nothing would do Grace but going about incessantly, from one resort to another—Italy, Egypt, Bermuda, Florida—everywhere there was noise and a crowd. Martia denied her nothing, and I've often told her that it was a mistake. But she felt that Fate had been unjust to her sister, and she must make it up to her. She has only opposed her once or twice abroad, when she nearly married some barons and counts who thought she was the heiress; and Martia stood between her and the scamps, with the greatest coolness and dignity, I will say, for such a girl. Grace was indignant because I fell ill at the Springs, and Martia would have me come here for the quiet and rest; but Grace grew reconciled when she found some m—people here; and then she made her sister break an engagement we had at a friend's house, to stay on here. As for the bills her sister pays! And she's not a bit grateful for Martia's constant thought—" She ceased here, in consternation at her own disclosures.

He went after a while to where Miss Fenwick walked, and paced beside her, until she turned as silently in question. "I didn't want to begin with platitudes; and was arranging how I might venture what I desired," he said. "Chesney's chance has proved good. Mine is still to be tried. My chance, unworthy as I am—my chance with you, dearest of women! No other has ever concerned me. From the first few days, when I courted your clear, candid gaze, when I marked your instinctive appreciation of noble issues, your fine and delicate sense of truth and honor, your careful and generous forbearance when much tried—"

"Oh!"—breathlessly—"that need not be mentioned."

"I do so for love of justice—and you."

"I thought that you—that she—"

"Not for a moment. Only, at first, it seemed presumptuous as to woo Diana's self, to offer small banalities to one finer, freer, more apart and intrenched in girlish pride .than most. Even now, I lack words to tell how you have come to fill my heart. If I dared hope—"

"It is so strange," she said, still withdrawn, "but I will not deny that I have sometimes thought she could hardly appreciate— If this was unsisterly—"

"Oh, 'unsisterly,'" he laughed in tender flouting. "Eyes and ears might have been deluded, but love gave intuition from the first. If he could but teach me to woo—and win—"

The hum of their voices may have reached the other side. for Miss Hartwell floated toward them, Chesney in attendance, She looked quickly from one to the other, and there was, perhaps, a hint of sharpness in her silvery tones: "Is the moon softening you to romance at last, Martia? I find it chilly, myself."

"Go in then, dear, it is warm and cosy by the fire."

Miss Hartwell shrugged her graceful shoulders: "I suppose Cinderella would best obey her elders and betters before twelve o'clock; or she may be reduced to her native rags." The sharpness in her voice was well accentuated now.

When she had gone Masterton said, with seeming irrelevance: "She, perhaps, knows that Chesney, though talented, is rather a poor man, yet—"

"She may know it—now," said Martia, raising troubled eyes. Then—firmly—"I shall be twenty-one next month. Part of mine shall be hers"

"She is a confirmed egotist"—he laughed—"and will always abuse your kindness. But you may give her all, for me —if I may have Cinderella's sister. It would be an unworthy plea to tell you that I am owner of the fortune I have heard credited to him. This hand, love, outweighs it richly—"

"His coolness, then, was not a bluff," the camp chorussed, upon receipt of a second piece or news.

"He is getting a fine—an exceptional girl," pronounced Mr. Shepherd, "Chesney's pretty little flirt is just a—a cuddlesome cat."

"Why, Shepherd! haven't we heard that she's an ill-treated little Cinderella? And everybody knows how haughty and proud and selfish and cruel the step-sisters were!"

"Yes, everybody knows," chimed the others—"everybody except Masterton."

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY JOHN F. FENLON, D.D.

IF thinking Christians should endeavor to agree upon the definition of the true religious spirit, their failure, most probably, would be as striking as it usually has been in attempted agreements; yet there are, perhaps, certain characteristics of this spirit which the great majority would regard as essential to its correct description. It would first be necessary for us, however, to distinguish between the true religious spirit and the true religion; assuming, of course, as is allowable here, that there is on earth a religion rightly regarded as the true one, whose doctrine, peculiar spirit, cult, and organization realize the divinely revealed idea of religion. One may belong, as we express it, to this true religion and believe in it, yet have not its spirit, nor have, in any right sense, a true religious spirit; and one may, on the other hand, have a true religious spirit and yet adhere to a form of religion very different from the true one. Still, there can be, as we shall see, but one true religious spirit. When, therefore, it is found in imperfect and partly false forms of religion, it is then derived from the elements of true religion which they contain. This spirit, always essentially the same, has not precisely the same tone and emphasis in all religions, much less in all religious men; its perfection, too, varies with individuals, while, as the animating spirit of a cult, it is possessed only by the one true religion in its purity and fullness.

I.

When we come to examine that condition and attitude of the mind and will of man which we call the religious spirit, we see first of all that it grows out of certain beliefs or dogmas. It presupposes a belief in a personal God, the Creator of the world; in his greatness, too vast for human comprehension; in his Providence, preserving and ruling the world and guiding the affairs of men; in his influence over the soul, and the soul's ability, through prayer, to have access to him and intercourse with him; in his holiness and justice, which demand a just and holy manner of life in his rational creatures, and are the source of the approval or disapproval with which he regards them. These conceptions of the mind regarding the First Source of all things produce, in a true soul, a sense of dependence upon that Supreme Being; a sense of humility before his incomprehensible greatness; a sense of trust in his kind providence and of gratitude upon the experience of it; a sense of reverence for his goodness and holiness, of the soul's own need of holiness and goodness, and, when it has failed, of sinfulness in the sight of that holiness and of sorrow upon incurring the disapproval of that goodness. Mingled with these feelings, or resulting from them, would be that sentiment of the soul which we call love of God, varying almost infinitely, according to the soul, in purity and intensity.

All these elements, fusing together, produce that spirit in the soul which is the correct attitude, and the only correct attitude, to be taken by the creature towards his Creator. Each and all flow necessarily from that relationship; remove one, and immediately the soul places itself in a false position. It is of course impossible, within the limits of this article and consistent with its purpose, to develop the proof of this assertion; but a fuller statement of it will throw light on the main idea we seek to convey.

Atheism and agnosticism, then, are the denial of religion and the death of the religious spirit. Pantheism, too, by all who believe in a personal God, will be regarded as powerless in itself to put the soul in its true position towards the *real* power behind the universe. Sentiments of dependence, like those we feel towards sun and air and earth; of awe and wonder, as a thunder storm or a vast mountain peak rising above the clouds might inspire; of admiration and delight, such as a beautiful scene or picture might evoke; of communion, like a poet's feelings towards nature; these, and other sentiments akin to them, may flow from a pantheistic creed, as we find them, to take a familiar instance, in Carlyle's attitude towards the immensities and the eternities; or, to take a more humble one, in the Scotch peasant who every morning, gazing on his native hills, bared his head to the beauty of the universe. But all this, to Christians at least, is merely poetry, not religion; the all pervading soul of the world has neither intelligence nor will to help, and, if we endow it with these powers, we have a personal and no longer a pantheistic God. Man must feel that his prayers can be heard and granted, that there is some one behind the veil of nature to reverence and love, before he can attain the true religious spirit.

The Deist, though believing in a personal God, is even further removed from the true spirit than the Pantheist, whose sentiments, at least, are partly correct though not referred to their rightful Object. True it is, the Deist may adore him whom he prefers to speak of as the Supreme Being, or the Divine Architect of the world; but his adoration, cold and pale as moonbeams, can scarcely be distinguished from the contemplation of an abstract idea that gives unity and symmetry to one's thoughts. He believes in a God that creates the universe and then abdicates his sovereignty in favor of inexorable laws, physical and moral; that hears but heeds not his children, and shows them neither care nor love. Purely intellectual, Deism is morally and spiritually powerless, the mere ghost of a religion.

The belief in Providence, then, which the Deist rejects, is essential to any worthy conception of the Deity, and to the cultivation of the religious spirit in man. When the belief germinates, then the religious spirit begins in its root feeling, the sense of dependence. Fostered in primitive man, ignorant of physical laws, by the apparent caprices of nature, or of the power working through it, this feeling is smiled at by the overwise philosopher; it is experienced, however, and purified by the enlightened religious mind, which sees the will of God supreme in all the laws of nature, however unchanging they may seem or be. In itself, nevertheless, the sense of dependence, though religious inasmuch as it recognizes dependence on a Being above nature, has not a truly ethical character till the soul conceives that Being as the realization of its highest ethical ideals, and at the same time recognizes something, at least, of its own moral needs. The religious spirit begins to be its true self when it admits the necessity of loyalty to the Voice within enjoining, with the accent of authority, the choice of the good and the rejection of the evil. It develops along religious and not merely ethical lines, according as it recognizes and follows as its standard the will of God. It does not allow the ethical spirit to separate and form an independent life, like those philosophers who acknowledge the sovereignty of God as the spring of morality but, taking no further account of it, proceed to construct their moral systems. The religious spirit is ethical, because God is just and holy; and its ethics, even if adopted on merely natural grounds, always remains religious, because moral conduct consists, for it, simply in realizing in act the will of God.

The soul, then, that is informed by the religious spirit finds its moral exemplar in the holiness of God. In the soul of man self-contemplation is disturbed by the sight of so much offensive to that holiness and by the sense, even in its purest moments, of the infinite distance between it and transcendent purity. This twin feeling of humility and sinfulness is the special characteristic of the true religious spirit of man. The philosopher, indeed, recognizes the sublimity of the moral law and his own failure to reach the ideal; but failure is universal and his own instance does not disturb him. The religious man, on the contrary, feels his degradation before the eye of all-seeing holiness, a sense of disquiet and apprehension upon the commission of a sinful act, of the loss or diminution, at least, of divine favor, which is followed, if he be heedful of religious promptings, by grief, regret, change of heart, and the regaining of divine favor. This sense of accountability to God, of sin, of grief, are the true signs of the working of the religious spirit in man.

This analysis of the soul's attitude towards God, the natural result of its realizing, on the one hand, God's sovereignty and holiness, and, on the other, its own dependence and the moral facts of its nature, will be accepted, we believe, by nearly all earnest Christians as substantially correct. Indeed, it may be blamed as giving no more than the rudiments of Christian knowledge. Yet, ordinary and elementary as the idea may seem to the devout mind, it gained a hold on the souls of men only gradually and with great difficulty, and maintains it with equal difficulty. What is more pitiful in history than the panorama of man's religions, with their mixture of good and bad, of lofty and degraded, advancing to a certain perfection and then retrograding or assuming a death-like rigidity, and issuing in no higher movement that leads to the pure worship of God. Leaving Judaism aside, we may say that nowhere in the pre-Christian world did this simple idea of religion which we have been exhibiting prevail as the spirit of a religion. Fitful gleams of it appear in the religions of India, Persia, and Egypt, in the religion, or at least the poetry, of Greece, and in the religions of the Semites surrounding Israel; but in general we find with them either that religion has small concern with morality and is little more than a cult; or that when the soul is conscious of guilt it seeks deliverance, not through sorrow and repentance, but simply through ceremonies. Guilt, too, as often as not, is involuntarily contracted, and so differs from our conception of sin as a deliberate infraction of God's law. However natural and elementary, to a Christian, the true religious spirit may appear, it is unfortunately impossible to regard it as the natural product of the great ethnic religions; we may possibly believe one or other of them, in regard to some few points of morals to have reached a higher development than Judaism; we cannot believe, so far as history warrants a judgment, that their natural tendency was to create that type of character which we regard as the only truly religious type, the necessary foundation of Christian character.

As this religious ideal, this type of character, had such meagre success among ancient peoples, so too, after its truth and excellence became widely appreciated, it has had to struggle against strong opposition. To the thoughtless many we hardly look for the careful preservation of a religious ideal; this one they rebel against, yet we may say it rules over the minds of multitudes whose wills it cannot reach. But many of the more cultivated classes, who do not deny outright the truth of the ideal and the need of acquiring the religious spirit it tends to form, contrive to shut it up in a corner of their soul; they erect between the mind and its Maker moral laws, or the sentiment of honor and personal dignity, or social and political ideals, which are like a great wall keeping the conscience from access to God. It can contemplate them, but they say nothing to it of God and responsibility to him. Men of this type practically banish God from the moral world; some still maintain a severe, stoical code of ethics; but usually their moral ideals are very uneven, in some respects lofty and noble, concerning, for instance, social and political duties, and in others surprisingly low; sin they cannot understand, but they maintain towards it, in certain forms, an attitude of good-natured tolerance, and imagine God likewise to be very mild and benign, looking down upon the failings of men with good humor and even amusement. Religion and duty, in fact, have both something of severity in their aspect, and soon are banished, by their inner opposition, from these pleasant, enervating surroundings.

Those, then, who accept our idea of the religious spirit as the true one, will conclude that, simple, perfectly consistent, and indivisible as this spirit is—the natural sentiment, one would be inclined to think, of the soul towards God—nevertheless it has encountered the greatest difficulty in finding a home in the soul, especially in purity and strength; and even after it has gained a position, the natural heart of man seems not to be a congenial home.

II.

As a matter of history, that spirit which we regard as the true and only right attitude of the soul towards God came into the world through Israel and through it alone, and from Israel was taken over by the Christian religion. We do not mean to say that the true and pure religious spirit, as we have described it, animated the Hebrew religion from the start; but that, at any rate, in the course of its history, that spirit was developed and came to distinguish it as truly as a national spirit peculiarly marks a nation. The beginning is of little importance; the capital thing is the degree of perfection reached. We do not say, moreover, that the Hebrew Scriptures, even though inspired, always bear witness to the true spirit. Traces may be found in it of a more primitive and imperfect religion; but they are only traces, while the true spirit breathes from almost every page. The ethics of the Old Testament must at times be corrected by the New; * but for the inculcation of the religious spirit in itself, of the primary duties of the soul towards God, the Old Testament alone, I think, clearly and abundantly suffices.

A statement of this kind, covering the whole literature of the Old Testament, can, of course, be proven only by an examination, chapter by chapter, of that literature. Here it will only be possible to show, in a fragmentary way, by outline and extract, how the religious spirit of the Hebrews found expres-

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* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1907, pp. 57-58.

sion, and to invite the reader to verify or refute our contention himself by a perusal of the Old Testament.

It is considered by unbelievers a happy accident, and by the devout a token of inspiration, that the very opening words of the Bible should strike the distinctive note that gives unity to the whole volume. From the truth of God's unity and transcendence above nature, which is implied in his creation of the universe, may in fact be deduced nearly all that we have said above concerning the religious spirit; and even if we should grant, as many modern writers contend, that these truths were not among the earliest known in Israel, they are at least placed at the head of the Bible, and were intended to guide the reader in his understanding of the book. These first chapters of Genesis bring out the idea, which the reader cannot later ignore, that the God of Israel is the Creator of the world; whether or not the details of the Creation account were ultimately derived from Babylonia, is of little moment, in view of the undoubted fact that the idea of creation itself and the conception of the one supreme Creator, which characterize the account, are Israel's own, and the necessary foundation of true religion. They are ideas that the other ancient religions seemed struggling towards, but were unable to reach; and though they seem at length to have been attained by Greek philosophy, yet not firmly grasped, they remained inert and powerless till vivified by contact with Judaism and Christianity.

In Israel these ideas were never mere abstractions or sterile conclusions; they were living beliefs, ever fruitful in religious sentiment and making for righteousness. A characteristic expression of them, combining religious sentiment with abstract truth, is found in the plain, succinct statement of Jonas to the mariners: "I am a Hebrew, and I fear the Lord the God of heaven, who made both the sea and the dry land." Here we have, in its simplicity, the consciousness that this belief was distinctive of the Hebrews and lay at the root of their religion and their motives of conduct.

If any one, however, would know the meaning and force of a living idea of the Creator, let him turn to Isaias xl. There, and in the succeeding chapters, he will find that idea made the root of adoration, reverence, awe, love, gratitude, obedience, confidence, and all the duties that man can owe to his Maker. "Say to the cities of Juda: 'Behold your God! Behold the

Lord God shall come with strength, and his arm shall rule. . . . He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and shall take them up in his bosom, and he himself shall carry them that are with young. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance? . . . Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the smallest grain of a balance; behold the islands are as a little dust. . . . To whom then have you likened me and made me equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these; who bringeth out their host by number, and calleth them all by their names; by the greatness of his might and strength and power, not one is missing. . . . The Lord is the everlasting God, who hath created the ends of the earth. He fainteth not, neither is he weary. . . . Who hath wrought and done these things, calling the generations from the beginning? I the Lord, I am the first and the last." And so, throughout many chapters, unequalled for sublimity in literature, the prophet rouses the religious spirit of his people by unfolding the greatness of God and enforcing the thought that their God is the Maker and Lord of the world.

In the book of Job, more clearly even than in these chapters of Isaias, where the thought of the Redeemer of Israel is mingled with that of the Creator, is religion almost constantly inspired by the thought of the Creator. His conception of the greatness of God, though finding perhaps a less sublime expression than Isaias', is no less lofty and worthy in itself; he surpasses that great prophet in giving a fuller and deeper expression to personal religion. Isaias' message concerns rather the fidelity of the nation to the God of Israel, who is the Creator of the world; Job's whole thought is of the individual soul in the presence of its Maker. He habitually regards God not only as the Creator of the world, but, in particular, as his own Creator. "Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and thou wilt bring me into dust again. Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, thou hast put me together with bones and sinews; thou hast granted me life and mercy, and thy visitation has preserved my spirit." This truth he makes the motive of his dealings not only with God but with men as well. "Doth he not consider my ways and number all my steps?" And if Job offends one of his own servants, he thinks: "What shall I do when God shall rise to judge? . . . Did not he that made me in the womb make him also?" Here, clearly enough, is the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man; and throughout the book, despite the dark problems with which Job wrestles, the idea of God as Creator, Judge, and Source of morality is the dominant idea of his mind.

Whilst Isaias* and Job seem to have had a special devotion, so to speak, to God the Creator, it would be easy to show the influence of the same idea on most books of the Old Testament; but we shall make room here only for one instance in a deutero-canonical writing, the Wisdom of Solomon. God's very omnipotence and creative power lead the writer, not, as one might expect, to the thought of something dreadful and awe-inspiring, but to the consideration of his mercy and love. "The whole earth before thee . . . is as a drop of the morning dew that falleth down upon the earth. But thou hast mercy upon all, because thou canst do all things; and overlookest the sins of men that they may repent. For thou lovest all things that are, and hatest none of the things which thou hast made. . . . But thou sparest all; because they are thine, O Lord, thou lover of souls."

So vividly realized was this one idea of the Creator that it alone awakened all the sentiments which we recognized as constituting the true religious spirit; yet, in the order of history, it was above all the idea of Providence, of Jehovah's special care of his people, that fostered the religious spirit in Israel. The fact stands forth too prominently in the Old Testament to require insistence. In Abraham, their father, the Hebrew people venerated one who was remarkable for his faith and confidence in Jehovah, and became a pattern for his descendants; they believed that Jehovah had chosen them and pledged his continual guidance and protection, but on condition of their fidelity to his law. Their entire history is written to show how Jehovah never failed them when they were faithful, while all their misfortunes were the punishment of their sins. Even the severe shocks which the nation experienced—repeated defeat, subjection, tyranny, diminished numbers, exile—were not sufficient to conquer the faith of "the remnant"; on the contrary, they recognized, what history now so clearly demonstrates, that their national misfortunes purified and ennobled their religion, and, in their exile and restoration, they learned to take a wider view of God's Providence as extending to all the nations of the world. The feelings with which they came to look back upon their chastisements, and upon God who sent them, are expressed as touchingly perhaps in Psalm 102 as elsewhere.

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* Or second Isaias, as most critics at present call the author of chapters xl.-lxvi.

> Jehovah is full of compassion and pity,
>   long-suffering and plenteous in loving kindness:
> He will not contend perpetually,
>   nor keep his anger forever.
> He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
>   nor requited us according to our iniquities. . . .
> As a father has compassion upon his sons,
>   Jehovah has compassion on those that fear him.*

Their view of Providence is often censured as narrow; but we can hardly fail to notice, in reading their history, that their belief in a special calling—a fact which is assuredly borne out by their history—contributed greatly to intensify their love of God and their trust in him. Israel delighted to recount God's special favors and to see in them the pledge of his continued love. "But thou Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend; thou whom I have fetched from the ends of the earth and called from the remotest parts; to whom I said: My servant art thou, I have chosen and have not rejected thee; fear not, for I am with thee; cast no look of terror, for I am thy God" (Is. xli.) It is easy to see how such a loving attitude on the part of Jehovah would provoke Israel to a return of love and a spirit of trustfulness. One has only to open the Psalter to find, in almost every psalm, the deepest faith in Providence, and to see this faith give rise to all that is truest in religious feeling; it is never a vain confidence, being always based on God's goodness and justice: "How good is God to Israel," says the Psalmist, "to them that are of a right heart." In this wonderful collection may be found every sentiment that the religious soul can experience, from the depths of sin and almost despair, to the heights of spiritual joy; and each is linked in some way to the thought that God is the God of Israel, who dwells on Mount Sion, who has delivered his people from their enemies, and watches over them as a shepherd watches his sheep.

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* Hebrew, Psalm 103. See Cheyne's translation, *The Book of Psalms.*

If Jehovah exercises a special Providence over Israel, as Creator of the world, his Providence is extolled as extending to universal nature. It would be pleasant, but is here impossible, to show the delight felt by the Hebrew prophets and poets in thinking of God as sustaining all things by his will; as ruling the heavenly bodies in their courses; as guiding the winds and the clouds; as loving all living creatures, granting or withdrawing the breath of life, and giving in due season to each its nourishment—a view of nature which science does not eliminate when it brings secondary causes to the forefront.

So strongly was God felt to rule over the destinies of the whole world, that for centuries it was believed his favor or disfavor towards a man could be known by the degree of prosperity or adversity which came to one in this life. This belief reposed on a true idea—the perfect justice of God; but it broke down under the stress of experience, which frequently

"Saw the welfare of the ungodly:
For nothing have they to torment them;
Sound and stalwart is their strength.
They partake not of the travail of mortals,
neither are they plagued like other men"*—

while the good seem often to be the target of God's thunderbolts. The anguish which this problem brings to religious souls in all ages was keenly felt in Israel, as the Psalms, Job, and Ecclesiastes, in particular, witness; Israel's solutions of the difficulty we cannot now touch; but this is worth noting, that once the problem was fairly raised, Israel neither shut its eyes to the facts of life, nor did it cease to believe in the goodness and justice of God. The Psalmist just quoted seems to have been for a time tempted to this—my feet had almost swerved, my steps had almost slipped, he says—but, like an Israelite without guile, he settled down, after the experience of his own sins and God's goodness towards him, to an attitude of love and confidence.

* Ps. 72 (Heb. 73), Cheyne's translation.

> "And yet I am continually with Thee;
> Thou hast taken hold of my right hand.
> According to Thy purpose wilt Thou lead me;
> And afterward receive me with honor.
> Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
> Whom beside Thee do I desire upon earth?"

The race that loved and treasured and sung such sentiments had something of the love of God and some sense of sin as offensive to him, it will probably be allowed; foregoing any proof of this, let us remark, however, that Israel's profoundly religious spirit never degenerated into sentimentality, but was ethically sound and sensible to the very centre.

This view of the religious spirit of Israel, which we have been outlining, will be found, if we mistake not, to tally pretty accurately with that which reason teaches us is the only true attitude the soul can take towards its Maker; it is one which criticism cannot touch, for it depends on no questions of authorship, date, or matters of fact which are in serious controversy; it is one which is admitted by all scholars as correctly interpreting the Hebrew Scriptures, for it is so plainly evident that the simplest reader of the Bible cannot here mistake its meaning; and it is one, finally, which answers to the sentiments of a soul that believes it has an all-holy Creator and is responsible to him. Men give to Israel the glory of originating this spirit of true religion and spreading it abroad; but if we ask Israel itself, the answer comes: "Not to us, O Lord, but to thy name give the glory."

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

WE are in the midst of incoherence!" declared M. Clémenceau, in the course of a recent sitting of the Chamber of Deputies.* Never, perhaps, has the President of the Council given utterance to a greater truth. The religious situation in France is, indeed, strangely and unhappily involved; for the last six months ministerial circulars, laws, and legislative discussions have been so numerous, following so closely one upon the other, forming such a tangled web, that it is somewhat difficult to make a clear statement of the events which have succeeded each other in our country since the accession, in October, 1906, of the Clémenceau Ministry. We will try, however, to throw some light on the subject in this study of facts and of the text of laws, often obscure, incomplete, and contradictory.

In order to be more readily understood, we will divide our study into four parts:

1st. The eve of application of the Law of Separation—December 10, 1906.

2d. Expiration of delay for the application of the Law—December 11, 1906.

3d. The morrow of December 11, 1906—Ministerial circulars and new laws.

4th. Present state of affairs.

I.

For many weeks French Catholics had been awaiting the decision of the Pope. Would the Holy See allow the Church of France to be organized in accordance with the Law of December 9, 1905; and, more especially, would it authorize the establishment of *Associations Cultuelles*, in harmony with canon law, as proposed by the assembly of the bishops? Such was the question, discussed more or less on all sides, even in non-Catholic circles. Among the faithful two opinions possessed advocates, both equally full of confidence. On the one hand,

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* January 30, 1907.

MM. de Mun, Piou, François Coppée, and in general all the directors of the *Action Libérale Populaire*, ardently hoped that Pius X. would order all Catholics to look on the Law as non-existent. On the other hand, MM. Brunetière, d'Haussonville, Denys Cochin, and many other eminent Catholics, had expressed, in a petition addressed to the bishops (the famous "petition of the 23"), the desire that the Church should conform to the Law, whilst protesting against the spoliations and injustices of which she was the victim.

It was not only amongst the laity that opinion was divided. The same diversity prevailed among the clergy. It was well known that the bishops were far from being unanimous as to the course to be adopted. The religious press was also divided, though not all of the articles published were inspired by zeal for the welfare of the Church, nor were political interests entirely wanting in many a violent campaign. Thus there was strife on all sides, often the more bitter because certain newspapers, whose ordinary weapon is calumny, did not scruple to insinuate that amongst the "submissionist" bishops and priests —*i. e.*, the advocates of a trial of the Law—there were some ready for schism.

The decision of the Sovereign Pontiff was awaited with the greatest anxiety. France heard it August 19; all the papers published and all the Catholic pulpits proclaimed the Encyclical Letter, in which Pius X., condemning once more the Law of Separation, forbade Catholics to organize *Associations Cultuelles.* The Pope had spoken. The case was settled for all French Cathlics, and immediately all those whose extreme and sometimes violent differences of opinion had prevailed up to the last moment, gave unanimous and sincere obedience to the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff. Personal preferences were discarded to give heed to the command of the common Father of the Faithful.

This unanimity in filial obedience does honor to the Catholics of France. Above all does it bring credit to those who, without the faintest token of regret, saw their desire for conciliation forbidden by the Pope. In the first rank of these devoted Catholics we must, in justice, place Brunetière, one of the signers of the "letter of the 23," and the one who had been most violently attacked by certain opponents of the "loyal trial." In an eloquent article published in *Le Correspondant* the day following the death of the illustrious writer,* M. Lamy recalled these attacks, and compared them with the dignified attitude which the editor of the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* had maintained since the publication of the Encyclical. It is well to recall these lines, which will enable us to appreciate the example given by French Catholics, and which have all the more weight because their author differed in opinion from Brunetière and had refused his signature to the famous "letter of the 23." This, among other things, is what M. Lamy writes:

> Not having signed that letter, and holding the resolutions taken by the Head of the Church to be those most in conformity with wisdom—even human wisdom—I have, perhaps, the right to say that in an affair in which the mass of conflicting difficulties left no loophole for an absolutely good solution of the question, at the time when the choice to be made was as yet undecided and the Pope was still silent, at that moment, M. Brunetière and his colleagues acted as true Christians in advising the course which, according to their views, was the wisest to be adopted. And again, as soon as the Pope had spoken, they renounced that course, and thereby proved themselves to be loyal sons of the Church.
>
> This loyal action, however, raised a perfect storm of insults, written and spoken, public and private, against all, but more especially against Brunetière, whose initiative and influence were recognized in the collective action of the group. But these self-appointed censors of both sexes, who arraigned with such arrogance a man so great—can it be said that they acted like Christians? Is their idea of religious obedience such that it does away among the faithful with the obligation to serve the Church to the best of one's capacity and with all one's energy; that it abolishes the liberty of judging, by the light of reason, religious interests on which Authority has not as yet spoken; and that in place of the right to think and the duty to act is substituted a stolid, blind, mute expectancy for the divine oracles to speak? Had they proved themselves so submissive to this discipline, those who had assumed the right of imposing it on others; and had they made any mystery of their hostility to the Law? . . . Suppose the Pope had pronounced against their opinion, would they, in order to be in union with the Holy See, have abandoned their opinion with the same promptitude and in a manner as simple as Brunetière?

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* *Le Correspondant*, December 25, 1906, page 1167.

We will close this citation with the expression of our regret that when, in former days, Leo XIII. addressed his admonitions to French Catholics, so many Christians opposed openly or covertly the Pontifical instructions. Had Leo XIII. been heeded as Pius X. is to-day, France would not now be in her present religious situation. But let us not recriminate; rather let us rejoice to note among the clergy and the faithful of the Church of France this perfect union of heart and mind, instead of the schisms which some did not hesitate to predict.

On the eve of the expiration of the delay, December 11, bishops, priests, and the laity steadfastly grouped themselves around the Sovereign Pontiff, resolved to ignore the Law of December 9, 1905, and to continue public worship in their churches as in the past; to the action of the Government they would oppose the power of inertia.

But what would the French Government do? The decision of the Pope had taken it somewhat by surprise. M. Briand, minister of Public Instruction and of Worship, had always hoped that the Holy See would practically put up with the Law of Separation, and be content with simply doctrinal protestations. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of M. Briand and his colleagues, including M. Clémenceau. For several days the ministerial press showed plainly the discomfiture into which they had been thrown by the unexpected resolution of the Sovereign Pontiff. Those journals, whose anti-Christian spirit is the most pronounced, like *La Lanterne* or *l'Action*, demanded severe measures against the Church of France. They already rejoiced in the expectation of a violent persecution of the "Roman Clergy." Other organs of the Government, animated by an equally hostile spirit, but clothing their sentiments with greater diplomacy, recommended a little more patience.

Among the ministers as among the deputies and senators of the *Blocarde* majority, two tendencies were observed. One side declared that the time was ripe to get rid of Roman Catholicism once and for all. This opinion found its spokesman in M. Viviani, the new Minister of Labor, who, in a declamatory speech before the Chamber of Deputies, gave vent to his hatred of all that was religious, and formulated in virulent terms the anti-Christian programme of his political friends.*
He said:

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*November 8, 1906.

> All of us, by our fathers, by our predecessors, by ourselves, have in the past devoted our energies to the work of anti-clericalism, to the spread of irreligion. We have torn human consciences away from belief. When a poor wretch, worn out by the weight of the day's work, had bent his knee, we have raised him up, we told him that behind the clouds there was nothing but chimeras. Working together, and with force magnificent in its onward course, we have extinguished lights in the heavens which will never be rekindled! This is our work, our revolutionary programme.

M. Viviani gave full scope to his vanity, but in thus boasting he was expressing the state of mind and the aims of his group.

It is quite possible that M. Viviani was not the only member of the Clémenceau Cabinet who held such opinions, but last November he was, at any rate, the only one to express himself so openly. Certainly, the Prime Minister wishes to "extinguish the lights in the heavens"; but he is too clever to believe that he has already succeeded in his anti-religious intentions. The best proof of this is that on the day following the publication of the Encyclical Letter, M. Clemenceau declared, in the course of various interviews, that, *whatever might happen*, he would not close the churches, and that Catholics could continue to practice their religion publicly. And in the Cabinet M. Briand went still further, stating that the Pope and the Catholics, in refusing to constitute *Associations Cultuelles*, had in no way placed themselves in rebellion against the Law; they had simply taken advantage of their right to reject the "privileges" which the Law of Separation conceded to them, and no more.

Difference of opinion between the colleagues of M. Clémenceau was thus plainly marked. They, however, soon agreed as to the necessity of avoiding anything which might bring about the closing of the churches, and left M. Briand at liberty to find a *modus vivendi* acceptable to the Church. This *modus vivendi* the Minister of Worship could not think of finding in the Law of 1905. The Pope had rejected the *Associations Cultuelles*, and he had been obeyed unanimously by French Catholics, clergy and laity. One could cite scarcely a dozen communes—out of 36,000—in which an attempt had been made to organize one of the associations condemned by the Holy See. Of these *Associations Cultuelles*, that which was established in the Commune of Culey obtained the most notoriety. The ecclesiastical property of the parish was illegally made over to it, in flagrant violation of Article 4 of the Law of 1905. In order to give proof of the intention to enforce the observance of this Law, which professed to respect the rights of the Catholic hierarchy, the Government might have—indeed, should have—prosecuted the offenders in the courts, so as to secure the annulment of this illegal holding of property. Some of the friends of religious peace thought they could hope for this; but once again they were disappointed.

I will make but passing mention of the absurd pretentions of a great Parisian daily paper, which believed itself powerful enough to make a success of the *Associations Cultuelles* condemned by Rome. The large circulation of this paper has served to make the failure of the attempt the more complete and more widely known, although the scheme was entrusted to a man of resource and experience, formerly connected with the Roman Press. *Le Matin* and M. Henri des Houx were unable to get people to take their *Associations* seriously. They had summoned to their aid a schismatic bishop, Mgr. Vilatte, but he, notwithstanding all his zeal, could not succeed in keeping alive his so-called "French Catholic Church," which he had established in Paris, in the chapel of a former convent. Had not some noisy individuals drawn for the moment public attention to the acts and the words of this prelate—unknown till then—no one would have dreamed that a religion had just been founded. Within a short time every one will certainly have forgotten all about it.

It remains to note the final and most significant attempt to establish the *Associations Cultuelles* among Catholics. During the last elections, in May, 1906, the candidates of the *Bloc* had declared emphatically that no law would ever be passed which could be prejudicial to the free exercise of the Catholic religion. But, as the Pope refused to authorize the *Associations Cultuelles*, they feared that, in the absence of all associations of this character, the Government would be forced to close the churches. From this moment one witnessed the amusing spectacle of municipalities, composed of rabid anti-clericals, organizing *Associations Cultuelles*, in order to secure possession of the churches and to offer them to the Catholic clergy, whenever the latter would be willing to accept them. This was done at Auch, the capital of the department of Gers, whose mayor, M. Decker-David—an active member of the *Bloc*—tried to organize an *Association Cultuelle*, in order to obtain possession of the churches of the four parishes of the town. He even paid a visit to Mgr. Enard, Archbishop of Auch, to gain him over to his views. It is needless to say that, after the papal interdict, such a proposition could not be entertained. The promoters of this arrangement met with no success whatever.

M. Briand had too much political sagacity to hope to get out of the difficulty by expedients of this nature; Rome refused to authorize the *Associations Cultuelles*, therefore the Government must seek elsewhere an admissible solution to the religious difficulty. This solution they believed could be found in the common law regarding public meetings, as interpreted by the law of 1881.

It was at the session of November 9, 1906, in the Chamber of Deputies, that M. Briand declared the intentions of the Government when, on December 11, 1906, the time allowed for the formation of *Associations Cultuelles*, empowered to hold ecclesiastical property, would have expired. His speech, which the Chamber of Deputies ordered to be placarded throughout all the communes of France, was widely discussed. It merits our attention. We will not question the sincerity of M. Briand in pronouncing it. We are of those who, until positive proof of the contrary is afforded, make it their duty to believe in the loyalty of their adversaries. Personally we are convinced that the former reporter of the Law of 1905, now minister, desired religious peace. It was then and is still his interest to do so. If he should succeed in inducing Catholics to accept the Separation of Church and State, it would mean a great triumph for M. Briand. In his endeavor to achieve this result, the Minister of Public Worship is, naturally, disposed to make every possible concession, especially those permitted by his radical and socialist colleagues. These men are, perhaps, less personally interested than himself in the success of the Separation of the Church from the State. If we wish to understand many recent events, otherwise inexplicable, we must not forget this duality of interests and tendencies, so manifest in the Clémenceau Cabinet. We shall see presently that the failure of the last attempt at an understanding (that which was concerned with the leasing of the churches) was due to this two-fold tendency.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

If the world does not by this time possess a thorough grasp of the nature of the religious struggle going on in France, it is not because the printing press has not poured forth an unstinted torrent of information on the subject. But it is the very abundance of the instruction that, above all else, drives almost everybody, except those who have made up their minds beforehand, to despair of getting a clear, impartial view of the situation. In the multitude of counsellors, here at least, there is not wisdom, but confusion. An English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. A. Galton, aware of the fact that, when a foreigner attempts to write a book upon some internal question of another country, he must show that he possesses some special qualification for the task, in the preface of his work, *Church and State in France*,* claims the attention due to an exceptionally well-informed writer, on the grounds that, from childhood, he has been familiar with the French language, and, for fifty years, he has been an enthusiastic student of French history, literature, and journalism. Besides, he says, his ten years' experience, as an ecclesiastic, of Roman Catholicism, has given him "an understanding of the game, so that it is generally possible to anticipate the course of it some way in advance of the actual moves." Mr. Galton, we believe, once belonged to the English Oratorians.

The scope of this work indicates that the author knows that no study of the present conflict is worth the paper on which it is written unless the factors of the problem are traced back, not merely to the Revolution, but to the period when the first acute conflict between Rome and the French State, that is, the monarchy, arose. Accordingly, Mr. Galton, with commendable thoroughness, begins his exposition with the struggle between Philip the Fair and Boniface VIII., where he finds the seeds of Gallicanism. He traces their development through the sixteenth century, till the growth reached its full expansion in the eighteenth. When he enters on the Revolutionary period he devotes a great deal of attention to the *Constitution Civile*, because he believes that its character has been grossly slandered and misunderstood, not only by Englishmen such as Mr. W. S. Lilly, but also by Burke, and even by Mr. John Morley. He treats, with amplitude, the genesis, character, and scope of the Concordat, and, very properly, with more brevity, the course of events through the Restoration, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire. The last chapter, about eighty-five pages, relates the campaign during the Third Republic down to the Law of Separation.

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* *Church and State in France. 1300-1907.* By Arthur Galton, Vicar of Edenham and Chaplain to the Earl of Ancaster. London: Arnold. New York Agents: Longmans, Green & Co.

The work evinces an extensive knowledge of French history, and wide reading, confined, however, very largely, to authors of an anti-Catholic bias. In all probability the Rev. Mr. Galton fancies that he has approached his subject without prepossession, and treated it with judicial impartiality. Honest self-delusion of this sort is too common to provoke more than a smile. The reader will not have gone very far before he perceives quite clearly that the author has assumed as his first axiom that Rome—the Vatican, the *Curia*, the Pope—must be always in the wrong; and that, consequently, their opponents or enemies, are necessarily, in the right; the Pope and his representatives live only for duplicity and double dealing—to oppose them is, of itself, a mark of lofty patriotism, and devotion to noble ideals. When a writer enters upon the complicated question of Church and State in France in this frame of mind, we may expect some remarkable interpretations of facts. Mr. Galton does not disappoint that expectation.

Any man of the world, indifferent to religion, but with an ordinary knowledge of human nature, will very likely think that the fact of Mr. Galton having had "ten years' experience, as an ecclesiastic, of the Roman Catholic Church," has done less towards sharpening his understanding than it has towards inspiring him with the proverbial enmity of the man who has changed sides to his former party. Everywhere he is ready to go out of his way to note failings of churchmen and the abuses of ecclesiastical systems, even when these faults have nothing to do with the question at issue. He finds that Gallicanism is a historic proof that the Pope, during monarchical times, never had any acknowledged jurisdiction in France. For him the *Constitution Civile* was an admirably just settlement of the Church's rights. In the Concordat the *Curia* outwitted Napoleon, and the Pope at length obtained an entry into France, for which he had vainly struggled from the days of Boniface. The suppression of religious orders by the Third Republic was a measure necessary to safeguard liberty and paternity; the confiscation of Church property was merely a resumption by the Government of what always belonged to it. And, of course, the Briand Law is a measure splendid with serene justice, lofty patriotism, and tender regard for the rights of the Catholic Church. Why does the Vatican reject the Law? Mr. Galton's reply to this query characterizes his mentality: "The Pope," he says, "has tried to answer this question by appealing to the 'organic laws' of the Church, which he says are violated by the project of Separation. But there are no 'organic laws of the Church.'" Ten years' acquaintance with Catholicism has failed to reveal to Mr. Galton the hierarchical constitution of the Church and the position which the Pope occupies in its organization! How far he has profited by his close study of contemporary French politics and journalism may be judged from his assertion that though "in the early nineteenth century masonic and other societies were utalized by the liberals for political purposes," yet, "as political tyranny relaxed, these uses of the secret societies declined. But no doubt they have been used to some extent as centres of liberalism in the battle against clericalism. The Lodges, as far as I know, are advocates chiefly of liberty and toleration." Mr. Galton has heard nothing of the exposure of the system of espionage over army officers, which made even the most radical anti-clericals hang their heads. He seems to know nothing about that expurgation of schoolbooks, by which every reference to the name of God was suppressed. "That they (the Lodges) are deliberately and fundamentally anti-Christian I do not believe." Even English Freemasons would inform him that several years ago their order severed its connections with the French Freemasons when the Grand Orient of France made its open avowal of atheism.

Mr. Galton's book is of considerable value, as far as it is an exposition of historic fact. Nor is it valueless, as far as it is an interpretation of these facts, for it provides a good subject for any one who would study the influence of prejudice in the writing of history. To appreciate the character of Mr. Galton's work one may compare it with *L'Anti-Clericalisme* by Émile Faquet.

THE TRANSCENDENCE OF CHRIST.
By Picard.

In two large, closely packed volumes* the Abbé Picard establishes the divinity of our Lord from the history of his life and the character of his doctrine. An extensive introduction is devoted to the defence of the historical value of the Gospels. Then follows an analytical life of Christ, adjusted to the apologetic purpose. A noteworthy psychological study of the character of our Lord, under the several aspects of miracle-worker, prophet, doctor, revealer first, and afterwards founder, of the kingdom. This mere sketch of outlines cannot convey any idea of the breadth of treatment which every division of the subject receives. For example, in the exposition of the revelation of Christ concerning the invisible kingdom the character of paganism is set in contrast with it. Christ's teaching concerning himself involves a brief review of the Messianic prophecies, the uniqueness of his character is brought out by a comparison with Buddha, Mahomet, and Luther, and thereby the author finds occasion for some comment upon these men and their religions. Besides the dogma relating immediately to Christ, the eschatology of the New Testament is unfolded with almost as much detail as in the ordinary theological text-book. One of the best sections of the work is that on Christian morality. Its special characteristics are saliently set forth. The author further emphasizes its transcendence by comparing it successively, in a general way, with that of ancient nations. Afterwards he demolishes the ethical systems of the pagan world and of modern philosophy. Finally he treats of the constitution of the Church, the means of grace with which she is endowed—prayer, the sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Virgin—the realization of the evangelical counsels in the religious orders, and the nature of sin as an obstacle to participation in the kingdom.

For logical method and lucidity of exposition, as well as for the great erudition and industry of its author, this work challenges high admiration. Many sections are able presentations of effective argument. If, in others, the author is obliged to dispose of matters in a rather summary fashion, his apology may be that to execute adequately the immense plan sketched above would require the production of half a dozen volumes of the size of these. For example, in these days of specialization, thirteen pages is an exceeding small space in which to offer a critical examination of the morals of the ancient world, China, India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, and Israel. Nor can the ethics of Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Stoicism, Kantianism, Positivism, be efficiently dealt with in a score of pages. Our constant marvel, however, is not that the learned author has not included more, but that he has contrived to pack so much exposition, criticism, and argument into two volumes.

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* *La Transcendence de Jésus-Christ.* Par l'Abbé Louis Picard. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

The work is prefaced by a highly commendatory letter of Cardinal Coullié, Archbishop of Lyons, and an equally laudatory introduction from the late M. Brunetière. In both of these documents the author is congratulated upon having adhered rigidly to the old traditional method, and of having avoided "*cette methode, dite d'Immanence.*" Yet M. Brunetière expresses special appreciation of the chapter in which the superiority of Christian morality over all others is demonstrated, and the transcendent excellence of Christian dogma and of the character of Christ is frequently supported by appeals which presume that the adequacy of a doctrine to the spiritual nature of man is a proof of its truth. Had the author so far strayed from traditional methods as to look boldly in the face some of the difficulties and perplexities that trouble the student and apologist to-day—which are not to be got rid of by the simple plan of ignoring them or brushing them aside with a rhetorical sweep of the arm—the practical value of this meritorious work would have been greatly enhanced.

LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

These two volumes * are a worthy fruit of the years spent by the French author and English editor in zealous labor and study. In fact, it is difficult to imagine that Fathers Berthe and Castle, in their efforts to portray in truest colors their saintly father, have allowed any document concerning him to remain hidden or untouched. Not only have they given us with precision and care the personal traits and experiences of St. Alphonsus, but they have traced his influence up to the present day in the field of theology, in the religious world, and especially in the lives and labors of his spiritual children; so that we have here, as a suitable complement to the life of St. Alphonsus, a consummate history of the congregation which cherishes him as its founder.

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* *The Life of St. Alphonsus de' Ligouri.* Written in French by Austin Berthe and edited in English by Harold Castle. St. Louis: B. Herder.

In consideration of the extent of this work, which will not allow us to review it at length, nothing remains for us but to congratulate these two disciples of St. Alphonsus on the spirit in which they have accomplished their task. Historical questions they have viewed and treated as true historians should, hardly ever allowing prejudice to influence their statement. In estimating the worth of contentions in the controversies in which their saint or his successors have been prominent, they have tried to be discreet. With few exceptions they have excluded from these volumes unverified, amazing narratives so common in a certain class of saintly biography, which now, even to the most earnest and devout Catholic, seem to be without sufficient foundation to be accepted as accounts of real historical value.

Perhaps the condition of the world is not so grewsome as the conclusion of this work would have us believe. Be it as terrible as it may, if we have representative men of the type of St. Alphonsus, filled with a passion to make Christ known and loved, then we need not fear. For those who may be disheartened at occasional glimpses of a dark future, these volumes will be a most welcome solace. And may they serve, as Father Castle prays, to broaden the minds and elevate the ideals of all who read them.

GREAT RICHES.
By Eliot.

What are the advantages and disadvantages attending great fortunes, of the kind that exists in America to-day—fortunes which, because of the kind of the possessions which constitute them, generally speaking, city rents, stocks and bonds of corporations, bring upon their possessors no public or semi-public functions? This is the question which President Eliot sets himself to answer in a short dissertation.* He finds that, as far as luxuries, comforts, pleasures, objects of beauty, and health are concerned, the very rich man, though in some respects he has great advantages, yet on the whole is, after all, no better off than those in possession of a competence. The law of compensation adjusts the balance; and unlimited opportunities result in dissatisfaction, or a blunting of the powers of enjoyment. In many kinds of enjoyment, too, there must be subjective dispositions and qualifications which cannot be purchased by money. The most serious disadvantage under which the rich live President Eliot shows to be the difficulty of preventing their children from growing up lazy, self-indulgent, and selfish; though, he says, this difficulty is less in the case of girls than of boys. As to the attitude of the world towards the very rich, he observes that the possessors of great wealth are, in the long run, estimated according to the use they make of it, and in a less degree according to the way in which they have acquired their fortune. "It is," he concludes, "quite unnecessary in this country to feel alarm about the rise of a permanent class of very rich people. To transmit great estates is hard. They get divided or dispersed. The heirs are often unable to keep their inherited treasures, or if, by the help of lawyers and other hired agents, they manage to keep them, they cease to accumulate, and only spend. This is one of the natural effects on his children of the rich man's mode of life. With rarest exceptions the very rich men of to-day are not the sons of the very rich men of thirty years ago, but are new men. It will be the same thirty years hence. The wise rich father will try to put his sons into those beneficent professions and occupations which have strong intellectual and moral interest, and in which pecuniary independence is a distinct advantage." The gist of President Eliot's views is an amplification of the wise man's prayer: "Give me neither poverty nor riches"; and if Providence were to swerve from the exact mathematical medium, he would prefer that the tendency should be to the side of riches.

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* *Great Riches.* By Charles W. Eliot, LL.D. President of Harvard University. New York: Thomas P. Crowell & Co.

HAPPINESS.
By T. R. Slicer.

Here is a thoughtful little book* on the subject of happiness. The writer briefly discusses, from the practical point of view, the Stoic and the Epicurean solution; and he rejects them both because they are one-sided, and, therefore, inadequate. Altruistic conduct, religion, domestic love, liberty, the author sets down as contributory to happiness. This enumeration indicates that the treatment of the question is unsystematic. And with the postulate that the proper, complete purpose of life is to endeavor to be as happy as we can underlying his argument, Mr. Slicer seems not to have grasped the truth revealed in Professor Hilty's book, *The Steps of Life*.

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* *The Way to Happiness*. By Thomas R. Slicer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

HYPNOTISM AND SPIRITISM

By Dr. Lapponi.

The discussion of hypnotism and of spiritism is of so much importance nowadays that almost every one realizes the necessity of knowing something about it." Thus the late Dr. Lapponi, formerly the trusted physician of Leo XIII., introduces his book* on these subjects which, in view of the position of the author and the favorable reception that it met with in ecclesiastical circles in Rome, may be considered to enjoy a sort of quasi official approbation. The doctor carefully distinguishes hypnotism from spiritism; and he points out the two considerations that have led some writers to confound them. The first is that hypnotic subjects, as well as spiritistic media, belong to the neurotic class; the second is that from hypnotic to spiritistic phenomena the distance is not great, and very frequently they are found side by side, alternately, or even together. The author treats his subject in a simple, popular fashion, and does not profess to have any personal experience of spiritistic manifestations, and no expert acquaintance with hypnotism. His conclusions regarding the character of hypnotic and spiritistic practice, from the moral standpoint, coincide with the verdict of theologians. He holds that, in practical life, hypnotism and spiritism present grave dangers, both physical and moral, social and individual; that these dangers are much greater in spiritism than in hypnotism. "Hypnotism," he says, "is absolutely reprehensible, immoral, and therefore to be severely condemned, if used from motives of curiosity or amusement, without proper safeguards. But sometimes it may be admitted and applied in public courts in order to establish certain truths, and in medicine as a means of cure. Even then it should only be used under fixed conditions, and with previously defined limits. Spiritism is always dangerous, harmful, immoral, reprehensible, to be condemned and most severely prohibited without reserve, in all its grades, forms, and possible manifestations; with the rare exception, perhaps, of the study of certain manifestations, either spontaneous or induced in certain cases only, with the necessary circumspection and by persons authorized and recognized as competent, who do not themselves participate directly in the provocation of the spiritistic phenomena to be studied."

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* *Hypnotism and Spiritism.* By Dr. Joseph Lapponi. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE MALEFACTOR.
By Oppenheim.

Mr. Oppenheim's latest venture* will bring no discredit upon his reputation as a story-tellar. *The Malefactor* is undeniably—and, in parts, absorbingly—interesting. It is a tale of modern London—even to-day "the city of tragedies"; and its hero, Sir Wingrave Seton, is introduced to the reader as he emerges from a long imprisonment for murder. Freedom, youth, the power of immense wealth, and the possibility of an overwhelming vengeance lie before him. We are inevitably reminded of the immortal Count of Monte Cristo; and Sir Wingrave's own words confirm the comparison. "I am a man," he declares to a certain amorous Marchioness, "who spent ten years in prison, the ten best years of my life. A woman sent me there—a woman swore my liberty away to save her reputation. I was never of a forgiving disposition. I was never an amiably disposed person. I want you to understand this. Any of the ordinary good qualities with which the average man may be endowed, and which I may have possessed, are as dead in me as hell fire could burn them. You have spoken of me as of a man who failed to find a sufficient object in life. You were wrong. I have an object and I do my best to live up to it. I hate the whole world of men and women, who laughed their way through life whilst I suffered—tortures. I hate the woman who sent me there. I have no heart, nor any sense of pity. Now, perhaps, you can understand my life and the manner of it." There is a ring of melodrama about these words, but the story as it unfolds is more vital and less sinister than the quotation might indicate. Sir Wingrave, after all, is not so black as he paints himself. It is unfortunate that there should be such a strong suggestion of wire-pulling about some of the incidents. How Lady Ruth Barrington, a lady with excellent reason to be circumspect, happened to frequent an Islington dance-hall under the pseudonym of Mademoiselle Violet, is not quite clear; and the final denouement of the story is itself a bit precipitate. Such vagaries remove *The Malefactor* from the field of the serious novel (which it almost promised to be), into that of latter-day romance—a change, however, which will scarcely detract from its popularity with the summer reader.

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* *The Malefactor.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

LAW'S "SERIOUS CALL."

Few books which have long enjoyed an acknowledged place in high ranks of English literature have more to give in repayment for their perusal than the *Serious Call to a Devout Life.*[*] Its very title sounds forbidding to most people, who, like old Dr. Johnson, would expect to find it a very dull book. Yet, even from the purely literary point of view it is anything but dull. There are pages in it that may be placed side by side with the best of La Bruyère. Its strong, direct, simple style is a model for the preacher, as is the earnestness with which it inculcates, and the vigor with which it expounds the fundamental duties of the Christian life. Law is unexcelled in his ability to drive home his truths, and to open the eyes of the man who fancies he is religious because he professes religion, though he gives no service of the heart, and does not know the meaning of self denial. This little volume consists of a collection of well-chosen extracts suitable for private reading, in which the most rigorous *censor deputatus* would find scarcely a phrase to erase, and a great deal that would remind him of Scaramelli or Rodriguez, on prayer, conformity to God's will, living by rule, carrying our religion into our daily business, the necessity of definite self-examination, the spiritual benefit of early rising, and many other lessons in practical asceticism.

It contains some of the best of Law's character sketches—Mundanus the worldly-minded man, Flavia the selfish woman, Cælia the melancholy, Flautus the pleasure seeker, Succur the idler who seeks nothing but easy comfort, Fulvius the man who conscientiously refuses to accept any responsibility, and "is therefore content with the most idle and impertinent life," and Susurrus!—"Susurrus is a pious, temperate, good man, remarkable for an abundance of excellent qualities. No one more constant at the service of the Church; or whose heart is more affected by it. His charity is so great that he almost starves himself, to be able to give greater alms to the poor. Yet Susurrus had a prodigious failing along with these great virtues.

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[*] *Readings fram "Law's Serious Call."* With an Introduction by the Lord Bishop of London. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"He had a mighty inclination to hear and discover all the defects and infirmities of all about him. You were welcome to tell him anything of anybody, provided that you did not do it in the style of an enemy. He never disliked an evil speaker but when his language was rough and passionate. If you would but whisper anything gently, though it were ever so bad in itself, Susurrus was ready to receive it.

"When he visits, you generally hear him relating how sorry he is for the defects and failings of such a neighbor; how loth to say what he is forced to say; and how gladly he would conceal it if it could be concealed.

"Susurrus once whispered to a particular friend, in great secrecy, something too bad to be spoken of publicly. He ended with saying how glad he was that it had not yet taken wind, and that he had some hopes it might not be true, though the suspicions were very strong. His friend made him this reply:

"'You say, Susurrus, that you are glad it has not yet taken wind, and that you have some hopes it may not prove true. Go home, therefore, to your closet, and pray to God for this man, in such a manner, and with such earnestness, as you would pray for yourself on a like occasion. Beseech God to interpose in his favor, to save him from false accusers, and bring all those to shame who, by uncharitable whispers and secret stories wound him, like those that stab in the dark. And when you have made this prayer then you may, if you please, go tell the same secret to some other friend that you have told to me.'" An excellent little sermon, with an equally good sequel, which would require too much space to quote.

COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS.
By Briggs.

Professor Briggs' study and commentary on the Psalms * is one of the most notable books of the year in the field of Scripture-study. Dr. Briggs' scholarship, in itself, would make this volume invaluable, but the fact that he has been more or less constantly studying the Psalter for forty years, gives a guarantee that as much care and erudition have gone to the making of the book as it is humanly possible to

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* *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms.* By Charles A. Briggs and Emilie Grace Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

contribute. This volume comprises an introductory portion on the textual and higher criticism of the psalms, and a translation, with commentary, of the first fifty of the great Davidic Songs. A second volume will complete the work.

We were very glad to notice that Dr. Briggs pays high tribute to the translation made from the Hebrew by St. Jerome. Jerome had so many more textual resources than we can now command, that his version must ever remain one of the most valuable documents that a student of the Psalter can consult. Unfortunately, very unfortunately, this translation of Jerome is not the one now read in our Vulgate, which has retained an earlier and vastly inferior version which Jerome did not make from the Hebrew, but as a revision of the Old Latin.

Like all other students of the present day, Dr. Briggs reduces the *rôle* of David in the composition of the Psalter to very low proportions. Hardly any of the psalms can be of Davidic authorship. In Dr. Briggs' judgment not more than seven can be carried back to the early Hebrew monarchy. Thirteen he assigns to the late monarchy; thirteen to the exile-period; sixty to the time of the Persian domination; the rest to the Greek and Maccabean epochs. Our author also readily admits the composite character of some of the psalms, finds many evidences of liturgical glosses, and of course acknowledges the manifold textual corruptions that have come from the hands of correctors and editors. Of Dr. Briggs' translation and commentary we will not speak; their excellence is their own best testimony. Let us add one final word suggested by this fine piece of biblical work, and that is, to express the wish that some English-writing Catholic may soon supply us with a new translation and a modern critical study of the Psalter. This portion of the Bible, perhaps above all others, it is wherein we are most in need of a new scientific version and criticism.

PATMORE'S POEMS.

This new edition of Coventry Patmore's poems,* complete in one volume, should be welcomed by all booklovers. There is more than mere convenience to be urged in thus placing the "Angel in the House," the "Victories of Love," and those remarkable odes "To the Unknown Eros" side by side. So best of all can the artistic development and the temperamental unity of the poet's genius be rightly gauged. For the master-passion of Patmore's life and the abiding inspiration of his poetry were identical: his works are one long "Praise of Love." At first, of course, it was human love, the ideal domesticity of his "Angel"—a creature of smiles and tears, of sly coquetry and inviolate truth, not withal too etherial for "human nature's daily food!" This graceful if rather obvious romance is by no means an allegory; but, as poem follows poem, we trace a growing union of faith and love—somewhat more of the Angel and less of the House. Patmore's sense of the symbolism of human ties is stated boldly in the wedding sermon which closes the poem, where marriage is declared to be

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* *Poems by Coventry Patmore.* London: George Bell & Sons.

"all else utterly beyond
In power of love to actualize
The *soul's bond which it signifies.*"

In the "Unknown Eros" the poet climbs, by the ladder of this same allegory, to mystic visions of Christ as the Love, the Bridegroom of the soul. He finds this all but unspeakable truth foreshadowed in the old myth of Eros and Psyche; and the theme is played upon in ode after ode of marvelous beauty and tenderness.

Mr. Basil Champneys' introduction to the volume gives an interesting sketch of the poet's life and an appreciative criticism of his work. It is encouraging to see recognition of this original and exquisite Catholic poet taking permanent form. "I have written little, but it is all my best," he wrote in the Preface of 1886. . . . "I have respected posterity; and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare hope that it will respect me."

THE OPAL SEA.
By Van Dyke.

Since Ruskin no more charming guide to the beauties of nature has put himself at our disposition than Professor Van Dyke. He does not, to be sure, emulate Ruskin in his didactic mood; nor in this volume on the sea* does he attempt to awake any echoes of the Byronic "rapture on the lonely shore." He caters to the senses and the intellect rather than to the emotions. With the scientists' accuracy in minute observation, he combines the artist's eye for beauty, especially the beauty of color, and his power over words enables him to turn his pages into so much glowing canvas. There is just enough scientific information infused into his description to satisfy even the Philistine who prefers an ounce of fact to an ample banquet of æsthetic description. The first chapters are an interesting treatment of topics belonging to geology and physical geography. In one entitled "Gardens of the Sea," some of the wonders of marine botany are described. Then the Professor tells of some of the more curious or striking creatures among the dwellers of the deep; and, finally, he pictures the characteristics and peculiarities of a number of the sea-birds. In a concluding chapter he dwells on the pictorial contrast between sail and steam; and he moralizes a little—who can help doing so?—on the mirror of the Almighty, over which pass a thousand moods, some of which Professor Van Dyke has cleverly reproduced. In the following passage we have a typical blending of the artist and the scientific observer which is the watermark of the volume: "The clear white light of the polar regions favors sharp colors, which, instead of blending together, hold aloof and keep their individuality. Then the aërial envelope does not bind all hues in a golden thrall, but allows the blues and reds and greens to glow intense. In the morning and evening, when the sun's rays strike the sea obliquely, there are long trailing tracks of sunlight—sometimes yellow and sometimes red—twisting and writhing on the uneasy waters. And for the twilight reflections on the water, they are vivid in reds that are all scarlet, as the moonlights and midnights which are weird in blues that are all purple. But the thin polar air, with its consequent white light, is not favorable to the most perfect color harmony. It is too crude, too limited in its scale. On the contrary, sunlight falling through a heated atmosphere seems to be shivered into very delicate colors that blend again, at different intensities, into pronounced tones."

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* *The Opal Sea.* Continued Studies in Impressions and Appearances. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An extended notice of the Catholic Encyclopedia will be given in our next number.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (20 April): A critic of the "New Theology" considers a basic point of the system—the nature of Divine Revelation. The question is asked whether Divine Revelation is internal or external. For Catholics this question cannot be said to exist, and it is here discussed as a notable feature of the new religious movement outside the Church's pale.——Abbot Gasquet's pamphlet on Anglican Orders is referred to in Literary Notes. It is hoped that the work will remove some popular misconceptions, as the author is able to speak with special authority and accurate knowledge.

(4 May): A re-statement of the Galileo conflict, provoked by letters to the editor of Literary Notes. The writer censures the "confident apologist" who maintains that there was no interference with purely scientific teaching, and that the scientist was "simply censured" for meddling with Scripture, great stress being laid on the point that Copernicanism was at the time freely recognized by the authorities. He endeavors to say a word of regret that the august authorities should have come to a decision which is now known to be false in fact. The real mode of apology is seen to be in insisting that the men of the seventeenth century cannot fairly be judged by the present standard of scientific knowledge, that the ecclesiastical court, as any other court, can decide only on the evidence brought before it. "It may be allowed that the truth here in question has no direct connection with Catholic doctrine. But, in spite of Kingsley's assertion, we had hoped that truth for its own sake was a virtue with the Catholic clergy."——On the 17th of April the Pope delivered in public consistory an allocution on Liberal Catholicism which some think the most important pronouncement of his pontificate. His Holiness said that a school of writers exists within the Church, whose works, ranging in scope from asceticism to fiction, are a covert denial of Catholicism. These men, though concealing their meaning beneath cloudy words, are dis-

seminating not only one heresy, but the poison and venom of all heresy. They will end in annihilating Christianity. The Pope ended with calling upon the cardinals to crush this new Catholicism with severe ecclesiastical censures.

The Month (May): Father Sydney F. Smith maintains that Mr. Campbell, in his "New Theology," while professing not to reject the ancient creeds of the Christian Church, but rather to interpret them to the modern world, does, in fact, repudiate, not only the form but likewise the essential principles of nearly every Christian dogma.——Mr. Marcus K. Ambrose writes a sketch of the life of Ferdinand Brunetière and reviews *The Utilization of Positivism*, the only portion that has yet been published of the apologetical work on which Brunetière was engaged at the time of his death.——Under the title of "A Royal Recluse" the Countess de Courson relates the story of the life at court, and later in a Carmelite convent, of Princess Louise, the youngest daughter of Louis XV. ——An article of especial interest to students of history is, "Further Light on Oates' Plot," being a review, by Mr. Alfred Marks, of documents published in January by the Historical Manuscript Society.

The Church Quarterly Review (April): This number contains a brief history of the *Review* from the time of its founding (1875) down to the present.——An article entitled "Ecclesiastical Courts" is devoted to an examination of the findings of the Royal Commission.——A paper on "New College and Kings" shows how those two institutions have for almost half a century successfully met the emergencies they were called upon to face, and adapted themselves to new conditions and new needs while preserving what was good in their traditions.——Some idea of the history of Westminster Abbey, and of the materials at hand for a fuller and more up-to-date history of that old institution, is given by J. Armitage Robinson.——C. E. Flöystrup points out some points of similarity and contact between the Church of Denmark and the Church of England, but thinks that the doctrine of Apostolic succession is an insurmountable barrier to the full intercommunion of the two national churches.

——E. W. Watson believes that attempts to discredit the traditional history of monasticism have been triumphantly refuted by the patient work of exact scholars, most notable of whom is Abbot Butler.——An interesting article on "London Home Industries" gives some notion of some practical attempts that are being made to better the condition of London women engaged in the sweated trades.

The Dublin Review (April): The Bishop of Limerick discusses the various proposals for the solution of the Irish University question. The alternatives in Catholic favor are: (1) "The University of Dublin, which now contains but one college, Trinity College, to be made a national University, embracing Trinity College, the Queen's Colleges of Belfast and Cork, perhaps also Galway, and the (Catholic) University College in Dublin. This plan is favored by Fr. Delany, S.J. The bishop considers that Fr. Delany's opinion may be treated as merely personal; (2) The other plan, which is strongly urged by the bishop, is that, instead of the present University College, under Jesuit management, a new College for Catholics should be established and included, with Trinity and the Queen's Colleges, in the national University.——Father Vincent McNabb, "The Future of the Free Church," expresses his satisfaction with the present movement of federation among the Nonconformist churches, as a manifestation of their devotion to dogmatic Christianity.——An unsigned article, whose paternity is not doubtful, answers some criticisms passed on a former article—"For Truth or for Life." The writer of it, touching upon Baron Von Hügel's recent strictures on the pronouncement of the Biblical Commission concerning the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, says: "From our own knowledge we do not think that what is practically taught in the seminaries on the subject of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch would greatly distress Baron Von Hügel. . . . A Professor at one of our leading seminaries in this country said to the present writer: 'If you want scientific conclusions, you must go to the Universities; the decrees of a Roman Congregation, ratified by the Pope, are, *from the nature of the case*, largely diplomatic.'"——Dom

Adam Hamilton revives some interesting items concerning Buckfast Abbey, disinterred from a mediæval chronicle.——An interesting paper from "St. Cyres" presents the *Précieuses* in a very favorable light, "whatever else they did the *précieuses* taught their young countrywomen to respect themselves, as a first step towards exacting some measure of respect from the men. And that was no small service to France—and, indeed, to the world at large."——Professor Windle discusses De Vries and his biological theory of mutations.——The eminent physician, Dr. Collingwood, defends vivisection, and does not spare the anti-vivisectionists.——An English Protestant lady, long resident in France, writes with knowledge on the Anti-clerical campaign, and severely arraigns the Government.——The recent triumph of the Central party, its antecedents and its probable results, are the subject of a brief but well-considered paper.

Le Correspondant (10 April): Apropos of the present reign of Atheism in France, Eugéne Tavernier writes a lengthy article. Scientists, when they refuse to acknowledge God, are obliged to bow before a deified nature. They talk of ideals, conscience, nature, but these words can have no meaning for them. The great defect in atheistic morals lies, he writes, in the fact that they have not a sufficient sanction.——George Grosjean contributes an article on "The Right of Married Women to the Product of Their Labor." Statistics taken in 1896 in France show that there were 6,672,506 women at work, whose salaries amounted to 3,120 francs. To this money the married women had no rights, but must on demand turn it over to their husbands. Is this iniquity to go on forever? Other countries have solved the problem, why should not France do so? A remedy must be had, but it is not in absolute and complete economical independence. It is evident that whatever reform there will be must be actuated more by the welfare of society than by the notion of exalting feminine personality.

(25 April): *The Reign of Charles III. of Spain*, a new historical work of François Rousseau, receives a lengthy notice. This work fills a long-felt want. It is a scholarly production, showing signs of patient research amongst

books, and in the archives of Paris, London, and Madrid. There is something new on such worn-out subjects as the Jesuit question, the election of Clement XIV., and the relations of Spain and England.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (April): M. J. Segond examines the last posthumous work of Ollé-Laprune, *Reason and Rationalism*, and incidentally touches on the *rôle* of Ollé-Laprune as one of the founders of the new apologetic.——P. Godet gives a critical estimate of John Kuhn, one of the early glories of the Catholic school at Tübingen.——The Abbé Marien sums up the rise and progress of biblical criticism, and summons Catholics to their best efforts in this great science.——Ch. Huit continues his historical account of Platonism in France during the seventeenth century.

Civiltà Cattolica (20 April): The writer who in previous numbers published certain notes on the procedure of the Inquisition, here takes up and criticizes Mr. Lea's *History of the Inquisition*. He leaves out of the question Mr. Lea's sincerity, but names as three characteristics of his work: An inadequate comprehension of the mentality of the times he wrote about; A tendency to judge mediæval institutions under the influence of a subconscious attention to modern institutions; A method of avoiding quotations and substituting mere references to books hard to obtain and difficult to interpret. Not ten per cent of Mr. Lea's readers will be capable first of questioning and then of examining his assertions; ninety in every hundred will swallow the books whole.

(4 May): The criticism of Lea's *History of the Inquisition* is continued.——A favorable review is given to a volume by P. Cavallanti which undertakes to show how real and grave a danger to Italy is "Modernism." The *Testem Benevolentiæ* is cited by the author to show the affiliations of "Modernism" to "Americanism"; and the "extreme follies" of *Il Santo* and of Murri are confuted. As to biblical criticism, the author is said "to have correctly noted that the way of speaking of one modernist is the way of all, scornful and disdainful. Indeed, this disdain of scholasticism and contempt of the syllogism is the chief sense of the unreasonableness and lightness

which make the modernists mistake the blunders of Protestants and rationalists for the wonderful triumphs of modern science." Cavallanti is quoted as saying: "The men who best know how to resist the assaults of our adversaries are those who know how to handle that terrible sword called the syllogism, those who have learned and attained science at the perennial sources of Aquinas."

Rassegna Nazionale (16 April): Under the heading "Decent Burial" Sibilla writes that the Temporal Power, the great question which long troubled theologians and ecclesiastical politicians, has now faded into history. Many would have put it into the catechism and made it a dogma; but now time and Pius X. have given it quiet and decent burial and the Jesuit Fathers have assisted as good grave-diggers at the interment. Were the present Pope to do no more than this, his name already ranks higher than Leo's. The great aim of the reign of Pius is not to restore the Temporal Power but *instaurare omnia in Christo.*——Syr, writing on the Religious Crisis, draws attention to the difficulties raised nowadays concerning the notion of inspiration, miracle, tradition, and dogma; and mentions three recent books as useful to Catholics, though they are written from an independent standpoint and do not pretend to give any definitive solution of the problems they touch upon: *L'Autorité des Evangiles,* par Loriaux; *Le Miracle et la Critique Historique,* par Saintyves; *Le Dogme de la Trinité dans le Trois Premiers Siècles,* par Dupin, all published by Emile Nourry of Paris.

Razón y Fe (May): V. Minteguiaga, writing on legislation and public immorality, calls for a stricter enforcement of the existing Spanish laws concerning the social evil, and points out how well these laws answer to the needs of the time.

Études (5 April): In an able article M. Xavier Moisant weaves a clear, forcible proof for the existence of a personal God. He tells us that the "one universal substance" of Spinoza, the overdrawn logical idealism of Hegel, and "the category of the ideal" of Renan, who denies the divinity of Christ and real being in God, are the chief fountain-heads of present-day impersonal theism. But, he continues, modern scientific minds base their "religious atheism" principally on another authority, that of experimental science. The history of human government, according to them, has dethroned God. Physics and sociology know but one sovereign—Law. Psychology venerates one God, and that the Unconscious. M. Moisant then clearly lays before us the creeds of the modern adversaries of a personal God from their common viewpoint of experience. He concludes by showing how the notion of a personal God should logically find place in a mind shaped by experimental science, be it historical, physical, or psychological.——The Religious Question in Spain is discussed by Antony Boissel. In Spain as in France the secret societies have been the evil genii behind the political turmoil into which the Church has been dragged.

(20 April): Paul Albert fails to find in the philosophy of Berthelot anything that will be long remembered.——To refute the opinion that Christianity and freedom to think are contradictory, Louis Baille discusses the question of Christian thought. He looks at it from two sides, the positive and the *a priori*, and concludes with an indication of the advantage to be derived from the combination of these two methods.——Some documents have been found which seem to lessen the condemnation of Bellarmine's *Controversies* by Sixtus V. X.-M. Le Bachelet comments upon the force of these and interprets them in the Cardinal's favor.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (1 April): The dogma of preternatural gifts is a much mooted question. Accordingly L. Labauche shows its conformity with the official teaching of the Church, with Scripture and Tradition and its relation to the late discoveries in the natural sciences. ——This and the following number contain two more instalments of the eulogy on Brunetière dealing specifically with the work *Sur les Chemins de la Croyance.* ——V. Ermoni finds in Romans v. 10 and viii. 3 proofs for the divinity of Christ.——J. Guibert considers the subject of atheism. The existence of atheists, their number and character and the intellectual reasons for their position, form the chief points of discussion.

(15 April): The Kingdom of God, appearing often in

the New Testament, means, says A. de Boysson, "the whole of the Christian religion, the complete, new life brought by Christ, such as is manifested in this world and will appear in the next." This also admits of developments, in order to suit the needs and demands of all ages.——F. Cimetier gives a *résumé* of the introduction to Father Choupin's new work on the doctrinal and disciplinary decisions of the Holy See.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 April): G. de Pascal concludes a series of articles on "The Interior Organization of the Church in France."——A sketch of the life and works of Marcellin Berthelot, the French chemist—the greatest since Pasteur—is given by L. Wintrebert.——In reply to a query as to the Decalogue being the fundamental moral code, H. Lesêtre writes that it is, in the sense that, promulgated directly by God, it supposes the existence of the natural law, and also of a positive law.

(1 May): Rev. Jean Baptiste, O.F.M., writes that M. Venard, who reviewed his book on the Pentateuch, was not exactly correct in some of the criticisms. Corrected, the thesis that the Rev. Franciscan defended was to the effect that fundamentally the Pentateuch is Mosaic, but that the books as we have them are the work of inspired writers at the time of the captivity. M. Venard replies that this opinion is unsatisfactory, and from a historical viewpoint open to discussion. He adds, moreover, that if the Rev. Jean Baptiste had examined closely the documentary analysis of the Pentateuch, he would perceive that the hypothesis of Mosaic composition is insufficient to explain its formation. M. Venard congratulates the Rev. Jean Baptiste, in that he has recognized the difficulties to be met with in the first books of the Old Testament, and instead of waiving them aside, has done his best to solve them.——In his Social Chronicle, Rev. Ch. Calippe, Professor in the Seminary at Amiens, speaks of the agrarian troubles in Italy. The farmers of that country for some time past have had a union, whose object is to obtain better conditions. For many reasons the clergy do not look with favor on the union, and this is taken advantage of by the anti-clericals to spread

irreligion. Last January, however, the Bishop of Cesena, Mgr. Cazzani, issued a public letter, which has caused a great sensation. He told the laborers that they had rights, and that in union they would find their strength. The proprietors were asked to treat their servants with deference and consideration. Particularly did the bishop call upon the priests to do their duty. They are not to take sides with one class against another. He urges them to follow the example of Christ, whose preference was always for the humble. This letter has had a great influence, and "The Catholic Union of Italy" is giving it large circulation.

L'Action Sociale de la Femme (20 April): George Troblemaire has an extended conference on the conspiracy against the family. He arraigns individualism and *l'Etatisme* as the arch enemies of the family. The employment of married women as wage-earners is touched upon as detrimental to the best interests of the home, and as having a bad effect upon the standard of wages. Paucity of divorce cases is assigned to years of religious sentiment; with religion at an ebb, in 1906, there were 10,000 divorces, as against 7,000 in 1900 and 3,000 in 1886. Confidence, healthy and optimistic, is expressed in the future of the French family.——The same number takes up the hue and cry against immoral publications and obscene pictorial advertisements displayed in public places, to the destruction of the morals of the young. Many organizations are waging war against the pernicious custom, and it is regretted that so few Catholics have taken up the slogan. The opinion is urged that all reforms rest on the initiative of the individual.

Il Renovamento: A new magazine calculated for many reasons to arouse interest and comment, both Catholic and non-Catholic, native as well as foreign, made its appearance in Italy in the early part of 1907. Its title is certainly a significant one—*Il Renovamento, The Renewing.* It reveals its scope and purpose. For it is planned to renew the Old, to introduce the New, the reinvigorating of the Ancient by the infusion of the Modern spirit. Not less significant are the names of some among its leading contributors: Antonio Fogazzaro, Gallarati-Scotti, and Don

Romolo Murri, while good translations of Professor Caird's *Evolution of Religion* and of the correspondence which recently passed between Dr. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, and Baron von Hügel concerning the findings of the Biblical Commission, induce the belief that the new magazine will hold no insignificant place in Italian periodical literature, or be a negligible force among those which influence modern Italian thought. *Il Renovamento* boldly announces its mission as that of "a critic of ideas and of facts"—*rivista critica di idee e di fatti.* The management defines its spirit as religious and progressive, and its aim, as avowed by those who are concerned with and responsible for its publication, is to inculcate religious belief in combination with a love of truth and freedom of research in such wise that, while keeping intact dogmatic Christianity, there will be a general tendency to elevate the standard of Christian life. The leading article of the first issue is entitled "Per la Veritá," "For the Truth." It is from the pen of Fogazzaro, and is a powerful plea for the aim of the new magazine as defined above.

Current Events.

Russia.

The *Duma* has not been dissolved, and the latest reports indicate that its permanence is better assured than ever before. Some of the worst of the reactionaries are now publicly declaring that its existence is necessary for the welfare of Russia. The only thing which would now lead to the dissolution would be the passage of bills which the government consider revolutionary in character. This is less likely to take place than ever before, for the lesson of the first *Duma* seems to have been learned, and the spirit of moderation has gained strength—a natural result of freedom of discussion. The methods of arbitrary rule, whether from above or from below, cannot stand the light; they have only to be exposed to it to be condemned. An example of these methods occurred during the discussion of the Bill for raising recruits for the Army. Some disparaging remarks on this, the main support of autocratic power, roused the indignation of the Minister for War. He rushed incontinently to the telephone and demanded instant punishment for the affront. Nothing less would satisfy the irate official than the immediate dissolution of the *Duma*. Such impetuous impertinence might justly have exasperated the newly-elected representatives of the people; but, with a self-control which augurs well for their success, the member who had used the language of which complaint was made was called upon to apologize and the incident closed. The demands of the government were granted by a majority of 193 to 129.

The continued existence of the *Duma* is an evidence that public opinion is rallying to its support. It has many enemies, and not all of them are in the ranks of those who have profited by the long-existing abuses. It would be wrong to rank M. de Martens among enemies of this kind; the letter, however, which this distinguished jurist published in the *Times* was calculated to support their cause. M. de Martens is no supporter of absolutism. As a student, for nearly half a century, of the political development of his own country, and the political institutions of the nations of the civilized world, he declared that this second *Duma* was absolutely unfit even to discuss the projects laid before it by the government. It could not advance Russia on the way to a constitutional form of government. It had done (when he wrote) absolutely nothing but listen to and make rhetorical speeches full of hate for the existing order. Not only had it done nothing, but it had no wish to do anything. Its members were intellectually unfit even to examine the Budget, only 120 having been to a University. Moreover, party-spirit was so dominant, that no single member had the well-being of the Empire as a whole at heart, only that of his party. There was no leader, everybody was his own leader. For these reasons the dissolution of the *Duma* must be only a question of time. And what then? The third *Duma* must be at once summoned, but the suffrage must be altered. To alter it, however, would be a violation of the constitution; but necessity knows no law. A *Duma* is now absolutely a necessity. There can be no return to the Terror, Red or White. But it must be a *Duma* made up of the intellectually competent, and this can only be secured by a new electoral law, which shall exclude the illiterate.

Such is the view taken of the situation by one not unfitted to judge. The prognostications have, however, not yet been realized. Perhaps the members of the *Duma* have not been unwilling to learn from their critic. In one respect they showed that they were not absolutely ignorant. Such are unwilling to be taught. The Committee on the Budget wished to have the advice of experts to assist them in coming to a conclusion. Strange to say, the government would not for a time allow this course to be taken, on the ground that they were outsiders, forbidden by the regulations of the House, although the ordinary means used by autocratic governments—spies and police agents—were allowed to infest the lobbies. A satisfactory arrangement has, however, been made.

As to party spirit, we cannot, of course, contest M. de Martens' characterization of the members of the *Duma*. It cannot, however, be said that all are deeply attached to any particular party, for the parties themselves are in a continual state of flux, some dying, others being born, and all frequently changing their membership. A list has been already given, but is now quite out of date. The following is the latest, doubtless it, too, will soon have to be superseded: Social Democrats, 64; Socialist Revolutionaries, 34; Populist Socialists, 14; Toil Group, 100; Mussulmans, 30; Cossacks, 17; Poles, 46; Constitutional

Democrats, 94; Independents, 50; Octobrists and Moderates, 32; Right, 22.

The progress made by Russia towards the reign of law is indicated not merely by a decrease in the number of outrages, but also by the fact that the government has issued a warning to the governors to be on the alert to prevent impending *pogroms.* The Union of the Russian People, an organization in support of autocracy, which is as lawless as the revolutionaries themselves, have been forbidden to hold unauthorized meetings and violently to denounce the government; the editor of its paper in Moscow has been banished and the paper suppressed.

Before separating for the Easter vacation, both the agrarian legislative proposals and the Budget had been referred to Committees large enough to be small Parliaments. The audience granted by the Tsar to the President, M. Golovin, showed that the Emperor was in full sympathy with the *Duma*, provided it did not adopt revolutionary proposals. The vacation was the quietest fortnight which Russia has had for years. Poland, owing to the violence of the Revolutionary Socialists, has been suffering from a series of outrages. Finland has been allowed to possess her autonomy in peace. The Diet elected under the new franchise not only allows women to vote, but to be voted for, and so Finland has the distinction of being the first Parliament in the world to have women among its members. The discovery of a plot to take the life of the Tsar is an evidence that he is becoming a power to be reckoned with, and that his unwonted firmness in support of the *Duma* has made him obnoxious to the revolutionaries, who are as much the enemies of a constitutional *régime* as of the autocratic.

No account of Russian affairs would be complete which contained no reference to the famine which is causing untold sufferings in so many provinces of the Empire. The account given by M. Shiskoff, in his appeal for the famine-stricken, is one of the most pathetic records of human woe that has ever been written, and shows that, whatever virtues a despotism may have, the providing for the well-being of those for whose good it is supposed to exist cannot be reckoned. Hundreds of thousands of people have been brought to the verge of starvation, and the diseases which follow upon it have broken out; and yet—so simple is the life which is led by the peasants—a whole family of eight persons, M. Shiskoff assures us, five of them grown up, can live on rather less than twenty-five cents a day. The appeal made by M. Shiskoff in this country and in England has met with a fairly generous response.

Germany.

The visits of the King of England to the Kings of Spain and Italy have made a part of the German press very nervous. They think that England is entering into an *entente* with the whole world, and forming a syndicate of Powers hostile to Germany and for the express purpose of penning her in. Not alone the Press, but leading politicians, such as Herr Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberals, and Herr Semler, a Deputy to the Reichstag, have given public utterance to the same apprehensions. The former declared that in every quarter of the world England was pursuing a policy unfavorable to Germany, and as England was everywhere, and England's King too, the present situation was dominated by England. The Triple Alliance he declared to be in its dotage, while France had become so arrogant, through the *entente cordiale* with England, that the maintenance of peace with her had become a matter of anxiety. Herr Semler, even more clearly, expressed the opinion that peace was being imperilled. England was attempting, he said, to isolate Germany by surrounding her with alliances; and those alliances might at any moment lead to an explosion. In the event of a war between England and Germany, France could not remain neutral—she would have to declare herself on one side or the other within twenty-four hours of its breaking out.

How many of the German people share in these sentiments it is impossible to say. The Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Bülow, in his speech in the debate in the Reichstag on Foreign Policy, made little of King Edward's visits—they were nothing but natural and commonplace civilities. The Triple Alliance, the Chancellor declared, was unaffected. He well knew that Germany was surrounded by many difficulties and dangers, but calmness and self-confidence would render her safe. Germans could not live upon the enmities of other nations, nor could they deny to others the freedom of movement which they claimed for themselves. German foreign policy should be calm, steady, matter-of-fact, with a determination to preserve and, if necessary, to defend the peace and position in the world of the German fatherland.

There, is without doubt, a widespread feeling of uneasiness as to the future in the minds of many Germans, and a dissatisfaction at the results of recent diplomatic action. There is some uncertainty as well as to the degree of confidence reposed by the Kaiser in his Chancellor, and a doubt exists whether the Kaiser's mind is faithfully reflected by his Minister. But, on the whole, there seems no grave reason to fear any resort to hostile action. The situation is by no means so strained as it was last year during the Conference at Algeciras.

The Government *bloc*, made up of Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals, has secured the acceptance by the Reichstag of colonial proposals, substantial identical with those rejected in December last. The proposal to establish a distinct Colonial Department separate from the Foreign Office has also been carried. In some smaller matters, however, the parties have not worked well together. Germans are too prone to decide matters on their merits to submit to be passive voters, at least the Germans who attain parliamentary station. Two delinquent Colonial Governors have been tried and convicted. Now that there is a separate Colonial department, a more vigilant watch can be kept upon the doings of the officials.

The proceedings in this country with reference to the Hague Conference do not seem to have produced a great impression upon the German Emperor. The most important question was whether the limitation of armaments should be discussed. As the decisions of the Conference derive all the force which they possess from absolute unanimity, any one of the Powers can render them, to a large degree, nugatory. The German government has decided that its representatives at the Conference shall take no part in the discussion of this question, that they shall leave those Powers who think the discussion will be profitable to conduct it alone. In its opinion the proposal is not only unpractical, but dangerous. German armaments are too sacred. Other Powers may discuss the question, Germany will not withdraw if they do. Nay more; if the discussion should produce any practical result, conscientious consideration will be given to it, and, so far as it may be compatible with Germany's peace and national interests and particular position, such result will be accepted. This decision of the German government, although it limits the scope of the Conference, and deprives it of much of the importance which it would otherwise have had, will by no means deprive it of all prospect of usefulness. The improvement or the development of the provisions contained in the three previous Hague Conventions with regard to arbitration warfare on land, and the application of the Geneva Convention to naval warfare, together with the preparation of a set of regulations dealing with warfare at sea, offer an ample field for beneficial work with a good prospect of general agreement.

The necessity for practical and positive legislation in the interests of the working classes was brought before the Reichstag in an effective speech by one of the leading Catholic members—Herr Trimborn. This gave to Count Posadowsky, the Secretary of State for the Interior, an opportunity of making a comparison between Germany on the one hand and France and England on the other, with reference to their respective achievements. In Germany a progressive income tax was quite an understood thing. In France endeavors had been made in the same direction for years and had led to the fall of a series of Cabinets. In Germany workmen's pensions and assistance to establish small proprietors on the soil by public funds had been accomplished; in England they were still mere proposals. The Minister then went on to give a long list of the government's plans for the future, which included insurance against widowhood and orphanage, the protection of workmen in indoor work, night rest, female labor in factories, together with the revision of the present regulations for insurance against accidents and disablement. The moral to be drawn from this enumeration of past and intended legislation was that greater benefits had been conferred upon the working classes in Germany, where the system of government was in a great degree autocratic, than had been bestowed upon them in England and France, where the sphere of self-government is wider.

The financial position of Germany is stronger than it seemed. The weakness was such that the new loan just issued bore four per cent interest, the attempt a short time ago to issue a loan at three per cent having been a comparative failure. The new issue, however, was subscribed for about forty-five times over, showing thereby the confidence felt in the resources of the Empire.

Austria-Hungary.

The elections for the first Parliament under the recent legislation, establishing universal suffrage, have been proceeding, but only the first ballots have been taken, so far at least as news has reached this country. These first returns indicate large accessions to the ranks of the Socialists, of whom there are two kinds widely different in character—Social Democrats and Democratic Catholics, or Christian Socialists. The clergy, it is said, used their influence throughout the country on behalf of the Christian Socialists, and in Vienna public prayers were offered for a happy issue of the elections.

The Emperor hopes that the introduction of universal suffrage will be the means of diminishing the rancor felt towards one another by the various races of his Empire. In a rescript recently issued on his departure from Prague, he declares that by this new electoral law a start has been made in the adjustment of national antagonism. "I should consider it as the greatest happiness," the Emperor concludes, "if I, who have shared all the sorrows of the struggle, should now also be able to share the joys of universal peace."

The twelve-year, more or less continuous negotiations between Austria and Hungary, for a renewal of the economic agreement between them, have not yet been finished, although hopes are not extinguished of a definite conclusion being reached. The Austrian Premier assured a deputation a short time ago that Austria would be guided only by her own interests. Perhaps a more generous spirit would lead to better results in this and in other cases. Too great a devotion to her own interests has often made Austria obnoxious to her neighbors and a hindrance to progress.

The Pan-German movement, so strong in Austria, has extended its operations into Hungary. A member of the Diet called the attention of the Premier to the part which highly-placed German dignitaries and officers of the General Staff were taking in it. Dr. Wekerle replied that he did not attach much importance to the proceedings of the agitators, but that the authorities were keeping a watchful eye upon them. The efforts of the Pan-Germans are not confined to adjoining countries. Teachers in Cape Colony, South Africa, are subsidized for the purpose of keeping alive, even in those remote districts, German sentiment and thought, German speech and culture, and are urged by representatives, even of the German Government, to devote faithful and strenuous labor to uphold Germanism *(Deutschthum).*

France.

The Church question has not of late caused much anxiety to the Clemenceau ministry. A section of the working people, however, whom it has been the boast of M. Viviani to have freed from all anxiety about the future world, has endangered the existence of the ministry in this life.

The trial of the Abbé Jouin, for inciting to resistance to the Separation Law, resulted in the infliction of a small fine, and the reasons given by the Court for making the penalty so slight involved an indirect condemnation of that Law. The fact of incitement the Court held to be established, but the intimate and honorable feelings of the accused were wounded by certain consequences of the Law. The injustice of the Law was pointed out, inasmuch as while under it priests had become simple citizens, yet it created for them special offences for which they exclusively were to be punished.

The hostility to religion, with which the present ministry is animated, is shown by M. Clemenceau's action in the matter of the celebration of the *fêtes* which are held in Orleans in May every year. The Premier would not allow the Prefect to authorize the civil, judicial, and military authorities to take part in a ceremony to which the presence of the clergy, clad in their sacerdotal robes, gave a religious character. M. Clemenceau persisted in his refusal, even against the wishes of the Mayor, although the latter was supported by the representations of the Socialist Radical Deputy for Orleans, M. Rabier, a well-known anti-Catholic. The Municipal Council of the city presented a humble petition that the *fêtes* might be celebrated in the usual way, giving expression, it said, to the feelings of all the inhabitants. But M. Clemenceau was obdurate. The most he would concede was that the clergy should take part in civil costume. The result was that the clergy withdrew altogether. The people of Orleans are beginning to experience the tender mercies of Liberals.

The people of France, as a whole, are also experiencing the results of the Liberal *régime* of the past thirty years, especially of the exile of religious instruction from the schools. Paris, Marseilles, and several other great centres, are terrorized by organized bands of hooligans called Apaches. There has been a regular epidemic of crime. Homicides and murders are numerous, and are increasing while convictions are diminishing. The Minister of Justice has been compelled to issue a circular urging the public prosecutors to proceed promptly and energetically in the repression of a long list of offences. The Army itself and the Navy are being invaded by lawlessness and insubordination. Leaflets are being circulated among the soldiers; one of these declares that it is better to shoot French generals than foreign soldiers; another that the fatherland is only a capitalist's safe. Workingmen, in support of their claims, are advocating recourse to violent and illegal methods. The Confederation of Labor, established in Paris, lends its support to these methods. The Civil Servants of the State demand the right to form Trade Unions and to enter the Confederation. There is, of course, nothing immoral in the former demand at all events. It is granted in other countries. To this demand, however, M. Clemenceau has offered a determined opposition, and by so doing the existence of his ministry was imperilled. The Socialists bitterly opposed him and found a supporter, it is said, in the Minister of Social Providence, M. Viviani. M. Clemenceau has, however, for the time being proved the stronger. Whether it is the beginning or the end remains to be seen.

In the first days of the meeting of the Chambers after the recess, the advanced Socialists, of whom M. Jaurès is the leader, made an attack upon M. Clemenceau on account of the action taken by him with reference to trade unions and the demands of the civil servants. The present session in faot promises to be the opening of a campaign between those Socialists who wish to transform France by a gradual, not violent, evolution into a Collectivist Republic, and the supporters of the present individualistic organization, with such modifications as the well-being of all classes may demand. It may, some think, witness the parting of the ways. The present government seems to hold a middle position, for, while M. Jaurès assailed it on account of its opposition to the Socialist demands, M. Deschanel attacked it on account of the weak resistance it had offered to the proceedings of revolutionary Socialism and its reluctance to enforce the law against the Confederation of Labor. The government succeeded in beating back the attack, but in this also the end is not yet.

It is improbable, however, that Collectivism, although it may drive out of office the present government, will succeed in destroying private property; the peasants of France are too powerful and too much attached to their little farms. While there have been strikes in every part of France of electricians, of bakers, of waiters, even of sailors, and while other strikes have been threatened, the results have not been such as the strikers wished. On the contrary, they have only shown that workingmen, when they have the power, may be as selfish and tyrannical as the most despotic of rulers; and as a consequence the nation, as a whole, is less disposed than before to make themselves the subjects of such a system. May Day was looked forward to with grave apprehensions, but the precautions taken by the government disheartened any would-be disturbers of the peace.

Spain.

The birth of a son to the King of Spain has caused great rejoicing throughout the whole of the kingdom, and congratulatory messages were sent from every part of the world. If the infant Prince lives to ascend the throne, the sovereign of Spain will, through his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, be more or less closely related to the majority of the European monarchs. The Imperial and Royal Families of Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Rumania, Italy, Portugal, to say nothing of several German Grand-Ducal Families, are all more or less closely related to Queen Victoria of England. The isolation of the Spanish reigning house will thus become a thing of the past.

Belgium.

After having held office for a long time, the Ministry of Count de Smet de Naeyer has resigned. It was defeated on the question of the length of the working-day in mines. A new ministry has been formed, of which the Minister of the Interior and Public Instruction in the former Cabinet, M. de Trooz, is the Premier. It has begun its career in a storm. Its withdrawal of the Mines Bill, after it had passed the second reading, was looked upon by many members as an insult to Parliament. The new Ministry intends to propose that Belgium still take over the Congo. This is a matter of international importance. The methods of government in the Free State adopted by King Leopold seem to show that no single individual can be trusted with irresponsible rule.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

POPE PIUS X. sent a golden message of encouragement to Catholic writers and journalists, which was printed in a recent special edition of the *Croce* of Naples: In presence of the unrestrained license of the anti-Catholic Press, which impugns or denies the eternal laws of truth and justice, which stirs up hatred against the Church, which insinuates into the hearts of the people the most pernicious doctrines, corrupting the mind, fostering evil appetites, flattering the sense, and perverting the heart, all ought to recognize the great importance of the union of all good people in turning to the advantage of the Church and of society a weapon which the enemy is using for the injury of both. We have, therefore, only the highest praise for Catholic writers who strive to oppose the antidote of the good Press to the poison of the bad Press, and that they may not lose courage amid the labors, trials, and difficulties inseparable from all good works we bestow upon all of them our blessing, that the Lord may support them in the good fight and pour out on them an abundance of heavenly assistance.

* * *

Dr. William Henry Drummond, the Canadian poet, whose death was announced recently, wrote for the love of writing and of the subjects he wrote about. His work was never consigned, in the language of the old shipping reports, to "Cowes and a market." His name had been before the public as a writer only ten years, and in that time his first volume of collected poems, called *The Habitant*, had been printed and reprinted twenty-six times. He was an Irishman by birth, a practising physician, and a copper mine owner. He was about fifty-three years old. A resident of Montreal, the romance and humor and picturesqueness of French Canadian life charmed him, and he wrote his little poems in the patois of Quebec Province, for his own satisfaction and the edification of his friends. He had accumulated enough of the verses to make a book before he consented to look for a publisher. Besides *The Habitant*, he published *Johnny Courteau* and *The Voyageur*. It is proof of the verity of Dr. Drummond's studies of the habitant that his little books were most popular in Canada, and among Canadians the world over, who know the French habitant well.

* * *

An editorial writer in the *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, N. Y., presents a very optimistic view of present conditions among Catholics in the United States as follows:

Professor Maurice Francis Egan, in introducing a lecturer at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., recently, called attention to the fact that we are in the midst of a Catholic educational renascence in this country. Catholics themselves may not realize this quite as well as they should. There is an old expression which says that sometimes it is impossible for those in a forest to see the forest itself, because of the leaves. Catholics, in the midst of serious Catholic interests of many kinds, do not appreciate certain significant forces that are at work in American life, and that make for the increase of influence of the Catholic Church among us, and that have attracted profound and widespread attention from those outside of the Church. During the past decade and a half the Catholic University has come prominently before the American public; Trinity College for the higher education of Catholic women has come into existence as a sister institute to the Catholic University; the Catholic Summer-School on Lake Champlain has developed into an institution which had over 7,000 in attendance at its last sessions, and the attendance is increasing by about one-sixth every year. At this rate, at the end of five years there will be nearly 15,000 people who will visit the shores of Lake Champlain to get into a Catholic atmosphere.

Nor is this all. During the past five years, in spite of the opening of a number of new Catholic schools and colleges, the attendance at practically all of the old Catholic educational institutions has increased much more than our Catholic population during the same time, and some of the colleges have doubled their attendance, one or two actually trebling the number of students who come for Catholic education. Catholic booksellers report that at last our Catholic people are awakening to the necessity for religious reading, and that they are buying Catholic books and periodicals more freely. The natural result is the issuance of a better class of books and magazines. The success of the Catholic Encyclopedia is beyond all doubt, and its first handsome volume, with its store of precious information with regard to the Church and her children, has come as a distinct surprise to many educated Protestants and has made them realize as never before how young and vigorous is that old Church that they have sometimes been accustomed to think of as a time-worn survival of a medieval institution. Other publications promise much. During the past year a new Catholic university at Fordham, having schools of medicine and law as well as of arts and sciences, has come into existence, with the approval of the regents of the University of the State of New York, and the first volume has been issued by the Fordham University Press. The Catholic Summer-School is also to invade the publishing field and the first volume, *The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries*, is to appear shortly before the opening of the school for the present year at the end of June.

All these represent a marvelous new movement in the American Church that Catholics should try to keep in touch with, or to get into if they are not already in its course. There are nearly fifteen millions of Catholics in this country now, and if they were only united in these efforts for education there is scarcely any limit that might be set to their accomplishment. Let us hope that the enthusiasm of this new movement will draw Catholics together better than ever before.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Freedom Through the Truth. An Examination of the Rev. Dr. A. V. G. Allen's *Freedom in the Church.* By Rev. G. B. Johnson, A.M. Price 30 cents; $25 per 100. *Church and State in France. 1300-1907.* By Arthur Galton, Vicar of Edenham and Chaplain to the Earl of Ancaster. Price $3.50. Alcuin Club Tracts. *The Sign of the Cross.* By Beresford-Cooke. Price 50 cents. *Contrasts in Social Progress.* By Edward Payson Tenney, M.A. Price $2.50. By mail, $2.70.

Robert Appleton Company, New York:
The Catholic Encyclopedia. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D.; Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D.; Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D.; Thomas J. Shahan, D.D.; John J. Wynne, S.J. Assisted by numerous Collaborators. In Fifteen Volumes. Vol I.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Jesus Christ and the Civilization of To-day. By J. A. Leighton, Ph.D. Pp. x.-248. Price $1.50 net. *The Church and the Changing Order.* By Shailer Mathews. Pp. viii.-255. Price $1.50 net.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Censorship of the Church of Rome and Its Influence Upon the Production and Distribution of Literature. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. In two vols. Vol. II. Pp. vi.-510.

Brentano's, New York:
Count Bunker. By J. Storer Clouston. Pp. 275. Cloth. Price $1.25.

Dodge Publishing Company, New York:
The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh. In two vols. Price, cloth, $2.50; leather, $6.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Growth. A Novel. By Graham Travers. Pp. 470.

Silver Burdett & Co., New York:
The American Normal Readers. By May Louise Harvey. First Book, pp. 144. Price 30 cents. Second Book, pp. 168. Price 40 cents.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York:
The Book of the Children of Mary. For Sodality and Private Use. Compiled and Arranged by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. Pp. xiv.-740. Price 50 cents net in cloth; 84 cents in leather.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Father Galwey. A Sketch. With Some Early Letters. By his Old Pupil, Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. Price 80 cents. *Little Aids to Piety.* Price 30 cents. *St. Joseph.* Collected from F. Faber. By Hon. A. Stourton. Price 30 cents. *The Queen's Festivals.* An Explanation of the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Price 60 cents. *When Love is Strong.* By Grace Keon. Price $1.25. *The Decrees of the Vatican Council.* Edited with an Introduction by the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. Price 60 cents.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York:
Mary the Mother of Christ in Prophecy and its Fulfilment. By R. F. Quigley, Ph.D. Third Edition. Pp. viii.-493. Price $1.50 net. *Repertorium Oratoris Sacri.* Containing Outlines of Six Hundred Sermons for all the Sundays and Holydays of the Ecclesiastical Year; also for other Solemn Occasions. Compiled from the works of Distinguished Preachers of Different Ages and Nations. By the Rev. Herman Hueser, D.D. In four vols. Price $6 net. *Catechismus Romanus Ex Decreto Concilii Tridentini ad Parochos Pii V. Pontificis Maximi Jussu Editus.* Editio Quarta. Pp. 500. Price $1.50 net. *Fountain of Living Water; or, Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for Every Day in the Year.* By Rev. A. A. Lambing. Pp. ix.-335. Price $1.50 net.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
The New Mission Book of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. A Manual of instruction and Prayers adapted to preserve the fruits of the Mission. Tenth Edition. Pp. 488. Leather and cloth. *Life of the Venerable Maria Diomira del Verbo Incarnato.* From the Italian. Price 90 cents.

Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.:
Annual Report of the United States Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1906. Pp. 460.

The Woodruff-Collins Press, Lincoln, Neb.:
Of Such is the Kingdom; and Other Stories from Life. By Richard L. Metcalfe. Pp. 209. Price, prepaid, $1.

Messenger Office, Wimbledon, S.W., London:
Nick Roby. The Story of His Childhood. By David Bearne, S.J. Pp. 148. Price 2*s* cloth, prepaid; 1*s* 6*d* boards.

Frederick Warne & Co., London:
Naomi's Transgression. By Darley Dale. Illustrated. Pp. 306. Price 2*s* 6*d.*

Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama, Japan:
The Praises of Amida. Seven Buddhist Sermons Translated frum the Japanese of Tada Kani. By Rev. Arthur Lloyd, M.A. Pp. 140.

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MANNING'S DOMESTIC SIDE.

(With Some Letters Hitherto Unpublished.)

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

SOON after Manning's appointment to the see of Westminster, London was amused by a *mot* of Bishop Ullathorne. He was seen to be shivering one day, and a friend asked him if he had caught a chill. "Oh, no"; replied the Bishop, "I have only been shaking hands with Manning!" Indeed, Manning was always looked upon as the living type of all that is cold and ungenial and lacking in sympathy. "The Marble Arch" was his playful *sobriquet* when the Archiepiscopal burden had been placed upon him. And when he appeared in the sanctuary at Moorfields on the day of his consecration, his natural paleness and diaphanous thinness, increased and emphasized by the long fast of the previous day, made one of the spectators declare that he looked exactly as did Lazarus on his resurrection from the tomb. This corpse-like appearance prompted an old Irishwoman in the crowded church to ejaculate, loud enough for the new Archbishop to hear: "What a pity to go through such a deal of trouble for the sake of three weeks!" "I think I have more in me than that," remarked Manning afterwards. "I expect to last some fifteen years yet." As a fact his episcopate, filled to the brim and pressed down with hard work, covered considerably more than a quarter of a century.

The old Irishwoman's calculation as to Manning's vitality

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was not one bit more flagrantly wide of the mark than was the opinion held almost universally during his lifetime, and still held as strongly as ever by many since his death, that the second Archbishop of Westminster was at heart cold and devoid of those natural affections and sympathies which cause a man to be loved by his friends and kindred. In saying that this judgment is false, I shall probably be instantly disagreed with by nine out of every ten of my readers. But before I have done I hope to be able to supply undeniable and authentic proofs that Henry Edward Manning was a man of large and wide, as well as warm, sympathies—nay, that he possessed more than the average of domestic affections, as husband and brother, while there was no one whose heart was more wrung with sorrow at witnessing or hearing of the griefs of others.

How was it, then, that a judgment exactly contrary to this was almost universally pronounced by his contemporaries? To this question the answer is twofold. First of all there was in Manning, from the earliest period of his life, a certain innate feature which can, perhaps, be best described by the word *donnishness*. When he actually became a don at Balliol and Merton this feature was, probably, not by that fact diminished. His *manner* was apt to be cold, and this alone never shows a person at his best. Again, strange as it may sound, he was essentially a shy man. It needed a certain fearlessness on the part of an interlocutor to enable Manning to break through his shyness, and, as step by step his position became more and more exalted, the number of those who were likely to break through the barriers of distance, restraint, and therefore of shyness, became fewer and fewer.

He never forgot that he was a leader of men, and, though possessed of the saving sense of humor, he never allowed others to forget it either. But, after all, the ice was very thin. Close beneath the "marble" of the Archbishop beat a big, warm, human heart—a heart absorbed, in youth and early manhood, by home affections, the love of a devoted husband and brother, and by the sympathy with which the minister of a parish shares in the joys, sorrows, struggles, and temptations of his flock. In the later years of his life the great outside public, that had known nothing at all of Manning in his home life, began to realize that his heart could feel deeply and act strongly on behalf of his fellow-men. Indeed, it is only a truism to say that philanthropy was the ruling passion of his life. Nor was it any mere arm-chair philanthropy, but hard and constant labor, intellectual and physical.

First his object was the poor, untaught children for whom there were no schools—those destitute infants of the streets, who lacked the good things of the present life, and were running an imminent risk of losing those of the life eternal. "Not a stone of my cathedral shall be laid," was his noble resolve, "until there is school accommodation for every child in my diocese." Then the housing of the poor engaged his thoughts; then the protection of innocent girls; and just before the shadows of life's evening clouded around him, his large, fatherly heart went out in sympathy towards the dock-laborers and their families.

For eleven whole days of a sultry summer the old Cardinal, notwithstanding his burden of eighty years, toiled in the close, airless streets of the East End, hour after hour, never for a moment losing patience, arguing, pleading, explaining, and using the great authority of his name and office. "If you do not listen," said the Cardinal, addressing the employers, "I will go into the streets and speak face to face with the men. Twenty-five thousand of them are my spiritual children. They will listen to me." His auditors, spell-bound by the eloquence of his presence and office no less than by that of his words, recognized that he spoke the truth, and the labors of the aged prelate were crowned at last by the "Cardinal's Peace." Not a single movement of any importance could be set on foot for the benefit of the human race and the alleviation of suffering without its attracting the active co-operation, or at least the blessing and approval, of the hard-worked Cardinal. Some, indeed, thought that he carried this policy too far. "Take care, your Eminence," said one of his friends, "this is Socialism." "To you," he replied, "it may be Socialism. To me it is simple Christianity."

And yet, by a strange paradox, at the very time at which Manning's reputation as a warm-hearted philanthropist was gaining ground, and almost in proportion to that gain, his private friends, especially those few survivors of the old Lavington days, were contrasting the affectionate terms of the past with the aloofness of the present. His sister-in-law, Mary Wilberforce, than whom none knew or understood him better, used to say: "As he grows holier he becomes more and more detached. Detachment of course is a great virtue, but it is not pleasant for those upon whom it is exercised."

Here we have the key to nearly all of what people looked upon as Manning's coldness and want of sympathy. That his heart was brimful of the purest affection was never doubted by those who really knew him in the old days—nay, it was never doubted by any who ever made appeal to his heart in any sorrow. But as years went on there was undoubtedly less that was spontaneous. The waters of sympathy were there, as they had ever been, but the rock had to be struck before they would flow. That they flowed in abundance then, let those testify who had recourse to their healing powers. In saying this I purposely speak of Manning's intercourse with his private friends and kindred. To his own priests he was always accessible and always open, as becomes the true bishop.

It is interesting to look upon Manning as he once was to his nearest and dearest, and this we are happily able to do. If ever a man reveals himself and the inner thoughts of his soul, it is when he is writing to those whom he loves, to those who understand him and appreciate him. Thus, in a letter dated February, 1839, written from Rome during his first visit to the Eternal City, he says to his brother-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce:

> Somehow when men have the hold of each other's affections, as we have, correspondence loses of its necessity what it gains in enjoyment. We can trust each other longer without reassurances of affection, and enjoy them all the more when they come. Whenever I begin to write, instead of writing of Rome, I feel drawn to think of England and all I have left behind me. Sometimes I can hardly overcome an impatient desire to be at work.

The same letter gives us Manning's impressions of Rome, where he was destined thirty years later to play so important a *rôle* as one of the Fathers of the Vatican Council. He writes:

> We are now in the thick of the carnival—such a scene of mad riot you never saw, with a strange, imperturbable good humor. Conceive the whole Corso, nearly a mile long, hung with all colors from windows and balconies, thronged with

> people, and two lines of carriages moving side by side, one up, the other down the streets—hundreds, I might say thousands, of maskers, in all kinds of grotesque gear—and the whole mass above and below in a frenzy of pelting, and clouds and drifts of sugar-plums and flour and chalk flying every way. This lasts every day, except Friday and Sunday, from 2 P. M. to 5, at which time the horses run, and all breaks up as if nothing had happened. . . . . We had a beautiful sight on Thursday. St. Peter's was illuminated. I saw it from the opposite hill. At dusk the church looked as if it were built of light, every line and feature of the architecture being exactly expressed by illumination, and it looked as if it were full of a light which broke through at all its characteristic points. There was something more mildly splendid and unearthly than I ever saw in any other form. At half-past six an intense light burst from the cross, and in an instant the whole building blazed up into a sheet of bright flames. The architectural features were drowned in the light, but the outline was perfect. This afternoon I saw another beautiful sight. I went up to the Monte Pincio to see the sun set. When it was on the horizon I got to a place where the dome of St. Peter's exactly hid the sun, and cast a broad shade right across the city of Rome, upon the Pincian Hill. One ray of light came right through the dome, by the central windows, but in its passage seemed to catch a deep golden color—on each side of the dome were the rays of the sun diverging along the lines of the shadow. These two effects of light were of the kind far the most beautiful I ever saw.

These were far too early days for the young rector of Lavington to recognize any possible symbolism in a scene wherein was depicted the type of the Eternal Sun which was only to be reached through the Church of Christ as typified by the great basilica of St. Peter. The next letter, to his sister-in-law, Mary Wilberforce, is still more intimate in tone, dealing as it does, in part at least, with a family matter. On the 14th of March, 1839, was born Arthur Henry Wilberforce, who was destined to become a distinguished missioner and member of the Order of St. Dominic. He was, of course, a nephew of Manning (his mother being one of the four Miss Sargents, of Lavington), and his parents had written a joint letter to Manning, asking him to become godfather to their child. Manning replies to this request, under date "Palermo, April 3, 1839," as follows:

MY DEAREST MARY: You will know how glad your joint letter has made me. And when I tell you how I got it, and how nearly I missed it, you will easily think how much more happy it made me. I was at the port at Naples to embark for Sicily, having given up all hopes of my letters, the post not being open, and had ordered them to be returned to Florence, where I cannot be for a month, when I determined to make one more attempt, and got yours and was on board just as they were starting. Otherwise I should have been waiting and longing to hear for weeks. And now what can I say but that I rejoice with you, and that many times a day I have thought of you lately. I do not think of you less often now, but with another feeling. What you ask, dearest Mary, you know I should with the greatest delight undertake, and I already regard your boy among those who belong to me directly or indirectly in that way. As to the time of my being with you—for a man to write from Palermo, after such a gale as I got here in, and to fix times, is amusing—but if all things fall out as I trust, I shall hope to be in England at the end of June. This I fear will delay it longer than any of us could wish, but let me know if possible when it is to take place. I shall hope to hear the same good accounts of you and of him, and you must make Henry write to me as soon as you get this, and direct to Florence, and put in something of your own. You must give my most affectionate love to your dear mother, and kiss her for me. I have been thinking very much of her this afternoon, but that I will tell you presently—for I am going to send you a good full letter after the fashion of a traveller. We (C. Carey and I) started from Naples Monday at 10. The day beautiful and sea smooth. In the afternoon the wind freshened, and at evening it blew. At 10 P. M. I went to bed and to sleep, and got up next morning between 5 and 6, went on deck, and found a most immense swell. The men told me it had blown hard all night. . . . At Palermo they told me that the wind had done in the town and among the shipping of the port 40,000 ducats damage (about £5,000). And now for Palermo. I have seen nothing since I left England that has given me the sort of pleasure I have here. Of course Rome has its own interest; and I do not compare it with Palermo, nor some parts of the country near Naples, which are splendid. But this place has a beauty and interest altogether distinct. Palermo is built on a plain entirely surrounded by the most precipitous mountains, which have an outline far more irregular than any I remember to have seen, except on the side towards the sea where the mountains open and run out, forming a beautiful bay and harbor. The foundation of the town is extremely ancient. Since the decline of the Roman power in Sicily it has been inhabited by Greeks, Saracens, and Northmen (?) and the architecture is a mass of all three. The cathedral, a splendid Gothic mixed with rich Saracenic ornament. The Royal Palace, of which part is said to have been built in the eleventh or twelfth century, a mixture of the same kind. All the churches have something Gothic—a tower, or windows, or a doorway. The arches and gates are a sort of Norman, the convents and palaces and even common houses are in some sort of keeping, so that as a whole it is more like a city of four or five centuries ago than any I ever saw.

The plain is actually rank with fertility.. Every sort of tree, olives, pines, palms, and every sort of plant and flower, growing luxuriantly, and even now all green, and oranges beginning to blossom; and the ring of the mountains with every sort of light and shade and color, with villages scattered under them and on their sides; and on the other side of the town the Mediterranean deep blue. Altogether it is a scene unlike any city I have been in, on which modern improvements have as yet committed no ravages. I went and walked about in the Botanical Gardens, close to the sea, and found all kinds of flowers in bloom. Many I knew, and many I could not remember the names of, and I longed for your mother, and thought how she would enjoy it.* The garden is all laid in formal beds with box edges, and the walks overhung with orange trees and willows, cypresses, pines, and most beautiful palm trees. It has been to-day a thorough April day, heavy showers and bright gleams, and I almost thought I could hear and smell things growing. I thought of some lines of Coleridge's, the first of a set about the Nightingale, where he describes an April night, which were just such as would suit the sunset. I always long for you when I see these beautiful sights, and think how much more I should delight in them if I could bring you by some uncanny spell to look at them with me. . . . I must come and spend another week at Bransgore. I cannot say how often I have thought of my visit and our drives to Christchurch and Wimborne, and I am wearing the very hat I

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* He refers to Mrs. John Sargent, the mother of his late wife, who kept house for him in the early days of his widowhood. His wife's last words to her mother had been: "Take care of Henry."

> bought at Salisbury, which is now as white as a deposit of dried salt can make it. But you must save some of your time to spend at Lavington when I come home, for I shall not be able to move again till Henry is Bishop of Chester. And now, dearest Mary, I must fill the rest of my letter with love to all, from Grandmother downwards, and pray give it for me most affectionately, to your mother especially, and believe me always, Your affectionate brother, H. E. M.

Those who only knew Manning in later years would have scarcely credited him with the possession of so much home feeling as this letter displays. It may as well be explained that Bransgore was the name of Henry Wilberforce's first living. It stood on the borders of the New Forest. In the autumn of the very year in which Manning wrote the letter quoted above, Newman was a guest of Henry Wilberforce's, at his parsonage, and it was during a walk through the New Forest that Newman imparted to his friend the "astounding confidence" which "pierced the very soul of his hearer with grief and terror," for it implied that doubts had crossed his mind as to the right of the Church of England to be called Catholic.*

Notwithstanding Manning's prophecy, Henry Wilberforce, by God's mercy, was never Bishop of Chester or of any other see. At the sacrifice of all his earthly prospects, he resigned a valuable living, in 1850, and was received into the Catholic Church, and lived to see Manning Archbishop of Westminster.

In a letter written five years later, Manning refers to the subject of church singing on which he often expressed strong opinions. The "Motu Proprio" would have filled his heart with joy, and we may be sure that it would have been rigidly enforced in the Westminster churches, if he had still been their spiritual ruler. Speaking of his Lavington church, he writes in July, 1844:

> We are in a poorish way. Chanting needs to be carefully kept up, and it is really frightful work. I really feel still at a loss about the manner of dividing. And hardly know what to say. I have a feeling that we are all wrong hitherto, and that confirms a feeling I never can get rid of about the unreal and almost irreverent effect of making the Psalms light

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* The visitations of this "ghost," as Newman called it, and this early announcement of its existence, were related in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for August, 1906, pp. 590–592.

> and musical, which I always have when they are sung in harmony, and somewhat fast. The genuine Roman chants are extremely slow and monotonous, as we hear them abroad, and certainly they are more like worship.
>
> Give my most kind and brotherly love to dearest Mary. I know you have thought of me. God is great, and all his ways are above, out of our sight; and they are very awful and severe to walk in.

The next letter was written at a time of thick darkness and desolation for those who had been for years leaning upon Newman, with the comfortable feeling that they were safe in the Church of England so long as he himself remained in it. But on October 9, 1845, this great leader left them and was received into the Catholic Church. Manning, writing ten days later to Mary Wilberforce, says:

> You do not know what I felt in reading your letter this morning. Neither do you know how I love you. Such words as yours are now almost more than I can understand; they seem to wake up something which I have dreamt and cannot remember. The other night I was full of all sad thoughts of things past and to come; and the past and the future jarred harshly together, and I could not talk of what I felt most. But it was a heartfelt pleasure to see you, my most dear sister. I trust you do love me, for I feel that I should grow worse if people left off loving me as I deserve they should. May God bless you; and will you always believe me to be your loving brother, H. E. M.

As the years go on, and his anchorage in the Church of England grows weaker, Manning's letters become more pathetic and passionate. Sometimes they seem to be the cry of one who feels the ground sinking beneath him and knows not where to look for support and foothold. He writes to Henry Wilberforce:

> Your letter was very soothing to me. It found me under great sadness, arising chiefly from sorrows of others, not my own. . . . When I think of you both, I feel that I have a brother and sister who would love and console me till I need solace no more. And it is most deeply soothing to me. . . . And, now, what shall I say to your letter? I feel that in the end nothing will ever part us three. Either we

> shall all die where we are, or, through much heartbreaking, we shall all meet elsewhere. I should much desire to see and talk with you, but how and when I do not know. I cannot come to you, nor leave home at present. It would indeed be a great delight if we were nearer; but I always feel rebuked in myself by the thought that if I were what I might be God would be enough for me. . . . Pray for me as needing tenfold more prayers than yourself, both for my sins and my perils.

The conversion of Mrs. George Ryder, sister of his wife and of Mary Wilberforce, was at that early date a subject of trouble and anxiety to Manning. She and her husband were in Rome and doubtless the rumor of their reception had just reached England. Manning wrote:

> I am indeed very anxious and shall be about our dearest Sophia. It is a great sorrow and fear for you, dear Mary. All your love seems to descend upon her and yet not to lose its hold of the others. Yesterday at the altar I thought of her. I now think I did write to you after all, but I had rather write twice than seem unloving to you, my dearest sister.

And four days later comes another brotherly letter, written for Mary Wilberforce's birthday.

> Is not to-morrow your birthday? All good and all happiness be with you. This has been a time of many thoughts, some bright and fair, some sad and heavy; a day "neither light nor dark, but in the evening time there shall be light!" We are all going on to that time, the first Vespers of an All Saints' Day which is eternal.

And the letter goes on to deal with his feelings and views about devotion to our Blessed Lady (Protestant enough, of course), but noticeable in that he calls her the "Mother of God," showing that he was free, even in those days, from the not uncommon heresy which "divides Christ," by saying that our Lady is Mother of the Sacred Humanity, but not of God.

> What you ask about the prayers of the Mother of God I feel it hard to answer. Certainly she is an object of our love and veneration. I know of no affection of heart which is not due to her. "Son, behold thy Mother!" is enough to make

> us her children in spirit. But when I see that neither St. Augustine in the west, nor St. Athanasius in the east invoked her, I feel that it cannot be a duty and that true prayers lose nothing. Also I seem to have a fear, believing that these invocations have diverted trust and intention of heart which are due to God.
>
> At least I cannot think that they will lose her prayers who do not invoke her out of a loving fear of doing amiss. May we all be guided and may he accept us and our prayers through the intercession of all saints.

When Henry Wilberforce's son Arthur was ten years of age, the question as to his spiritual training arose, and we gather from a letter written at this time by Manning that he had been asked to become his confessor. It is touching to see a mind such as Manning's trying to content himself with the poor husks of Protestantism, while his whole soul revolted against their barren dryness. But he was, in this spring of 1849, on the eve of his glorious and happy entrance into the one true Church with her life-giving sacraments. He writes to Mary Wilberforce:

> I have been too slow to answer your letter about Arthur. In truth, I did not know what to say. If it were possible, I would most gladly try what I could do for him, dear boy, but the seldom meeting is so great a difficulty and so great a *danger*. With children I feel that a confessor should have his eye upon them; otherwise he must be in their hands, not they in his. This was the reason why I told H [enry] that I thought he had better get some one on the spot to take him.

Then, referring to those who in life had served God in the dim light of Evangelicalism, he adds:

> Yes I do believe if they were still among us they would, some altogether, some in great measure, believe and desire as we do and be our examples to better things. For surely if anything ever brought us to the foot of the Cross it is confession, the altar, and the sacrifice. I grow very sick, sad, and weary and but for my sins long to lie down, that all these strivings and contradictions may be over. But we must be patient and content, for even these are too good for us. May God greatly bless and cheer you, my dearly loved sister, this Easter season. Ever yours, H. E. M.

That year and the two succeeding ones were weary periods for Manning. It was during this time that his faith in Anglicanism grew fainter and fainter, until it altogether expired; that his confidence, strong as it had once been, in the Church of England as part of Christ's institution, gradually weakened and fell away. It was Manning's death-bed as an Anglican, as Newman in his own case had described the long agony that preceded conversion. No wonder he wrote that he was "sad, sick, and weary," and willing, but for the thought of his unworthiness, to lie down and die. The next letter breathes a like spirit of despondency. It is dated July, 1849, and addressed to Henry and Mary Wilberforce, whom he calls his "very dear brother and sister":

> I knew you did not forget me, but I do not know what to write. All I would say outgrows what I can say, and I seem to find nothing so good as to hold my peace. May you neither know what it is to tarry long, and yet if it be best for you I would not wish you to lose it. Certainly but for our weakness God would be enough. And is, as I know; and yet in saying it, I know it to be a hard saying. These twelve years seem to be a dream, or rather the three which went before [which were those of his married life]. And it is hard to believe that anything was ever otherwise than it is now. Sometimes I have thought all would be lighter if the Church and its altars in this land were more plainly divine. But then I know that unless I have more faith the Upper-Chamber itself would be an upper-chamber and no more. But we grievously need religious brotherhood, and religious homes. When the earthy are dissolved what remains to us? Much, as I know, thank God, and yet we need something above ourselves which, when we "fail, may receive us into everlasting habitations." But our system is of earth and time, social and down-pressing. I did not mean to write all this. And if I lived more by faith in the Heavenly Court I should not. . . .
>
> All blessings with you both, my very dear Mary, your most loving brother, H. E. M.

A letter written somewhere about this date, to Sidney Herbert, describes an incident which could not have failed to deepen Manning's conviction that the system to which he still belonged was indeed one "of earth and time." He writes:

> I had a strange conversation, about a month ago, with Goulburn about Church matters. He contended that money and a peerage are the chief social importance of a bishop; that it is his social not his spiritual character which impresses the people and serves the Church. I had thought the last specimen of this race had been some time in the British Museum. For some years I have never seen a live one.

In 1849 East Farleigh, the little town in which Manning's brother-in-law, Henry Wilberforce, was Protestant vicar, was visited by a terrible outbreak of cholera. The victims were the poor Irish who came year by year to work in the Kentish hop-fields. Of course they were all of them Catholics, and Mr. Wilberforce accordingly sent to town for spiritual aid. Two of the London Oratorians came at once to East Farleigh to minister to the sick and dying. One of them was Father Faber, and he and his companion were Mr. Wilberforce's guests in the parsonage.* To quote Cardinal Newman's beautiful words:

> Every good deed done for our Lord's sake has its reward from him, and Mr. Wilberforce used to call to mind with infinite gratitude that on the day of the year on which he had received our Lord's servants into his house, he and his were, by our Lord's mercy, received into the everlasting home of the Catholic Church.

Among those that came to comfort and help the poor stricken hop-pickers, who could not of course accept *spiritual* ministration except from priests of the Catholic Church, was Archdeacon Manning.

Returning to Lavington after this visit he wrote thus to Henry Wilberforce:

> I cannot tell you what that night and morning were to me. I trust I have learned what I shall never forget, which has given me an unspeakable peace. And I would have come all the way if only to give that poor boy a cup of water. I cannot tell you what came into my thoughts when he asked for it just as I was going.† How happy are you to be able to do so much and for so many. May God be with you and around

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* At a time, be it noted, when any intimacy between a priest and a parson was sure to cast upon the latter the dreaded stigma of "Popery."

† No doubt he remembered our Lord's promise to those who should give even a cup of cold water to a disciple.

> you both that no harm may touch you; or rather that all good may rest upon you.

The agony of Manning's Anglican death-bed was drawing near, and as his hold upon what he had once believed to be part of the True Church gradually weakened, his heart seemed more and more to warm towards those whom he had ever loved with a real brotherly affection.

A little more than a year before his conversion he writes thus in answer to a letter from Mary Wilberforce:

> Neither do you know what your love is to me; and how all my love and memory hang round about it. And this season of the year puts me back into a time of vision, "in months past," when all was beautiful and as firm under foot as it was clear overhead. Is all this illusion or a deceit of the devil? Do you remember riding in the wood between Calloways and Rd. Hill's cottage? I am afraid these things hold me in a weak and foolish way . . . How many there are now all gathered in: and do they not know all truth? How I long for one word to say: "You are right, or, wrong."

In little more than a twelvemonth that word came to him—not, indeed, from the lips of dead friends, but from the mouth of God himself, whispering to his soul. But as late even as the autumn of this year, 1850, we find Manning writing in fear to Henry Wilberforce lest he should take the great step precipitately. Mr. Wilberforce was then in Malines, having just resigned his living, and with it all prospect of advancement and prosperity in this world. From Malines he went to make a Retreat and to receive instructions from the Jesuit Fathers in Brussels, and Manning, hearing of this, writes:

> What shall I say to you, my most dear brother? I feel all you write, and wish I could see and speak with you, and, God willing, soon will. Meanwhile, try to do as you say, get time, quiet, recollection, and a clearer sight. Make a resolve with yourself not to act in the Jesuit house. I do not mean oppose your will to any Truth; but resist impulse of present feeling.

But Mr. Wilberforce's reception that soon followed, at the cost of nearly all his dearest friends as well as of his career, was the result of no impulse, and it only preceded Manning's own submission by half a year. In April, 1851, "with the fullest conviction, both of reason and of conscience," he was received by Father Brownbill into the Catholic Church.

A letter dated the following September, when he had been five months a Catholic, details the incidents of his final visit to his beloved Lavington. He writes:

> It was a strange time. I had shrunk from it as if I could not go there; but when the time came I longed for it. And when I got there I had the sort of happiness and sadness which I suppose I should have if I had died and come back again. . . . It was so wonderful to walk about through the woods and garden as a stranger. Nothing ever brought back 1833* so vividly. But would I have it back? As Henry says: "Track home" is best, and we shall go no more out.

One of the most loved and venerated members of that charmed circle at Lavington was Mrs. John Sargent, the mother of Manning's wife and of Mrs. Henry Wilberforce. She it was who lived in the Rectory of Lavington in the early years of the Rector's widowhood; she it was who became in later days the companion of her other widowed son-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce. No mother was ever more dearly loved than she. By none was such love more worthily earned. Manning's filial affection towards her found expression during her last illness in 1861, at which date he was a priest of several years' standing, and Superior of the Oblates at Bayswater. Several members of the family were assembled round Mrs. Sargent's dying bed at Cuddesdon. To one of her daughters, Mary Wilberforce, Manning wrote, on June 6, 1861:

> I have indeed been saying Mass for our most dear mother. This morning I said the Mass of the S. Heart, and commended her to the infinite love of our Divine Lord. It seems strange to me to think of all that is passing where you are, and not to be with you. But in truth I feel it to be a relief that I am not there. For I could do nothing, and I could not look on. And dearly as I should desire to see her once again, I feel that I should have more pain than consolation. And to her I feel I could minister nothing. It brings back on me many times in these twenty years, and the many last days

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* The date of his marriage.

> we have watched over. They are nearly ended now. For few of us remain of the full house at Lavington. It was a beautiful world, and if there were no world to come, I do not know that I would wish for anything more. I know nothing more sweet and peaceful than Lavington in the old days which we remember. And they look so beautiful that they seem more like a dream than anything in the hard world in which I have had to live these many years.
>
> You have done the best thing you could do in making with her the act of contrition; and she would certainly say: "I believe in all that God has revealed, and if there be anything I do not know, I believe it in my heart." Give her my fondest filial love and tell her I am praying for her to our dear Lord.

Surely no Catholic ministering to a Protestant death-bed could do better than adopt the advice given by Manning on this occasion. And how many of those who have heard of Manning as cold and lacking in sympathy, would have expected him to use words overflowing with tenderness, such as were evoked by this and other occasions of family sorrow?

Though it is more than forty years since Pius IX. chose him as Wiseman's successor in the see of Westminster, it may still be of interest to read what Manning said to his sister-in-law, on his appointment. He wrote on May 24, 1865:

> I have waited only for a moment till I could write quietly to you. These last days have been a hard time. I thank you with all my heart for your loving letter, and you know how truly and unchangeably I have loved you as my sister. It seems to me as if I were in a dream. I could hardly feel for days secure from waking up and finding it was just daylight. But now the reality has grown upon me. Though as yet the burden is not sensible, as it soon will be.
>
> Two things console and strengthen me; the one that this comes to me from the Holy Father alone, despite all human influence could do against it. The other that the whole diocese has come to me, even those who were most opposed in time past, in a way I never could have believed. Moreover, the laity, and above all the old Catholics of England, have shown me a charity which shows how little the *Times* knows us. So much for myself. Now, I trust I may see you and dearest Henry even more than before, for I am less tied than

> I was by rule. And among the few surviving memories, you and he are chief. Give my love to him, and pray, both of you, for me, and may God ever bless you and your children. Believe me always your loving brother, H. E. M.

It is notorious that Manning was averse to speaking of his marriage, and this reticence has been hastily attributed by many to a supposed feeling that in embracing the married state he had for that time at least swerved from the highest ideal. Mr. Purcell in his *Life* states the matter thus:

> In his Anglican days the death of his wife produced in his heart and whole nature a grief so profound and abiding, as to forbid even the mention of her name. As a priest and cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, he never alluded to his marriage, either because the fact of his having once been a married man was personally painful; or because he feared that the common knowledge of his early marriage, strange as it may seem, might produce, somehow or other, among his Catholic flock, especially priests, monks, and nuns, an unpleasant impression derogatory to his high ecclesiastical dignity and position.

Allowing for some truth in this quotation, I personally believe that Manning shrank from the mention of his marriage because he knew that it would reopen a wound which had pierced him to the very heart. The grief when it came had been so intense and crushing as to be beyond all words. He says in a letter to Newman:

> The great thought is before me night and day, but I have long since become unable either to speak or write of it. . . . All I can do now is to keep at work. There is a sort of rush into my mind when unoccupied, I can hardly bear.*

To another correspondent he describes his sorrow as "a sort of grapple with what was crushing me."† Add to this the testimony of George Richmond, R.A., who said, speaking of Manning:

> Yes; his grief was great and abiding—too great for words; he never spoke of her. I was a frequent visitor at Lavington

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* Quoted in Purcell's *Life*. Vol. I., p. 123. † *Ibid.*

> in those days of sorrow, and often found Manning seated by the grave-side of his wife, composing his sermons. *

His extreme reticence on the subject of the blow which shattered the happiness of his home adds greatly to the interest of any words which he wrote to those who were nearest both to his lost one and to himself. The memories of his married life and of the crushing sorrow which ended it, were much too sacred to be recalled in words. Except to the very few intimate survivors of his Lavington days, he never broke the silence which fell upon him in July, 1837, while even to them he never mentioned his wife's name. We find nothing in the most intimate letters to his wife's sister, beyond allusions, rare and guarded, to that love and that sorrow which transcended words. This reticence makes such letters doubly precious. Two of them I am happily able to quote. The first was written nine months before his reception into the Church, when the lonely and still sorrowing widower was remembering the anniversary of his wife's death. He had come upon three letters of hers, the last he ever received from her, and he sends them to Mary Wilberforce for her perusal. He writes:

> God only knows what we were to each other; and she is with him. I would not bring her back for all worlds. We shall meet soon; and go out no more. . . . God be ever with you who, after her, are to me most what she was.

Again, in a letter of September 7, 1852, there is another equally touching reference to her who had made him so happy a home during four brief years. This time, too, it is to Mary Wilberforce that he writes:

> You are to me what nothing else on earth can be—a part of the past—and the only part still altogether surviving. And even in the past you were always the nearest to me, because she and I were one. And now your love is for both. It does, indeed, seem a vision too bright and too fleeting to be true. It is wonderful how of late it has returned upon me. But how blessed. I would not recall it for worlds. I would not go back fifteen—nineteen years for all its happiness sevenfold. All I desire is grace and work till we meet in the kingdom of God.

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* *Ibid.*

These last sentences are worthy of note, particularly by those who believe that converts repine at the step they have taken. Writing as a Catholic and a priest, he was able to look back upon the unclouded happiness of the past without a flicker of regret for the home that used to be. He wrote in words that are nothing short of poetry in prose:

> I loved . . . the little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayer, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years, became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order; and if there were no eternal world, I could have made it my home.

But all this he cast aside "for the excellent knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"All I want is grace and work," he wrote. Little did he foresee what that work was to be—what a glorious pontificate it was to include. But all toil and labor were light and easy to him, for he looked on to the end—to the home that knows no sorrow, to the rest that knows no alloy. "The tender memories of the past" were dear to him, inexpressibly dear, and yet, as he contemplated the glory that was to be revealed in him, he was able to write: "The thought that my Home is not past, but to come, is beyond all words." For the Home which was to come, the Home where he now rests, is everlasting, and from it "he shall go no more out."

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.[*]

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER X.

AT BRANDON HALL.

LIKE many another poor mortal, Ned Galway, trusting too much to his little learning, and refusing to be taught by experience, fell and fell sadly. The conviction forced itself on his imagination until it became a monomania, that gold was here, here in their own townland, where they were born and reared, and where now this black stranger coolly comes in and, by aid of superior knowledge, which was uncanny and criminal, was piling up an enormous fortune secretly and covertly from the world. The thought was maddening. Ned had read all about Nevada and the mines of Kimberley, and the rivers rolling down their golden sand in far India. And here, clearly and unmistakably, was this prospector, luckily for himself, digging and mining and pocketing the precious metal that had lain so long within a few feet of their own labors.

The nights were cold; Ned Galway heeded it not, but established a kind of detective system of his own, by which, sooner or later, he sought to catch Hamberton, as the wise men of old caught the Leprechaun and compelled him to surrender his ill-gotten wealth. Night after night he wandered around the lonely hills that frowned down on the marble quarries, expecting to see the glint of the lantern that would mark the Englishman at work; but he saw nothing, except, now and again, a hare that he might start from her form, or some wild thing creeping in the darkness from covert to covert. The good wife came to the conclusion that Ned's head was "turned"; and she communicated her fears to others; until at length the report reached Hamberton of Ned's nocturnal vigils, and he

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[*] Copyright. 1906. Longmans, Green & Co.

swore he would teach the fellow a lesson, and then dismiss him back to his farm and his fishing.

In one of the limestone caves in his quarries he had a tall figure dressed completely in white, the head covered except to reveal a grinning skull. He placed a lantern to hang as it were from the hands of the dead, and secreted two confidential men in the cave on a certain very dark night in January. Then, when his whole household were stilled in sleep, he came out at midnight, and slowly and cautiously entered the rough path to his quarries. As he went along, he threw the powerful light of an acetylene lamp before him; and he often paused and looked down, and picked up worthless pebbles and threw them away. He was quite conscious that his every movement was watched from above, and he strove by every gesture and pause to increase Ned Galway's suspicions. At last he put out the light and entered the cave, and instantly Ned descended and followed him.

"I have him at lasht," said Ned. "An' he's the divil if he escapes me now. Here he has his gold heaped up in bags or boxes, I suppose. I wondher will I be able for him!"

Ned's idea was to come behind Hamberton, when the latter was counting his treasures, and seize him and them, using only the violence that might be necessary to carry out his project. He calculated that Hamberton might not know him in the darkness; or that, if he were detected, it would be Hamberton's interest, as well as his own, to keep the matter secret. For he had some dim idea that Hamberton's supposed mining was not strictly legal; and that the government or the landlord had claims on mines and minerals.

He stumbled over broken limestone and marble, as he descended from his post of observation; and, once or twice, when he caused some larger boulder to tumble down the declivity, with a noise as he imagined like thunder, his guilty conscience made him pause in terror. As he proceeded further, his terror became greater, until the bark of a sleepless dog, or even the wash of the sea, made him tremble. He would have turned back, but that the demon of cupidity was too strong within him, and the glint of the imaginary gold blinded his eyes to guilt and danger.

At length, after many pauses, he reached the opening of the cave. There was the dim reflection of some light cast from behind a mighty shelf of rock that screened the entrance of the cavern, and Ned thought: "He's now at his work, the divil; and won't he be surprised!"

Cautiously he crept forward, and then, after a moment's pause, he flew swiftly around the boulder, and came face to face, not with Hamberton, but with the awful sheeted, silent figure, with the skull grinning from beneath the white hood. A lantern hung down before the ghost and lit the walls of the cave.

For an instant Ned Galway was paralyzed with terror, and could only stare. There was a sudden bending forward of the awful figure, and then the unhappy fellow, with an awful shriek, turned to flee. As he did the figure fell on him and threw him to the earth. The lantern was extinguished, and in the darkness and dread and cold terror, as of death, his consciousness staggered and fled.

In the gray dawn of the morning, when the men assembled for work in the quarries, they thought they heard stifled moans proceeding from a certain cave, where sometimes they left their picks and hammers after the day's work. After some hesitation, for the Irish peasant is rather fearful of "finding somethin'" that would implicate him with the law, they entered the cave and saw but a white sheet, from beneath which the moans came, sad and fitful enough, a broken lantern, and a skull. They raised the sheet and discovered the prostrate figure of Ned Galway, more dead than alive. To every query, there was but one feeble answer:

"Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!"

"What the divil brought you here, Ned, man alive?"

"Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!"

"How long are you here?"

"Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!"

"Rouse up, man alive, and tell us what happened."

"Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!"

"Thunder and turf, man! What ghosht? What did you see?"

"Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!"

"This bangs Banagher. This must be the banshee that we hard last night late. But what brought Ned Galway here in the middle of the night?"

"Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!"

They took him home and told his wife the circumstances. Even to her queries he had but one answer: "The ghost! the ghosht!" And for many years after, whenever Ned was coming home from a fair or market, and was "unco fu'" it was a usual sight to behold Ned swaying to and fro within the prison of his crate and cart, and to hear him cry with outstretched hands: "Oh! the ghosht! the ghosht!" At last he became known all around the countryside as "The Haunted Man."

Hamberton, however, was not disposed to let him off so easily. He had a good deal of contempt for such a character; and he needed an example to prove that the popular fancy about hidden treasure was ill-founded, and also to show the discontented moiety of his laborers that he was not a man to be trifled with.

When time and thought brought back something like reason to Ned Galway, Hamberton calmly but firmly demanded an authentic account of the event that was now the talk of two parishes. The one point that he desired particularly to clear up was, what brought Ned to the cave that winter night. He knew right well what it was; but he demanded the admission from Ned's own lips. This was no easy task. Ned had several theories about his presence in the cave, and these varied as their probabilities. He said he was bewitched; that he was a somnambulist; that he had dreamt three times running that there was a "crock of goold" hidden in the cave, and that it was whilst dreaming he sought it. Finally, he declared that it was "thim moonlighters, who wor agin the government an' every dacent, hard-working man, and who would think no more of shooting an Englishman than of shooting a rabbit, who took him by force out of his warm bed by night, and thranshported him to the cave, where they held their nocturnal and rebellious meetings."

Hamberton took each story as it came from Ned's lips, and told it to the men; and each new invention was a source of intense amusement day by day; whilst Hamberton saw that every additional falsehood was wearing softly away every trace of discontent and every lingering idea that he was secretly amassing wealth. Then, one day, he determined to call them together and talk to them of their infidelity and perfidy. But he abandoned the idea under the influence of some cynical humor.

"'Tis all the same," he argued, "and will be so to the end of time. All men are liars. I must tolerate them until I can leave them forever."

This was the idea—not passion, nor fear, nor monomania—but the calm, well-formed idea that was haunting the mind of this singular man. The idea of getting out of life, when he had accomplished certain things, as softly and as voluptuously as possible. The old Roman mode of life, sybaritic, cynical, philosophical, appealed strongly to him. And the Roman method of leaving life appealed to him still more strongly. He had no idea of drifting on to old age, a prey to every wretched infirmity, until he became an object of contempt even to those few who loved him. He had seen old age and shuddered at it—its imbecility, its multiform diseases, its impotence; and he determined that when certain things had been done he would leave of his own free will this most disastrous world. Once or twice he had hinted this to Father Cosgrove in their occasional conferences on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Then, he had broadly stated his intention to the horrified priest to leave this wretched life as soon as he had placed Claire Moulton under the protection of some man, in whose honor he could confide. And he added, in mitigation of the horror he had raised in the mind of the simple priest:

"You see it is a far-off event, Father. I think the condition is hardly realizable at all; or, at least, only so after the lapse of many years. But when you meet that Sir Galahad, you will tell me, will you not?"

"You must allow Miss Moulton some choice," the priest answered. "From the little I know of them, young ladies' fancies cannot be forced, cannot be forced."

"Quite so. Quite so. I shall allow Claire the most absolute freedom. But this puts my design further back. Because, you know, like all girls, she is sure to marry a knave or a fool."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the priest. "But I pray it may be so; or that God will change your heart. And he will; he will. I am but a poor prophet; but I foresee the day when Miss Moulton will be the happy mistress of Brandon Hall, and you her honored and respected friend and father."

"Oh, man of mighty faith, how little dost thou know! How little dost thou know!" said Hamberton.

CHAPTER XI.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

The discovery that was now to throw dread and consternation, at least amongst some of the family at Lisheen, was made by Pierry, and communicated with great caution to Debbie alone. Maxwell's action and demeanor in the field before the hunt began, and afterwards at Reynard's death, gave, as we have seen, some food for reflection to Pierry McAuliffe. No peasant, no matter how brave and independent, would act as Maxwell had done; and surely no deserter, hiding from the police, would tempt Providence in that way. Pierry, loth enough to act the spy, was yet so disquieted about their visitor, that he determined to set a watch on his movements; and, although these were manifest and unconcealed, he thought he should catch Maxwell in some moment when he was off his guard, and in which he might reveal something that would betray his identity.

Strange to say, the thought of the agent, Netterville, of his anger at the insult offered him by Pierry before the entire hunt, and of the possible revenge he might take, did not occupy the mind of the young peasant these winter days so much as the question: Who was their unknown guest, whence had he come, and what was his object in selecting Lisheen, above all other places, for a retreat?

He questioned his father closely about the chance of their having rich relatives in England or America, some far-out cousins, who might, after the lapse of many years, be anxious to resume the rights of family relations, and perhaps bring back some little resources to help their meagre means. The good father shook his head. There were, of course, relatives in America; but all were doing for themselves, and not likely to be troubled with home emergencies. There were none, so far as he knew, in England. He bade Pierry abandon all hope of succor from abroad. He thought that this was Pierry's idea. The latter then cast about for some other solution of the problem, but in vain. He consulted Debbie more than once. She persisted in maintaining that Maxwell was a gentleman; and she instanced his demeanor towards Miss Moulton when they had visited Lisheen. She spoke rather scornfully of "that thing," as she called Miss Moulton, and in great laudation of

Maxwell's attitude towards people who should have minded their own business.

Clearly, then, Maxwell was a gentleman—but in disguise and hiding away in this remote place for some obscure and suspicious cause. He cast up every possible cause in his mind—domestic trouble, reduced means, gambling, even Debbie's attractions; but rejected them all. The revelation then burst unexpectedly upon him.

Every soft moonlight night in the early spring he noticed that Maxwell, after supper, used to throw on a heavy frieze coat, and, under pretence of having a quiet smoke, was in the habit of going to a lonely plantation or screen of firs higher up on the hill, but not very far from the cottage. One night, when a heavy fog rose up from the valleys beneath and almost hid everything, Pierry, under its friendly cover, followed Maxwell up along the hill, and hid in ambush under a wet and dripping hawthorn hedge, on which a few withered leaves and a few red berries were still lingering. The plantation, composed of heavy timber with light young fir-trees springing up between, looked ghostly enough in the pale moonlight, that was now struggling with the heavy fog; and through a path cut between the tender young saplings, on which the beads of vapor were glistening, Maxwell was walking to and fro, apparently buried in deep thought. Suddenly, and with a kind of stifled cry, he stopped; and, turning around, he appeared to be engaged in angry altercation with some unseen person. His voice at first was pleading and pitiful, then it rose shrill and piercing, as if arguing against the suggestion of some terrible deed. Then it seemed to die away, as if remonstrance were unavailing, and Pierry heard him mutter: "When we have marked with blood these sleepy two," as Maxwell turned away into the recesses of the plantation again.

The boy was badly frightened; but he had nerve enough to wait and see what further developments would take place.

After a pause Maxwell emerged from the shadow of the firs, and stood in the open moonlit space again.

Suddenly he turned, as if taken red-handed in his guilt, and shouted:

"Who's there? What, ho!"

Pierry, now believing that he was discovered by this madman or murderer, was about to run, when Maxwell, after a pause, cried:

"What hands are here? ha! they pluck out my eyes."

And then, as he rubbed his hands violently together, Pierry heard him ask if all the waters in the ocean could wash the filthy blood from his hands.

He needed no more; but crept along the hawthorn hedge and, once again wrapped in the fog, sped down with throbbing heart and bursting eyes towards home. But as it would never do to reveal prematurely all things before they were ripe, and as Pierry, consummate actor as he was, was now determined to see other and more tangible proofs of this man's guilt, he went into the cowhouse, and remained there until he saw Maxwell, half an hour later, lift the latch of the cottage door and go in. Then Pierry, with a half-lighted pipe in his hand, also entered, and sat down as calm as he could by the smoldering fire.

"A cowld night outside?" said the old man.

"'Tis cold," said Maxwell, so calmly that Pierry was shocked by the contrast of the man's demeanor with what he had witnessed an hour ago. "There is a thick fog and a heavy dew is falling."

"I fear the ground is too wet to turn up a-yet?" said the old man interrogatively.

"Yes"; said Maxwell. "It would be heavy under the plough just now."

"I suppose we musht wait, though the spring is running on," said the old man.

And Maxwell pursued the conversation as calmly as if nothing was on his mind more terrible than the fencing of a ditch or the planting of a ridge of potatoes.

"He's the divil's own play-acthor intirely," Pierry thought, as he beckoned Debbie to follow him.

Not till they had gone around the house, and were safely ensconced in the cow-byre did Pierry open his mind to the wondering sister.

"I've found out all," he whispered at first.

"All what?" said Debbie.

"All about the *bouchal* inside," said Pierry.

Then Debbie's curiosity, and more than curiosity, was aroused.

"No wondher he was hidin'," said Pierry. "If I had what he has on my mind I'd drownd meself in the say."

"Wha—what is it?" said Debbie, now thoroughly terrified, as she looked out into the square of moonlight before the door.

"You'd never guess"; said Pierry.

"No; what in the Name of God is it?" said Debbie. "Is it anything very bad intirely?"

"Couldn't be worse," said Pierry. "He has blood on his sowl, as sure as we're talkin' here to-night. He has done away wid somebody."

"Great God in Heaven to-night!" almost shrieked the girl, "what did we do to punish us in this way? To think of havin' a murderer in the house, an' undher our roof! But are you sure, Pierry?" she asked, as the gleam of an old affection shone up under such a dark cloud of gloom. "How do you know? How did you find it out?"

"Aisy enough," said Pierry. "I had it from his own lips; an' if you can hould yer tongue for wan twenty-four hours, you can hear it, too, or I'm mistaken." Then he told her all.

They then decided to hold a deep, unbroken silence about the matter, until Debbie could verify her brother's suspicions. And then they would consult further on the matter.

The next night was equally favorable for observation; and when Maxwell, again donning the heavy frieze coat, strolled out into the moonlight, Pierry soon followed. But he immediately returned, and said aloud:

"I'm thinkin', Debbie, that some wan is paying a polite visit to your fowl. At laste, they're makin' the h—— of a row outside."

"Wisha, bad luck to that fox!" said Debbie, hustling around and assuming a heavy shawl. "There's the second visit this year; and not a pinny compinsation from thim huntsmin."

Brother and sister separated in the yard; and made their way, by different routes, towards the plantation, the theatre of Maxwell's appalling confessions. But they met and crouched beneath the hawthorn where Pierry was ambushed the night before. The night was cold and the grass was wet; but they heeded not these things under the spell of the night's adventures.

"Now, Debbie," whispered Pierry, "for your sowl's sake, don't let a screech out o' you, nor wan worrd, no matther what you see, or you'll spile all."

"I'll try," said Debbie with chattering teeth and shivering all over, rather from fright than cold.

Again they had not long to wait. For again Maxwell, his figure looming up larger in the mist, emerged from the plantation where the trees were thickest, and stood in the glade, where the young saplings could not conceal him. After pausing some time, and making some wild gesticulations, he struck his forehead violently with his right hand and strode back into the shadows.

"Did ye see that?" whispered Pierry.

"I did," chattered Debbie. "God help us! he has something weighty on his sowl."

"Weighty enough," answered Pierry. "Wondher we never shuspected anything. Whisht! here he comes again!"

Again, with slow and solemn tread, Maxwell strode out into the moonlight; and after a pause, and looking around solemnly at the heavens, he suddenly gave a violent start, as if he had seen an apparition, and shouted at it to depart: "Avaunt! and quit my sight! Thou canst not say I did it; never shake thy gory locks at me!"

These were the appalling cries that came to the frightened watchers.

"He sees something," whispered Debbie, half dead with terror. "Can you see anything, Pierry?"

"I do," said Pierry. "There's somethin' white between the trees."

"Is it a man or a woman?" said Debbie.

"'Tis nayther. 'Tis a sperrit," whispered Pierry. "'Tis the thing he kilt."

"God save us!" said Debbie, making the sign of the cross. "Could we get home without his seein' us?"

"No, no"; said Pierry. "Listen! he's at it agin!"

Maxwell was still apparently arguing with the ghost, when suddenly the latter must have disappeared; for he turned around, and pulled up his coat-collar and muttered:

"Why, so; being gone, I am a man again."

And muttering:

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood," he went back into the shades again.

"Come home, in God's Name!" said Debbie to her brother.

"No, no"; said Pierry. "We must see it out now. We won't get a chance agin!"

"But maybe he's gone home," said Debbie.

"No"; said Pierry. "You'll see him lightin' his pipe first."

"He's the cool divil out an' out," said Debbie. "To think of shmokin' after what he's seen! But I wondher who was it? Was it a man or a 'uman?"

"Wait, and maybe he'll let on!" said Pierry.

This time the interval was longer; but at last Maxwell came out into the glade again. After a few minutes, he began an imaginary dialogue with some person or persons, but in a low, determined tone. Then he walked backwards and forwards as if waiting. Again he addressed his victim, who appeared to be pleading with him for mercy. He answered sharply and walked to and fro again. The only words they could catch were:

"Well, quick, be brief; I would not kill thy soul."

The dialogue now became more impassioned, Maxwell uttering quick, jerky expressions, as of one impatient and not going to be trifled with. At last he stopped short, and, stooping down, made as if he would kneel on his victim's breast to suffocate or destroy him. He was apparently interrupted in his murderous effort, for he stood up suddenly, and, looking around, shouted:

"What noise is that? Who's there?"

"He's found us out," said Debbie. "What'll we do?"

"No"; said Pierry. "'Tis the divil's conscience that's troubling him. Whisht!"

But they heard no more. For Maxwell, after one long, lingering look at the dead body, passed into the shrubbery again. In a few seconds he came back, and stood over the dead body, his hands clasped and hanging down before him. Then he broke out into an awful lamentation, swinging his hands wildly, like women that are keening over a corpse; and, in a voice broken by his tears and moans, they could hear him saying:

"Cold, cold, my girl! Whip me, ye devils! Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! Oh! dead, dead, dead! Oh! oh!! oh!!!"

These last words he almost screamed, his arms held wildly over his head; and his whole frame contorted in agony. The lonely hour, the otherwise silent scene, the ghostly moonlight, the heavy drapery of mist and fog, and this man, alone with his terrible remorse, made a picture of horror and desolation that would have paralyzed any soul with dread. The girl nearly fainted, while her tears fell fast; and it needed every effort of her brother to keep her from shrieking out with the horror that confronted her. At last Maxwell went away; and Debbie was free to speak amid her tears.

"Oh, Mother of Heaven to-night!" she cried, whilst her brother held her in his strong arms, "what are we to do, at all, at all? To think of our having a murderer in our house for over six months, an' we thratin' him like a gintleman. Sure I knew there was somethin' quare about him all along; but we couldn't sind him away. An' it was a girl! Sure I ought to know it. What's that he said: 'Cowld, cowld, me girl!' Oh! the ruffian! To desthroy some poor, innicent crachure, that never did nobody harrum—"

"Well, he seems sorry enough for what he done!" said Pierry. "Did ye hear him callin' on all the divils in hell to blow and blasht him? An' sure, bad as he is, it made me a'most cry to hear him say: 'Oh! oh! oh!' in the ind!"

"What good is all that, if he done the deed?" said Debbie, who was jealous that another had preceded her in Maxwell's affections. "Will all that moanin' and groanin' bring the poor thing back to life? Well, I suppose he'll have to swing high for it now. Sure, he can't escape much longer!"

"But what in God's Holy Name are we to do?" she continued. "Sure, we can't give him up to the pelice. We'd be called thraitors and informers forever!"

"We'll lave it alone till to-morrow, however," said Pierry, "and maybe I'll run over and tell the priesht!"

"The very thing," said Debbie, trying to dry her eyes. "But how am I to meet him again, or set at table with him, or make his bed?"

"Well, do your besht," said Pierry. "It will never do to let on that we know anythin'. Why, he might murdher us all in our beds!"

"May God and his Blessed Mother save us!" said Debbie. "What a pickle we got ourselves into by too much good nature. 'Twill be a lesson to us, I warrant you."

They passed down the hillside together, and then separated in the yard, Pierry going into the cabin first. After a long time Debbie entered; but kept turning her face away from the place where Maxwell was calmly smoking and chatting with the old people.

"Come over and take a hate of the fire," said her mother; and when Debbie demurred, the mother looked at her keenly and saw she had been crying.

"Why, surely, 'tisn't cryin' about a couple of chickens you are?" she said.

"'Tis enough to make any girl mad," interposed Pierry, "to see wan fine fowl afther another desthroyed by that rogue of a fox."

"Yerra, no matther," said the mother, "there's as good to be got where thim kem from."

This commenced a pretty little debate, after Maxwell had inquired what were the rules regulating compensation to farmers and laborers for the destruction of poultry by the foxes kept for the gentry's amusement. He was very indignant at the revelations—the refusal in nine cases out of ten to repay anything, the incredulity of the gentleman who was Grand Almoner, the proofs that were required of the peasantry, the pittance that was reluctantly given. He expressed himself freely about the iniquitous custom. It was another sidelight on Irish history. But no matter how indignant and sympathetic he was, especially with Debbie, she kept her face averted from him. She only heard:

"Cold, cold, my girl! Oh, dead, dead, dead! Oh! oh!! oh!!!"

CHAPTER XII.

HOMELESS.

At dawn next morning the whole household was startled from slumber by the sudden appearance of police in the yard. They had heard the rumbling of cars in a kind of half dream, and the swift orders of officers; but the half-dream became a dread reality when, on looking out through the half pane which served as a window, they saw the rough frieze coats and the glazed caps of the officers of the law. Debbie was the first to realize the situation; and Maxwell, in his settle bed, awoke from heavy slumber to see her half-dressed form in the kitchen, and hear her shout to Pierry in the loft:

"Pierry, Pierry, get up; get up! the place is full of police!"

And in an instant there was a furious knocking at the door and the stern order:

"Open in the Queen's name!"

The girl was so full of her adventure the night before, she at once associated the presence of the police with the crime of Maxwell; and it was with a look of some pity and remorse she said to the latter:

"The police are lookin' for some wan!"

She was swiftly undeceived when, on opening the kitchen door, two brutal fellows, clearly bailiffs, rushed in and began at once to take possession of the place. Utterly heedless of protestations and appeals, they commenced flinging out into the yard everything they could lay hands on, utterly regardless as to whether it was broken or not. Chairs, tables, the settle, the ware, tins, dishes, pictures, the wheel-bellows at the fire, the dried meat over the fireplace, the irons that held the heavy pots—all were flung out, whilst Pierry and Maxwell and Debbie looked on as if paralyzed. Then the latter rushed into the room where her parents were. The bailiffs were following, when Pierry rushed forward and planted himself before them:

"My father and mother aren't up yet," he said. "Give them time to dress theirselves."

But with an oath the fellows tried to get past. Pierry pushed them back, and cried out to his sister.

She instantly came forward and placed a heavy pike in her brother's hands. Thus armed, he beat the bailiffs back into the kitchen, and held the pike at rest to guard his father's privacy. The fellows shouted for help; the police rushed in, made some feint to throw the boy off his guard, and in an instant had him and his sister handcuffed and led out, but not before one of the policemen was seriously stabbed in the thigh. As Debbie passed out she threw a look of withering scorn at Maxwell, and said:

"I know what you are; but I didn't know you wor a coward. But your time is near."

He flushed up and said nothing, but looked like one paralyzed. Then he was rudely hustled out of the room into the yard, where brother and sister were guarded by the police. In a few moments the old couple, sorrowful but resigned, were driven out from their home, and the work of demolition proceeded. It took them many hours; for they were now in no hurry, but went on calmly with their dreadful work; and a huge collie dog, who took a family revenge by biting one of the bailiffs severely, had to be evicted and evicted again and again. Then the barns had to be visited, the turkeys, geese, and hens ejected; and the whole round of the farm examined, lest any living thing should be left on the place.

It was near three o'clock, and the orders were given to the officers to close in, when Hamberton and Miss Moulton rode in from the main road, through a dense mass of spectators, and into the yard. They had come by accident on the terrible scene. They had been out for an afternoon ride, when their attention was attracted by the presence of the vast, black crowd that filled the fields and lined the ditches at Lisheen. They were respectfully saluted by the police; and Hamberton entered into a close conversation with the District Inspector, whilst Claire Moulton rode over and inquired solicitously of Debbie how the whole unfortunate affair could have arisen. She was dreadfully shocked at seeing the steel handcuffs on the poor girl, and she said with some feeling to the officers:

"Surely these manacles are not necessary?"

The officer said nothing, but pointed across the yard where, in a butt, reclining on coarse straw, the wounded policeman lay. But Debbie, tortured by the revelations of last night, furious at their eviction and the perfidy of Maxwell, and tired after the long day's trial, hung down her head and was sullenly silent. She wanted no sympathy from that quarter. Claire Moulton turned her horse's head aside; and Debbie looking up saw Mr. Hamberton arguing with the sheriff, and apparently proposing a settlement that would allow them to retake possession of their home. The latter apparently was on the point of yielding, for Debbie could hear the police discussing the whole question, and just then Hamberton had taken out a notebook and was rapidly writing in it, when Maxwell was seen to go over and remonstrate with him. The result was that Hamberton replaced the notebook in his pocket and shook his head, as if the matter were impracticable.

Debbie had witnessed the whole thing with blazing eyes, and she muttered between her teeth:

"Thraitor and murdherer! But you'll swing for this a-yet!"

The bailiffs, having walked the farm, and flung outside the boundaries every living thing, had come back into the yard; and, after some deliberation, they proceeded to demolish the dwelling house. It was at this crisis the old people, who had hitherto looked on in calm resignation at their fate, raised a wild cry of lamentation. It looked as if the final hope had been cut from beneath their feet; for so long as the dwelling was there, there was a chance of resuming possession. Now, the decree seemed to be irrevocable that the family should not enter on their land again. The dense crowd outside began to show symptoms of excitement, when the wild cries of the old people reached them; and a stray stone was dropped on the thatch where the bailiffs were at the work of destruction. The night-shades, too, were falling, and the officer looked anxious. He had a long journey before him; and how could he conjecture what might happen under the cover of night, and passing through a hostile country. He looked anxiously at his watch; and again Hamberton approached the sheriff, apparently to remonstrate with him on the altogether unnecessary demolition of the little home. He appeared to be prevailing, and the sheriff had put up his hand to stop the dismantling of the roof, when again Maxwell interfered; and said something that apparently induced the officer to decide otherwise. It was such gross, uncalled-for treachery that even the patient old man said aloud:

"Dom your blood, you scoundrel! Isn't this a nice return for takin' you aff the road and makin' a dacent man av you?"

But the old woman interfered:

"Lave him to God, Owen! Lave him to God! Shure, whin we mint well, 'twill be all the same bye-'m-bye!"

And Pierry said, and he threw his voice out from the midst of the *posse* of police that surrounded him:

"Yes; lave the ruffian to God, and the hangman's rope, that's swinging for him this many a day!"

Maxwell flushed up as he saw public attention thus drawn toward him, and then he grew suddenly pale, as he saw Hamberton's and Miss Moulton's eyes bent on him in surprise. But there was no longer time for sentiment. The night was falling; the bare rafters of the little home at Lisheen were now letting in the fading light on wreck and ruin; the window had been long since smashed; the door hung on its hinges. The evil work was done. The Inspector looked again at his watch, shook hands with Hamberton, raised his hand in salute to Miss Moulton, pulled up his scabbard, and ordered his men to fall in.

Maxwell, looking wistfully at the two prisoners, seemed undecided what to do. Then, under a sudden impulse, he strode over to where Debbie, who had been sitting on a cart surrounded by police, was standing up to accompany her captors to gaol. She looked him straight between the eyes in her fearless way; and his face fell before her gaze. But he had to say something.

"Don't judge me too hard, now," he pleaded. "I cannot explain. Some day you will understand and forgive."

The old, smothered affection rose up in the girl's heart, as she saw his worn and woe-begone face. There was nothing of the self assurance of a traitor there. Only a pitiful, pleading look for mercy and compassion. But the remembrance of last night came up, and steeled her to every kinder feeling.

"There's One that will judge you and condemn you—you know for what!"

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "I tell you, as God is my Judge, that I have done no wrong to your family or yourself. You will understand this soon; and all will be clear."

"I only understand," she said, "that wan day, not so long ago, I called you back when you were facin' the world. May the Lord forgive me for it! Now, go your own ways, and may the divil, your father, guide you."

And jerking her shawl over her head with her shoulders, as the policemen helped her, she strode forward to join her brother. The old people came forward to say good-bye.

"God save you, and God keep you, alanna!" said the weeping mother. "Sure, never mother reared a betther son nor daughter than ye. God save you and keep you; and come back soon! Sure, God is above us all!"

And she kissed the weeping boy and girl again and again. The old man kissed them both in silence, and passionately wrung their manacled hands. Then turned away weeping.

Maxwell had sat down on a broken cart far over in a corner of the yard. He had touched the nadir of human misery, and sat in the growing darkness, his head bent forward and supported by his hands. He was wondering if on earth there were then a more unhappy man than himself. He had made a magnificent attempt and had utterly and hopelessly failed. Fate was against him; and worse than Fate, circumstances over which he had no control. The idea that he had previously entertained, of lifting up these people, socially and intellectually, appeared now so ludicrous that he actually laughed sardonically at himself. To think of dining with the sword of Damocles raising your scalp was considered absurd, he thought; but to think of lifting up this race with that frightful incubus of landlordism weighing on it, night and day, was preposterous. There is no room in an Irish peasant's cabin for books. No room for anything but the mattock and the spade to make gold for strangers.

And yet under this awful cloud of depression he saw a gleam of light—the change in his own circumstances, the possibility of his doing better in another sphere of action. But all this belonged to the higher and more speculative part of his undertaking. But Maxwell, too, was emotional. He was so far from being a mere doctrinaire and enthusiast, that even his dismal failure would have been supportable, but that he felt so deeply for the troubles that had fallen so swiftly on this beloved household, where, looking back, he saw that he had been comparatively happy. He knew well it was Netterville's wounded pride and vanity that had precipitated this awful crisis, in the anguish of which he had deeply shared. The sorrows of the little family were his. He felt for the aged father and mother; he felt sorely for the manacled boy and girl, who had been to him brother and sister. He felt for the desolation and ruin; but most of all he felt that he, in some mysterious manner, had come to be regarded as a deadly and treacherous enemy. He knew that the few words he had spoken to Hamberton and the sheriff were wrongly interpreted; but this did not account for the sudden change in the whole tone and temper of the family towards him. The words addressed to him by Pierry and Debbie hinted at something strange and mysterious. Yes; he parted with them now full of kindness and gratitude to them; but with their minds poisoned against him. Traitor! Ingrate! Houseless! Homeless! Surely the nightshades never gathered around a more miserable man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

PERHAPS there is no intellectual difficulty more distressing to the earnest-minded religious man than the apparent contradiction, so often and so persistently urged, between the results of scientific investigation and the teachings of Christianity. Other difficulties he has encountered—many of them difficulties thrust upon him by his very nature and the environment in which he is placed. Most of us have had to face the moral difficulties, none the less real because generally known as temptations, in which one part of our human nature seems to be set in direct opposition to the other. When the flesh rebels against the spirit, and, drawing reason in the wake of its vehemence, raises problems and suggests difficulties, no matter how we may be enslaved or ensnared, we know at least where to look for their solution. But when it is a case of calm, judicial science opposing, not so much the practice as the very grounds of religion, the case is far otherwise. There is no reason why the two should be in conflict, so we think, unless one or the other is in the wrong. There may be prejudice—at times there is prejudice—but there seems to be no place for passion, no place for the desires and aversions, no real cause for magnifying objections. Yet, as we know, there is a strong feeling abroad that the teachings of science are incompatible with the truths of faith.

It is not so much the chemist in his laboratory, or the biologist in his dissecting room, or the physician at the bed of sickness and pain, who is responsible for it. These men *may* be incredulous. There is no reason why they should be so; and, as a matter of fact, the faith and lives of very many men of science are a standing protest against the calumny that science is opposed to religion. If there is a Haeckel to sneer and rant, there is also a Lord Kelvin to bow his head in a reverent confession of a belief which his wide and profound acquaintance with science has not only not destroyed but strengthened. If

Darwin or Huxley is quoted as giving color to the popular view, if ponderous lumps of the writings of Spencer or Grant Allen (save the mark!) are urged in its confirmation, there are not wanting eminent names to set against them, eminent men of science who were and are theists, Christians, Churchmen, Catholics. We are apt to forget what a wealth of greatness weighs down the one side of the balance while we are counting up the number and appraising the scientific worth of the contents of the other. A few men with louder voices can out-shout many whose accents are less strident. It is often the exiguous discord that distracts our attention from the full and balanced harmony.

Still, let it be granted that the preponderance of scientific thought is ranged against the faith. This by way of an illustration. Let the case for religion be painted as black as would please the bitterest of its enemies. Let its upholders be misrepresented, its teachings garbled and misquoted, its very nature misunderstood. What then? On the one hand, we have the spectacle of an effete and powerless faith—under the circumstances it is remarkable that it should still contrive to have such a hold over the hearts and intelligences of mankind!—a faith belonging to the childhood of the human race, that must ere long be flung aside with other childish toys and illusions as the world grows older. And, on the other hand, there are ranged the science and the progress of the world. Here are the men—self-constituted "ministers and interpreters" of nature—who have discovered that they have suddenly grown out of their long swaddling clothes and are able to stand alone. It is with them that we have to do. These constitute science. They are the high-priests, the judges, the arbiters of scientific truth. And "science"—science far more blessed than that blessed word "Mesopotamia"—is a word to conjure with. Only whisper it, and you have convinced your hearers of the profundity of your thought. Advance a "fact of science," and you win whatever case you happen to be upholding. It is a new version of an old saying: "*Scientia locuta, causa finita est.*"

And yet, and yet—for it is not all so simple as it looks here—there are fewer "facts of science" put forward against faith (if, indeed, any) than one might be led to suppose. Vociferation is not final. We have still to ask—always supposing that the world of thought has but lately come to the maturity of its manhood, and that it is not slipping downhill into the mumblings of its dotage instead—if "science" has, indeed, spoken at all. It may be that the voice belonged only to a scientist or, what is even less respectable, to a hanger-on at the fringe of science's skirts. We have to inquire if, indeed, the voice heralds a fact, a truth, a certainty. It may be, as it has often been, guesswork that it proclaims so triumphantly. It may be hypothesis that it screams so loudly, or theory, or that blind alley of truth—far-fetched opinion.

It is the authority of science that is at stake, no less than the reputation of religion. For, as before that of revelation, it is before the authority of science that the common run of men bow. Only—there is this difference, which is apt to be lost sight of. Science comes to us with the boast upon her lips that all can test and try her teaching for themselves. Revelation offers no such inducement—at any rate, not in the same sense. The motto of science is: "Touch and see; investigate; interrogate nature and she will answer you." The blazon of faith reads otherwise: "Believe and you will be saved." It is for this reason that the authority of science has only so much value, and no more, as can be touched and seen, or legitimately inferred from the observed facts of nature. Authority, in such a case, can obviously be no more than belief and trust in the veracity of those who speak in the name of science. And here we are struck by two considerations. In the questions of moment, the real things that matter, men of science and ordinary men alike find themselves not upon scientific ground, but upon philosophical. And even scientists do not speak with that accordant voice that one might be led to expect from such a quarter.

There is all the difference in the world between stating a fact, an event, or an occurrence, and explaining it. We may safely trust the men of science, as we would trust any sane and truthful man, in the statement. But there is no reason why we should take their explanation as the only one, or even as the only satisfactory one, simply because they happen to make it. Professor Adamson's words are true: "Great portions of our so-called scientific *knowledge* are nothing but rational belief—hypotheses unverified, perhaps even unverifiable—and the settlement of the conditions or legitimacy of such presumptions forms the principal part of inductive logic."

A case in point. A very large section of the scientific world was—a considerable section is—frankly materialistic. Now materialism, it is obvious, is neither a science nor the necessary result of science. It, no less than the contrasted spiritualism, is a system of philosophy. Had we some years ago misguidedly accepted the materialistic interpretation of the universe as the final statement of science, and stood by it, we should be surprised to find that we were now being left stranded, high and dry, by the receding waves of current thought. For science—that is to say, the somewhat crude philosophical speculation that passes often for science—changes. Not only does it change; it frequently contradicts itself. It has no more claim to stability or finality than any other of those ephemeral philosophies filtering through the mind of man. Where we have had the succession of the Ionians, the Pythagoreans, and the Eleatics; Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; the Encyclopædists, Scotch Sceptics, and Cambridge Platonists; we need not be surprised to find a certain flux and lack of finality even in the philosophizings of science.

But, it may be urged, it is precisely that same lack of coherence and unity among Christians that tells against religion. It is all very well to taunt speculative science with its shortcomings. But look to yourselves! For every scientific doctrine, with regard to which dissentient voices may possibly be heard, the churches have a thousand. Rather, they agree in nothing at all. They are all clamor and contradiction—a city of confusion—*ubi nullus ordo sed sempiternus horror.*

The retort is a telling one; but it does not tell against us Catholics. We, at least, are guiltless in this respect. And, while we have no reason to attack or to defend other religions than our own, it may be remarked in passing that it is precisely because the unaided human reason—whether "theological" or "scientific"—let loose upon these problems is inadequate, that we find the chaos we do in non-Catholic bodies. Nor can we reasonably be surprised that such is the case, when we remember those luminous words of that prince of thinkers, St. Thomas Aquinas, in which he tells us that even the truths of purely natural religion may fittingly be revealed to man, since otherwise the knowledge of God would be confined to few, on account of the studious inquiry necessary for the discovery of truth; since those who did ultimately reach that knowledge would take a long time over it, on account of its profundity and the prerequisites necessary to its study; since error is always apt to creep into our judgment, owing to its infirmities and the perturbing force of imagination.

The whole chapter on the advantage and fitness of a revelation of even natural truth might well be taken to heart by those before whose minds "science" looms so large as an objection to Faith.

Some of us, however, notwithstanding what may be urged against the authority of science and scientists—or for it—are accustomed to be silenced by a word. "Ernst Haeckel, the great professor of Jena, says so-and-so; therefore." It is a fair sample of an argument one often hears. If we should retort, as we might very well do, on the principle that our authority is in all probability as good as our opponent's: "The Rev. John Smith says so-and so; therefore"; we should be laughed at. And why? Because the Rev. John Smith is a clergyman, and consequently, in the opinion of our scientific arguer, has irons in the fire, fish to fry, bread to butter; and he cannot heat his irons, or fry his fish, or spread butter on his bread unless he uses a set form of words, a theological slang, as it were, with which more or less literally he may happen to agree.

Ernst Haeckel, of Jena—I apologize to my readers for raising this ancient absurdity of so-called science as a type for a comparison—the author of those wonderful "scientific nightmares" that the Rationalist Press Association dishes up in English for sixpence! Does he speak as the official representative of science? Are his absurd flounderings in the quagmire of bad metaphysics a sample of scientific rigor or accuracy? He has been so roughly handled—Father John Gerard has left his mark upon him—that there is little but the scarecrow effigy of a "scientist" left of him now. We respect the Germans and we respect science. Somehow or other, we cannot bring ourselves to respect the intelligence of Professor Ernst Haeckel. Still, though I am bound, in deference to my readers, to apologize for introducing him in this paper, he is a type with which science, no less than ourselves, has to reckon.

It may be that the Rev. John Smith—a "Seventh Day Adventist," let us suppose—is deficient in his training as to things scientific. It may be that he has spent his time in the theological college mastering—were he an Anglican—Pearson on the Creed, probably, and Browne on the Articles—a chapter or so of the New Testament in Greek, a bit of the Old Testament in Hebrew, a little ecclesiastical history—Luther writ large and Calvin, Zwingli, Wesley, with the particular worthies of his own sect and choice—copious commentaries on the Scriptures, a sermon book or two. He is ill-equipped for dealing with scientists on their own ground. And yet—he has what all men have without exception. He has all the necessary natural data, provided he has all his faculties and is not a born idiot, for recognizing the divinity that hedges us about and detecting the flaws in a reasoning that is not legitimate.

For the Rev. John Smith substitute a Catholic priest. Where has he studied? I know not; neither do I much care. What are his antecedents? A priest is like Melchisedech, King of Salem. He has neither father nor mother nor genealogy. One thing I warrant: he knows his moral theology; and, perchance, a whisper from the world of science has penetrated into his theological and philosophical classrooms. He may not be able to pen two consecutive sentences in good, classical English; but he knows the value and meaning of "Human Acts." He —it is conceivable—cannot trace the ancestry of the horse, American or otherwise, but he can tell when a premiss will not bear the strain of its conclusion. Moreover, he has the advantage of knowing, what every Catholic child knows, that God, if he has revealed himself, has not done so to the detriment, but to the perfecting, of reason.

And if—though, perhaps, type cases should not be so multiplied—we were to suppose the Rev. John Smith to be an Aquinas, there would be no question as to where the weight of authority lay. The "scientific" professor of Jena, who wraps himself in the toga of the philosopher and mouths his sesquipedalian words—or the Angel of the Schools? Who shall adjudicate?

But, fortunately for that respect that we pay to science, Haeckel and those of his kidney cannot by the greatest stretch of the imagination be taken for representative men. We may minimize, as much as we please, the contradictory opinions of scientists, and enlarge and emphasize to the same extent those of religionists. Such men as Haeckel will not fall within the former class. After all, as I have pointed out, the true difficulties lie beyond science. They trench upon philosophy.

While the Christian apologist may keep within his sphere without overmuch trouble, the apologist of "science," as pitted against Christianity, *must* leave his science for the—to him too often hopeless—speculations of philosophy. But enough of Haeckel! Science is not all hopeless; nor do all men who, to use the Baconian phrase, "interpret Nature" take refuge in the spiritless *cul-de-sac* of materialism.* There is another, and a far more important, side to the question: for, as far as can be seen, the real men of science, dissatisfied with the old materialism, are turning towards a new—or, rather, towards a very old—interpretation of the world that gives a place to God and to his operation in the nature they investigate. It is a hopeful sign; for the ordinary individual, now as before, is likely to be influenced by the men of science in their change of front.

Surely the fact that most men who think at all—and that means all those for whom the objections have any real weight as the few who attempt to find an answer to them—are avid for the dogmas of science, ought to inspire a hope that fundamental reasoning will not prove too stiff for them. It may be, indeed, that the philosophical investigations of "scientists," as dished up for the non-scientific palate, can be more highly seasoned and spiced than a more sober presentation of constructive philosophy dares to be. It may be that science can be watered down to suit weak intellectual digestions. But that "scientific" productions of the type of which I speak find a ready sale, argues in favor of, rather than against, the reading public.

The public—that is to say, those of them before whose minds the difficulties and objections against religious truth present themselves in strange, warped, and distorted forms—will always be ready to listen to the utterances of men of science, if they speak at all, for or against, on these subjects. And if the utterances be in support of, instead of aimed at, religion, they will still be quite ready to listen to them respectfully. It is not the Rev. John Smith who speaks!

Now a very remarkable book has lately seen the light. It is a little book. There are only 135 pages of it, including the

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*As to the materialism of science, Lord Rayleigh has taken pains to draw the distinction I make very clearly. He says: "Many excellent people are afraid of science, as tending towards materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising, for, unfortunately, there are writers, speaking in the name of science, who have set themselves to foster it. It is true that, amongst scientific men, as in other classes, crude views are to be met with as to the deeper things of Nature."—*Brit. Assn. Presidential Address.*

introduction; and on some of those pages there are not more than eight or ten lines of printed matter. It was published in February. The third edition appeared in March. It is written by a man of science, a Fellow of the Royal Society, the Principal of the University of Birmingham. Sir Oliver Lodge prints his motto, or apothegm, or text, on the first page: "*Gloriam quæsivit scientiarum, invenit Dei.*" He sought the glory of the sciences; he found the glory of God! If such is to be the last word of the men of science, we have indeed entered upon a new era with the new century! Science is whole and in her right mind once more!

The little book—it is named *The Substance of Faith Allied with Science*, and is intended to be a "Catechism for Parents and Teachers"—takes up, one after another, twenty points. Twenty questions are asked and twenty answers, forming the body of the scientific creed of Sir Oliver Lodge, are given. From the nature and ascent of man to God, and His immanence in things created; sin, evil, conscience, grace; intelligence, will, character; all find their place in his creed. It is an attempt to state, in scientific terms and harmoniously with scientific opinion as it at present exists, propositions bearing on that mysterious part of man that yearns and craves towards a higher and completer nature than any he can find within the world of his ordinary experience.

It would be unfair to criticise captiously where "so much is excellent": unfair to complain that the net result of *The Substance of Faith* is little more than a somewhat meagre natural theology; and that little more consisting, to say the least, of somewhat questionable speculation. We should be far astray did we look to science for revealed truth, or expect to find all the real questions answered, the real difficulties solved, on natural principles alone. But what we can do, and that with much gratification, is to point out the fact that science, in the person of one of her most eminent teachers, is thrusting out groping hands towards a higher truth than those of nature. She is "making straight the paths" by which, through nature, we reach God. "*Quæsivit scientiarum gloriam, invenit Dei.*"

I take this book, from the pen of Sir Oliver Lodge, as a type of what not a few men of science are aiming at. I have a right to do so. He is not the first who has spoken in science's name, though his *Substance of Faith* is, perhaps, the completest attempt on the part of a man of science to reconcile science and religion. As a statement of what is already well known, in substance, to Catholic philosophers and theologians, it is highly significant and interesting. Not, indeed, that it carries us very far. A student in any one of our seminaries, plodding over the beaten paths of the field of reason, would recognize that there are *lacunæ* in *The Substance of Faith* that a more liberal philosophic insight might have filled up. Yet it must not be forgotten that the modern scientist approaches these and similar problems in a highly tentative spirit. He is chary, perhaps, of trusting too much to a philosophy that dares to loosen the tether binding it to science in its stricter form. And yet, chary as he is, when he approaches the problems of religion, even upon the natural plane, he must, perforce, leave the dry bones of observed fact and tread the airy bridges of pure reason spanning the void between empiricism and intellectual truth.

Such is the path—though he speaks with no hesitating or tentative accent—that Sir Oliver Lodge has trod in formulating his creed—a creed that most of us will welcome as an attempt, at least, to state some of the truths of natural theology from a scientific point of view. And so far, so good. It is consoling and encouraging to find that men of science, whose philosophical researches we have been led by a succession of materialists to mistrust and suspect, are actually feeling the need of a something higher and more satisfying than mere material hypotheses, and are endeavoring to meet the need by straining aching eyes through the vast twilight towards a more perfect light.

Of course it is not to be expected that a scientist, trained as he may be in the niceties and accuracies of his particular profession, is, therefore, equipped for dealing with questions and problems belonging to a higher plane than that with which a truly modest science contents itself.

We must not be surprised if we find, as we generally do in attempts to reconcile religion with modern science, that certain points are viewed in an unfamiliar light, certain questions slurred over, or treated emotionally rather than rationally. No matter how cold-blooded he may be, no matter how anæmically logical, even the man of science has his feelings and emotions. We must not, in other words, expect too much. We must be content to find that science can bring a reverent mind to the contemplation of the mysteries of faith. Or, rather, we must be prepared to forego the pleasure of finding the true mysteries of faith touched upon at all, and rest satisfied with the fact that the common and natural verities underlying the claims of supernatural revelation are envisaged with tolerance—nay, with a spirit of reverence and respect.

Certainly, to say the least, we should bring a large measure of the same respect to the work of the men of science. We are told, and told truly, that "there are still people who endeavor to deny or disbelieve the discoveries of science. They are setting themselves athwart the stream, and trying to stop its advance; and they only succeed in stopping their own. They are good people, but unwise and, moreover, untrustful. If they will let go their anchorage, and sail on in a spirit of fearless faith, they will find an abundant reward, by attaining a deeper insight into the Divine Nature, and a wider and brighter outlook over the destiny of man."*

A Catholic might have worded it differently. To let go the anchorage is an unwise venture if the anchor be fixed in certain truth. But we must not forget that here is no question of revelation. It is natural religion towards which Sir Oliver exhorts his readers to sail on. No sensible man—no Catholic certainly—would be at pains to try to make himself disbelieve the discoveries of science. No discovery, so far, has proved inimical to the faith. It would have been strange that it should have been so, since the Author and Revealer of the faith is the Creator of the reason that does the discovering as well as of the order in which the discoveries are made. It is not the discoveries but the—sometimes grotesquely absurd—hypotheses raised upon them that are disbelieved; hypotheses as grotesque and as absurd as some of those weird and sombre doctrines that are put forward from time to time in the name of religion.

No; we should be reverent in the presence of science; for here science spells nature and our own God-given reason. We should be prepared to trust science—and that without necessarily cutting the cables of faith by which we ride at anchor. For the true simile is rather that of a written book. As science turns the pages, inscribing as she turns, writing toilfully, erasing, underlining, filling in, we look on gratefully and confident of the result. This is no revelation. It is the ascent of reason, through the reation to the Creator. St. Thomas said as much nearly seven hundred years ago.

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* *The Substance of Faith.* Preface, p. ix.

And if we find, or think we find, errors creeping into the text, we have only to wait. We can afford to be patient. The scoring and the erasing process is not yet finished. We have only to remember the teaching of that fourth chapter of the *Contra Gentiles*.

In a former number of this magazine I had the honor of printing an article on Mr. Campbell and his New Theology, pointing out the dangerous shoals to which the principles of reformation had already driven a no inconsiderable section of non-Catholics. In a sense the cases of Mr. Campbell and Sir Oliver Lodge are analogous. The one goes to science for his data, the other to the Scriptures, a small stock of tradition, and the vast storehouse of his own personal feeling. Both, naturally, draw largely upon the popular philosophy of the day. There is much, consequently, that is common in their teaching. But—and here is the point to be observed—neither the one nor the other is, strictly speaking, what he claims to be. Mr. Campbell does not give us a "theology." Sir Oliver Lodge has not restrained himself to "science" pure and simple.

Indeed, from the very circumstances of the case, neither minister nor man of science could have been expected to do so. They say what they have to say from different points of view, of course; but their platform is in the main the same. They meet on the common ground where the debatable questions at issue lie; and their methods, each working in his own sphere, are similar. In the last resort, neither can be truly said to satisfy. Mere human knowledge—science, philosophy, call it what you will—is inadequate. In the light of a God-given revelation alone do the mists vanish and the shadows flee away.

Notwithstanding this, a most instructive lesson may be learned from the work of these two men. They are doing their best to work upwards by human endeavor through the clouds and darkness beneath the feet of God to the inaccessible light in which he dwells. Deficiencies, mistakes, some small confusion, we make allowance for. The effort, none the less, rings true; and the end is not a vain one. Of the two, perhaps, the work of the man of science is the more valuable. It is more than a mere indication of the religious spirit making itself felt in the heart of a man. It is a proof that science is not so tolerant as some would have us believe, that she is less self-confident and arbitrary, that her children can rise above the mere material with which she deals. She is justified in them. There is comparatively little in *The Substance of Faith* to which a Catholic could not heartily subscribe. If he finds fault or carps, it will be not so much as a Catholic as one holding definitely clear philosophical views.

If, then, science can do this for her votaries; if she can lead them on, as it were, from strength to strength, until they come almost within sight of the portals of Sion; if she can teach a philosophy that, while lifting man's intelligence to its highest height, bows it at last before the footstool of the Creator; then what of the difficulties that are urged, in her name, against the faith?

Science takes her place with philosophy as an *Ancilla Theologiæ*. She cannot reveal mysteries above nature. But neither can she urge sincere objections against revealed truth. She can, and does, when rightly understood, make straight and smooth the paths upon which we advance to a knowledge of ourselves, of nature, and of nature's God. She has done so much for Sir Oliver Lodge; and he has paid her the tribute of a written confession of the faith of a man of science.

A little more of mutual understanding would do us all good; a little sharper definition of boundaries; a firmer grasp upon the truths of nature as well as those of faith. We have nothing to fear and all to hope from the greater progress and advance of science. Only, we must remember that revelation is not reason; and that, great as may be the light kindled by such workers as Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Kelvin, Sir J. W. Dawson, or Lord Rayleigh, it can never—no, not were all the wisdom of the whole human race brought together into one focus—it can never be more than a pale and feeble glimmer in the full radiance and splendor of that true light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

In a future number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I hope to examine this confession of a man of science in greater detail, to compare it with the natural theology of the schools, and, in the comparison, to show how nearly the current of modern thought is setting in the direction of our own most cherished system of philosophy.

THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

VI.—SPIRITISM (CONTINUED).

THE experiences of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, and the experiments of Sir William Crookes on the phenomena in the case of D. D. Home, have been given somewhat at length in our last number, not so much because the facts in these cases are in themselves specially extraordinary or interesting, but rather because they have been recorded in a more authoritative way than most of those connected with mediums, and may probably have a special weight as evidence. But, really, when we examine the subject with any approach to thoroughness, we find that abnormal occurrences of a similar character, and which cannot be ascribed to any fraud, trickery, or ingenuity, are going on continually; and that some of them are still more remarkable and unaccountable than any which we have hitherto described.

In the seances of Mr. Moses, for instance, the distinct apparition of spirit forms was not so very frequent; usually they seem to have been rather vague or ill-defined. But at the present day they are, we may say, often seen very clearly and sharply, having a fullness of detail and color equal to that of any of the ghosts or spontaneous apparitions which are recorded from time to time. As we have previously remarked, the genuine ghost, as distinguished from the merely imaginary or conventional one, has usually this character of appearing in normal colors, and in what seem to be ordinary clothes of a style prevailing at the time it is seen, or of the time in which the person represented by it lived. And the seance ghost seems also to be assuming this character. It looks like a real living person, not like a mere ball or column of light, with perhaps an indefinite human shape.

Take, for instance, this case, which we have in writing from an absolutely trustworthy witness of the highest respectability for truth and honor, and who made great sacrifices to be received into the Church. His name, did we feel at liberty to give it, would of itself be sufficient to set aside any question as to the fact of what he saw; and the precautions he took were such as to make it absolutely impossible that he could have been imposed on. We say "the fact of what he saw"; but we might say also *felt* as well as saw. For the modern seance ghost, or "materialization," is palpable or tangible as well as visible, as Sir William Crookes himself most emphatically testifies.

The gentleman of whom we speak attended some time ago, before his reception into the Church, a seance, which, though that of a professional medium, was held in an ordinary room, which he, with a friend, examined carefully before the seance began, and in which the so-called cabinet consisted merely of a curtain on an extemporized pole. Moreover, he himself, during part of the performance, took the place of the medium in this cabinet; that is, behind this curtain.

The "spirit forms" at first appeared as mere balls of light, about the size and shape of an egg, at the bottom of the curtain behind which the medium sat. They grew into the likeness of three persons, who were seen by all in the room. One came quite near to him, having the appearance of a woman with olive complexion, piercing black eyes, and long hair, which had a distinct odor, as of the grave. It sank out of sight close by him, some five minutes later. Of course some suspicious critic, hearing this much, will at once jump to the "trapdoor" theory, commonly brought in by the amateur to account for the ordinary magician's performances. Of course he will say: "This person came up through a trapdoor behind the curtain, and went down through another in front of your friend." But he should understand that, though there was no blaze of light in the room, it was sufficiently lighted by a lamp hanging in the transom; and, moreover, how a person can come up through a trapdoor, in the shape of a luminous egg, and gradually form herself into the likeness of a human being, is hard to understand. And that one should see her go down through a trapdoor at his very feet, and yet fail to see the trapdoor, is certainly very remarkable.

But this is not all. Later, two persons, one of them apparently a child of four or five years of age, appeared in the same way, and came close to our friend. At the invitation of a lady, sitting next to him in the circle, this ghostly child kissed him on the mouth. "Such a kiss as it was!" he writes. "The lips of the child were stiff, almost wooden, yet clammy, and the face smelt musty or mildewy."

Notice here there is not only the sense of sight which testifies, but also that of *touch;* as well as that of smell, as in the previous experience.

Lastly, as has been stated, the visitor was called into the cabinet, being told by the medium that he himself had strong mediumistic powers. He was left there, sitting on a chair, with a cushion for his feet, the medium taking his place in the circle. As he sat there, the light formed at his feet, and grew into the likeness of a human figure, transparent from shoulders to feet, but with an opaque head. It spoke to him. The other materializations which had appeared had also spoken, as did others which appeared later. (The sceptic will account for this by ventriloquism; so we will not lay so much stress on this point.) Finally the figure suddenly vanished.

It appears from the testimony of credible witnesses that a materialized form can pass through ordinary solid matter. Dr. Hartmann, for instance, testifies to having seen a tall figure, apparently that of a Hindoo, passing through a doorway of less than his own height, without stooping, the head passing through the wall above. It does not seem, however, that much care has been taken in testing this phenomenon, and indeed it would be difficult to investigate it thoroughly. A figure may be palpable before and after such an act, but its being so during the act seems impossible to verify, if the substance so passed through is of a rigid character.

The fact that some materialized figures make an impression on the sense of touch as well as of sight is well enough established to convince any one who is not absolutely persuaded that such a thing is impossible, and that all evidence in proof of it must be regarded as a lie.

Of course it may be urged that an impression on the sense of touch does not prove the objective reality of a phantasm, any more than one on that of sight. And this is quite true. There may be a real sensation of touch, as well as of sight, which may be called merely subjective, like those which we have supposed to exist in discussing the telepathic theory.

The senses testify to something which acts on them; but this something is not necessarily the particular objective reality which it seems to be, or indeed any *material* reality at all. There is no reason why a spiritual (*i.e.*, an immaterial) force may not act directly on them, as indeed in our own ordinary actions our own spiritual force acts somewhere in the process directly on the matter composing our bodies.

It would, however, be difficult to fit this theory to the very remarkable case testified to by Sir William Crookes, to which allusion has been made above. To show how far the phenomenon of materialization can go, it may be well to quote the account of this case, as given by Dr. Lapponi, who was, as is well known, physician to Pope Leo XIII., and also to our present Holy Father. He says:

> Amongst the most complete and tangible materializations on record, the one related by the celebrated scientist Crookes most deserves mention. For two or three consecutive years, by means of a very powerful medium, Miss Cook, he enjoyed the daily apparition of a charming young lady, who said she was from India. She wore the whitest clothes and always had a turban. She also came from the centre of a cloudlet, which first formed in the middle of the room destined for the experiment. In the centre of this cloud lines and contours developed, took shape, and became animated and colored, until the face smiled, the eyes brightened, the lungs breathed, and the heart beat. Crookes, in order to assure himself that this singular being had nothing to do with the medium, took especial note of the difference in stature, the manner of dressing the hair, of difference in coloring, in the shape and size of the hands, of the texture of the skin, and finally, of a scar in the neck of the medium, which was not to be found in the other. Also to ascertain if the apparition had a real personality, Crookes took several photographs, listened to the chest, tested the respiration and the pulse, and took the temperature with a thermometer. With her permission, he embraced her, and assured himself that her body was indeed flesh and blood. During the day the apparition conversed with Mrs. Crookes, was familiar with the servants, and played with the children of the house. But as evening approached, or whenever she pleased, the mysterious girl disappeared from the sight of all, and no one could tell where or how she had gone.

The idea of fraud or imposture on the part of the medium or any living human agent concerned seems absolutely untenable in a case like this. What we may call the "telepathic" explanation would account for the mere feeling of solidity to the touch, as has been said; but hardly to the thermometric test, or to the photographs, if they represented the form or phantasm precisely as it was seen; and with a careful observer like Sir William, we may assume this to have been the case. It is also very difficult to adjust it to the apparition being seen by so many people and so frequently and for such a length of time.

At any rate, the other theory of an objective and localized reality seems to fit such a case much better; and indeed it is the one generally adopted by those who have paid the most attention to the subject of apparitions evoked by mediums; and probably they would say the same with regard to that of apparitions which are spontaneous, whether of the living or of the dead. The telepathic one may explain more easily those in which the apparition is only seen by one or a few of those present; but in cases where it becomes visible to all, and, as it would seem naturally—that is by the ordinary functions of the eye—this theory seems to break down altogether, or have to be unduly strained.

The theory of objective reality is also strongly supported by photographic evidence. This kind of evidence, at any rate in cases where nothing is visible to those present in general—or when no one has been present except the photographer himself—is not very convincing to most people, as has been said in a previous article, and least of all to expert photographers, who know how easily a "ghost" photograph can be made; but, after all, if the one who claims to have taken such a negative is a man whose testimony would not be rejected in other matters, and if he seriously assures us that it is genuine, his assurance cannot be lightly dismissed. And this is specially the case, if he has no reason for any special bias in the matter, pecuniarily or otherwise; if he has no special theory to support, but simply is acting, to all appearance, with a desire to ascertain the truth, not with a conviction that he has already attained it. Evidently, a photograph of an invisible materialization, asserted to be taken by one who is a thorough convert to spiritualism as a religion, must be looked on with more suspicion than one taken by a man who believes the whole business to be a fraud. And the same, in due measure, may be said in the case of those whose judgment is in suspense about the matter in general, and even of those who, though admitting some facts in it as well established, are slow in recognizing more; who are, in short, like Sir William Crookes, thoroughly scientific in their tone and temper of mind. If persons of either of these classes claim to have taken photographs of spirit manifestations, their claim may by no means be so lightly treated as might be that of one who makes spiritualism his religion.

What, then, does the camera show, unless we are to treat the reputable gentlemen who have used it in this matter as merely charlatans and frauds?

It shows, in pictures of a seance, at first a formless white substance, principally hanging round the medium, but afterward probably spreading and enveloping the sitters generally. In these earlier stages it might be taken for what photographers call a "fog" or light streak, such as is often caused by some little leakage of light from outside into the camera or the plate holder. But in pictures taken later in the proceedings, this substance may take a more definite form, more or less resembling a human figure; and still later the face may come out quite clearly, and some details of the dress or drapery. Furthermore, this developed face may bear a resemblance to that of the person supposed to be communicating, as he or she appeared when in the body.

Of course it may be said that, even granting that these photographs, as also those obtained outside a seance, are really made by spiritual agency, the way of making them may be by direct action on the plate, not by rays proceeding from any real material object; somewhat after the manner of what is called "direct writing" on paper, of which we shall have to treat later. We cannot deny that such may be the case. But as the real or objective process of formation of the phantasm, which they indicate, seems a reasonable one, and as actually visible phantasms have been photographed, as in the case of Sir William Crookes just given, the theory that there is something really there, which can be photographed by ultra-violet or other invisible rays, is generally believed to be correct by those who have investigated the matter.

This theory is that an actual substance is produced by psychical action from the body of the medium, which is afterwards formed by the agents producing it into the form which the camera testifies to. The others present at a seance may contribute to this substance; and this would seem, on the theory, probable from the photographs, and also from the fact that more remarkable results are produced when those present are in thorough sympathy with the medium, and cultivate a passive mental attitude similiar to his; thus developing what are called "favorable conditions."

It is also thought probable that the raps and other physical phenomena attending a seance are obtained, at least partly, by means of this substance. It serves, it would seem, as a medium between spirit and ordinary matter, and it may possibly be that it is this substance which answers this purpose in our own bodies, and enables our own spirit to move them at will.

In confirmation of this theory, it may be stated that a marked exhaustion of the ordinary mental and physical powers of the medium is likely to follow a seance, especially where remarkable results have been obtained. And also, that the most extraordinary phenomena are usually produced when the medium is thrown into a deep trance, suspending for the time his or her mental and bodily activity, and thus making it easier to withdraw this substance, the existence of which seems probable.

We have so far, in this matter of spiritism, principally treated of the physical phenomena, such as levitation, materialization, etc., which are the most extraordinary and perplexing features of it. But they are hardly the most interesting to people in general. What attracts most people to concern themselves with it, is undoubtedly the hope of attaining some certainty of continued life after death. *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, the title of Mr. Myers' great work; this it is, as we have said, that makes this subject one of such general and intense interest to the public. Though people, no doubt, sometimes go to seances with the hope of seeing materializations or other marvels, the usual motive is probably the hope of obtaining some news about their deceased friends. And such news is, apparently, always obtainable. It appears to them, when the seance is a marked success, that the room is full of the spirits of these deceased relatives or friends of the members of the circle, and that these spirits are ready and willing to communicate a good deal of intelligence as to their present state; and, moreover, that they are able to prove that they are really what they pretend to be, by being in possession of facts regarding their earthly life which could not naturally be known to the medium, through whom these communications come. And though it may be more or less unpleasant to have these communications made in the presence of strangers who may be present at the seance, they are willing to undergo this for the sake of the result which they are so anxious to obtain.

But still most of them would probably prefer to obtain these communications privately, or at any rate only with the assistance of those who are personal friends of their own, and of the spirits supposed to be communicating. The desire, therefore, naturally arises to become mediums themselves; not that they hope or expect to produce the more extraordinary phenomena, such as levitation or materialization, but to go as far as to get messages by raps or automatic writing, or by an instrument like planchette. And it does not seem very difficult to go as far as this. All that has to be done is to put the mind in a passive attitude and to abstain from active and distracting occupations, either mental or bodily; it would seem that even keeping the hands perfectly still for a considerable time is sufficient to bring on the first stages of what is called automatic writing; that is to say, the writing of words which the writer does not consciously intend to put on the paper, and which even may not occur to his mind till he sees them written. This practice, if persevered in, may result in the production of what seem to be communications from some source quite outside of the writer's own personality. And finally, these communications may become as satisfactory as those which could be obtained by the assistance of a fully developed medium; the automatic writer has, it would appear, really become a good enough medium for the purpose most desired.

If success is obtained in this way, this practice or occupation will certainly become a most fascinating one; involving little trouble and no expense, and moreover being free from occurrences, more or less unpleasant or even terrifying, which may attend a regular seance. Most people, whether professing to believe in the possibility of ghosts or not, have an ineradicable fear of seeing one, and are more or less reluctant to be alone at night in a house reported as being haunted, or perhaps in any deserted one. But it is a very different thing to sit down at one's own table, and try to evoke a ghost who is not expected to appear visibly, but only to move one to write something on paper. And if one can, in this way, seem to obtain news about the dead whom he has known and loved when they were in this world, a very great attraction is added to what the practice would have in itself.

The danger of it, however, ought to be apparent to every one, even without any settled views as to religion. To subject oneself blindly, by a state of mental passivity, to the operation of some outside influence, which has at least a partial control of one's bodily powers, and probably of the mental faculties also, is evidently taking a great risk. One ought to be unwilling to submit to it, even if sure that the influence or "control" is a good one; for it is a surrender for the time being of his freewill, which Almighty God has given him, and with which even He Himself very seldom interferes. He may do so in those whom he inspires to speak his words; but inspiration is his prerogative, and we should not surrender it to some spirit which gives no evidence of being commissioned by him.

The danger still remains, even in the case where the knowledge of the words to be written comes to the writer's mind before the actual writing, as is likely to be the case in the earlier stages of this practice; for he is not at liberty to write them or not, the movement of his hand not being directed, consciously at any rate, by his own will.

But this danger seems too far away and too abstract to be seriously apprehended by those tempted to indulge in this most interesting inquiry. It seems to them that there is at least a great probability that their dear departed can communicate with them, and that without employing a stranger as a medium. "What harm can there be, then, in trying if this indeed be so?" they would say. "If there is any, we can leave off at any time." So they do try, and probably meet with some degree of success.

They obtain, very soon it may be, what seem to them satisfactory "proofs of identity"; that is, they not only obtain communications which seem to come from some other spirit than their own, but there appears to them to be sufficient proof that they really come from the identical deceased person with whom they wish to communicate.

Before discussing these apparent proofs, however, let us see in what various forms these communications come; though the higher and more remarkable forms are seldom attained except after long practice, and with a medium of extraordinary power.

The most common form of the communication is probably that by raps. A sound like a rap on the table or other article of furniture in the room is made in answer, for instance, to a question. If the question is one which can be answered by "Yes" or "No"; of course one rap may be taken as meaning "Yes," two "No." (It would appear that the spirit communicating can hear and understand the conversation by which these or other signs are agreed on, though it is only seldom that it can itself speak audibly.) Then, if a message is to be given, it may be spelled out by calling the letters of the alphabet, a rap being given when the desired one is reached.

The form of communication is, of course, slow and cumbrous; that of automatic writing, which has been described, is much quicker and more convenient.

The next higher and more convincing form is that of "direct" writing. In the automatic form, all except the medium have to trust to his honesty, except so far as the matter or the manner of the communication may vouch for him. The matter in the first place; for it may contain facts which the medium could not in any ordinary way know, relating, for instance, to the earthly life and experience of the spirit supposed to be communicating. Or the manner; as, for instance, if the writing should be in some language with which the medium is not likely to be acquainted.

But in the "direct" form, the writing appears on the paper without the use by the medium or any one else of any writing implement, and even without any contact on his part with the paper or slate on which the writing appears. Sometimes the paper is taken up from the table by some invisible agency, and returned with the writing upon it; and it may be in such a fine hand that a magnifying glass is required to read it.

But the most common form of this "direct" writing is what is called "slate-writing." In this process a small piece of slate-pencil is usually placed between two slates, which are held by the medium and his visitor, or arranged in some way to make it impossible for the medium or any one else to write on them in the ordinary way. The writing, however, appears on them, and while it is being done the piece of pencil is heard moving between the slates. These have frames, of course, so that there is room for the pencil to move between the surfaces. The writing is probably in answer to questions which are written on paper, and which the medium has no chance to examine, as the paper is folded, though he may hold it in his hand. This performance is sometimes carried through without all these precautions, when the visitor is convinced of its genuineness, and if they are omitted, there is of course an opportunity for trickery; but there is no doubt that the phenomenon does on some occasions occur when they are taken, and even under still more extraordinary conditions than those just described.

For instance, the present writer has been very credibly informed of the following experience. A gentleman desiring to obtain on the slates answers to questions which he had prepared, purchased a package of slates at a shop, where they were, of course, done up for him in the usual way. The questions were on papers, which he carried in his pocket.

On arriving at the residence of the medium, the latter met him and told him that he was sorry that they could have no experiment on that occasion, as he had arranged to go with his wife to the theatre that evening. But as she was not quite ready, he asked him to remain till she appeared, and have a chat. The package of slates was not opened, and the questions still remained in the visitor's pocket. After a short while, the lady came in. The medium then asked, of course, to be excused till some more convenient opportunity; but said that perhaps there might be something on the slates after all. On arriving at his home, the visitor found that they were well covered with writing, which was in appropriate answer to the questions which he had prepared.

Even more "direct" than this method of writing is the communication which is often made by spoken words. This, however, may not be very evidential to those who only hear or read of it, and who are not disposed by other facts to believe in the genuineness of the phenomena. For, as has been remarked, it is easy to dispose of evidence on this point by attributing it to ventriloquism, especially as this phenomenon is not one which can be called usual, or likely to occur at amateur seances. Still, if the evidence is carefully examined, we think that it will be rather hard to retain the notion that it can be accounted for in this way.

The very remarkable physical character of the occurrences, some of which have been briefly described in these articles, are probably the principal cause of the increasing conviction among scientific men that we have in them a sufficient proof of the action of some forces which we have no power to exert, voluntarily at any rate, and which it is hardly reasonable to ascribe altogether to any latent or involuntary energy residing in ourselves. It seems impossible to explain them away, unless by one of the two following hypotheses. First, that the evidence for them is simply false; that those who claim to have witnessed them are simply lying. But this, of course, will not suffice for scientists who have personally witnessed them. The second way of disposing of them would be on the theory that they are mere delusions; that by hypnotism or telepathy, those who testify to seeing them, and even we ourselves, if we have had that experience, have been made to see things that do not really exist, or not to see things that do. In a slate-writing case like that just described, it might be urged that the medium really did open the package, and take the questions out of his visitor's pocket, and write the answers to them in the ordinary way, replacing the questions afterward in his pocket, and doing up the package; meanwhile putting some charm or spell on his visitor to make him unaware of these proceedings. And it is alleged in support of this theory that certain Indian fakirs have in this way imposed on those who testify to having seen marvels worked by them; the proof of this being that the camera shows no trace of what was apparently being done. It is possible that such an effect on the spectators might be produced by hypnotic or telepathic action; but it must be remembered that in their case the circumstances would be favorable for such action, as the spectator's mind and gaze would be fascinated as it were by the expected performance. But in the slate-writing case just mentioned, no performance was expected; the mental attitude of the visitor was simply nonchalant, and the conversation of an indifferent character; there was no strain on his mind in any way; his attention was not occupied by any one thing; he was in condition to notice all that might occur, and had a perfect and unbroken memory of the whole interview.

Also, this theory is much weakened by the fact that, recently, flash light photographs *have* been taken of levitations and materializations, at regular seances in Italy, and also, as has been noted, by Sir William Crookes in his own celebrated case. It may, of course, still be urged that in some way, unknown to us, an impression may be made by some occult force on a sensitive plate without the existence of anything to produce it in the regular optical way. But, considering that the evidence of the plate agrees with that of the eyes, this explanation certainly comes near the vanishing point. And so of course does the "fake" photograph theory, in presence of the evidence of scientific men, among the most eminent in the world.

We hardly need to say any more on this subject of the evidence given by the character of the phenomena, to their being largely due to forces, not at the command of human beings, at any rate while in this life. That is to say, that no one can produce all the phenomena simply by his own will, or at his own choice; we have no force inherent in ourselves which we can consciously or intentionally exert to produce them except in the cases of fraud, which are usually discoverable without much difficulty.

We must, then, either adopt the view that they are produced either by some unconscious action of our own minds, which we cannot as yet thoroughly understand, or that they proceed from some energy outside of ourselves. The former hypothesis is called the "subliminal," the latter the "spiritistic," theory. The latter again may be subdivided; the spirits acting may be believed to be departed human ones, or spirits of a nature entirely separate from our own. Here we have really the whole field open to discussion as the matter now stands; for the question as to the genuineness of the phenomena is practically closed in the affirmative. We must now, therefore, proceed to discuss these theories just named.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE A-SOLDIERING.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

HE is a gentleman from the ground up, and as tender-hearted as he is brave," said Maguire, the old sergeant, as, from the guardhouse steps, he looked after the handsome officer with admiring eyes.

Lieutenant Robert Barton, unconscious of this favorable judgment thus passed upon him, continued his way across the parade of Fort Sentry. The smallest and poorest of the houses in "Officer's Row" had recently been assigned to him, but with it he was more than content. For hither, a few weeks before, he had brought his young wife, Marian, and this, the first home of their married life, was as a paradise to both of them.

Nevertheless, the lieutenant was out of favor with the War Department, and, consequently, at the post. For he had impetuously married without the required permission of the military authorities, and only his previous good record, and the influence of prominent friends, had saved him from court-martial.

His companions-in-arms, the subalterns, indeed, covertly sympathized with him, but the older officers looked at him askance, and the impression gained ground that his advancement in the service would be slow.

All this was keenly understood by pretty little Mrs. Barton, who struggled courageously against the sadness of isolation that menaced her, when she thought how many hundred miles distant was the home of her girlhood. Robert always found her smiling and, when he was off duty, she sang about the house, joyous as a bird.

But often, when alone, she grieved over the knowledge that, in becoming Robert's wife, she had unwittingly injured his chances of promotion; and, being devout, she daily prayed that in some way her gallant husband might soon regain the popularity with his superior officers which he had recklessly cast away through love of her.

"There may be a brush with the Indians before long, and any officer who distinguishes himself will be honorably mentioned in the report sent to Washington," the colonel's wife remarked one day, speaking generally, but for her benefit.

Marian was too newly "married into the Army," however, to think thus calmly of a skirmish between the troops and the "Wards of the Nation." She knew she would be miserably frightened were the call of "Boots and Saddle" sounded, and the women of the post left to the protection of only a small garrison.

Of late the red men had threatened trouble. They would not stay on the reservation, which was within a few miles of the post.

"We will force them back," declared the colonel, and therewith ordered that any members of the tribe found wandering in the neighborhood should be brought to the post.

One April day a reconnoitering party brought in a prisoner, not a chief, a young warrior, nor yet an Indian maiden; the captive was only a little papoose, who had been found astray on the up-land.

The dark-skinned squaw-baby had not seen more than three of the bright, hot, Arizona summers, but she had the self-possession of a royal princess. During the long afternoon she sat on the step of the guardhouse, silent, stoical, resisting all attempts of the ladies of the post to make friends with her, yet nothing that went on escaped her black, bead-like eyes.

Evening came, the shadows shut out the parade from her view, the lights gleamed forth from the barracks and the officers' quarters, the tired papoose was alone and forgotten. She was hungry and frightened at last, and there was no soft-voiced Indian mother to give her a bit of the maize bread baked in the embers of the fire before the tepee, to soothe her with totem tales of the frog who was a little man, the blue-jay, the chief of the fairies, the raven who is keeper of the fire.

"Shining Eyes," as the soldiers called her, broke down and sobbed as any white child would have done.

But she was not deserted by all the world, as seemed to her lonely little heart. Some one remembered her. In fact, the thought of the squaw-baby had been in the mind of Mrs. Barton all the afternoon.

The sight of the tiny, pathetic figure on the guardhouse steps had so appealed to her, that she put aside all other work and began to make a wonderful doll, such as she had been wont to fashion for her small sisters at home. It was only a puppet of cloth, but she painted the face with some skill, sacrificed a lock from her own brown hair for its braided tresses, and arrayed it in a gorgeous frock of crimson silk.

At dusk it was finished, and the young wife set off to comfort the papoose.

"You poor baby," she exclaimed, as she thrust her kind gift into the arms of the small waif.

The papoose paused in her disconsolate wail; she could scarcely see the Paleface doll, but she knew it was something to be crooned over, as the Apache mothers in secret croon to their children. She forgot how lonely it was to be a little Indian girl, far away from her tribe, and did not shrink back when, presently, an officer coming along picked her up and carried her into his house, the lady who had sought her out walking by his side. Moreover, she was content to eat a supper of white bread with milk, and to be put to sleep on an improvised cot, with the doll still clasped in her embrace.

Several days passed, but the tribe sent no messengers to the post to treat for the return of the hostage. The colonel was perplexed. He had kept the squaw-baby only to teach the Apaches a salutary lesson. They, manifestly, refused to learn it, although they were reported to love their children unemotionally but with intensity.

"Lieutenant Barton, you may carry the papoose back to her people," said the commander at last. "Take four or five men with you and a white flag."

Tricked out in a gay-colored print frock, made by Marian's deft fingers, and with the doll in her arms, "Shining Eyes" imperturbably submitted to be swung up before the lieutenant on his spirited broncho.

Marian kissed the child, of whom she had grown fond. Then, as a sudden fear beset her, she cried out:

"Oh, Robert, if the Apaches should kill you!"

The lieutenant laughed.

"The papoose is a better protection to me than a regiment of soldiers would be," he said gaily.

A few minutes later he and his men were galloping across the *mesa*.

The Apaches were known to have established themselves in a canyon south of the post. As the lieutenant, riding ahead, entered the ravine an arrow whizzed past him.

With a brave man's instinct to protect the weak and helpless, as he drew his revolver from his belt, he, at the same time, folded his left arm about the papoose in a manner to shield her little body as much as possible. Perhaps, after all, she was not of much account to the tribe, being only a squaw-baby. But, dark-skinned savage though she was, he knew that, if a fight came, he would protect her life with his own.

His endeavors to guard her from the winged missiles of death, that continued for some moments to follow him as he rode on, were soon observed by the keen eyes of the painted warriors lurking in ambush. They scorned the white flag, but the spectacle of a Paleface folding an Indian child to his breast awakened a new emotion in their passionate hearts.

Springing out upon the trail, they broke into a wild yell that aroused the echoes of the canyon, and waved their arms in fierce gesticulation.

At this moment the lieutenant's men rode up. Every one of them had his revolver ready and glanced eagerly at the officer for the signal to fire.

The lieutenant did not give it. On the contrary, he discharged his own weapon in the air, and rode boldly forward into the midst of the Apaches. For he had divined that their demonstration, ominous as it appeared, was in reality friendly.

When he reached them, they greeted the papoose with another yell, which, however, did not disturb the Sphinx-like calm of the tiny creature. "Shining Eyes" surveyed them with the same infantile dignity she had displayed when confronted with the strangeness of a civilized home.

"The great chief at the fort is good; he has sent back the papoose that his soldiers found wandering on the plain," called Lieutenant Barton, addressing the party.

They did not understand him, but one of the braves came up; the officer lifted the papoose from the horse and gave her into the Indian's care. Then he and his men returned to the post.

No more would have been thought of the incident, were it not that a few days later a half-breed scout came in bringing wonderful news. When the squaw-baby was taken back to the tribe the cloth doll and the gay calico frock created a sensation, not only among the squaws but in the deliberations of the braves.

"The great chief at the fort is not our enemy, since his soldiers have cared for a papoose, and a white woman has clothed it as with the plumage on the breast of 'the little brother of the sunshine,'"* said the sachem, glancing around the circle of his warriors. "Shall we not live in peace with these strangers?"

And so it was decided at the council fire.

Thus it happened that, in consoling the sad little papoose and arraying the child in the bright pink frock, Marian had rendered an important service to the United States Government.

When it became known at the post that the tribe had returned to the reservation, the colonel said to happy Mrs. Barton:

"Madame, your husband fulfilled his mission to the Apaches with discretion and courage. You may tell him I shall recommend him for promotion. As for yourself, if we could bestow decorations of honor upon our army ladies, and many indeed deserve them, you should have one of the first rank. By your kindness to the squaw-baby you undoubtedly averted an Indian up-rising, and saved the lives of many of our troops."

Marian's eyes glistened with tears that were like a sun-shower, for a smile shone through them.

"If that is so, colonel," she said archly, "then don't you think the Commanding General of the Army can afford to pardon me for having, without leave, married an obscure second lieutenant, who, nevertheless, has proved himself a good soldier?"

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* The humming bird.

AIMS IN SOCIALISM.*

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

HUMAN nature is always baffling, yet in a sense monotonous in its ways. The human nature that is expressed in Socialism is hateful toward the human nature that opposes Socialism. Some men naturally in their circumstances favor Socialism, and others naturally in their circumstances oppose it; and the two classes, obeying identical instincts, dislike each other. The dividing factors seem to be situation and self-interest. Many curious things are to be found in studying the question from this standpoint.

Socialists are hopelessly divided among themselves, but conservatives also are divided. It is claimed that Socialists cannot tell us how their plan of social reconstruction will work out, but we conservatives can scarcely foretell how the rate bill or pure food law will develop. It is claimed that Socialist leaders are dishonest, but how many candidates for canonization do the conservative leaders furnish. It is said that Socialists do not understand their own philosophy; but one may ask if Americans understand theirs any better. It is claimed that Socialism is dogmatic and intolerant, yet a history of human intolerance would mention conservative ten times as often as Socialist. Hence it would appear that one should discriminate in speaking against Socialism. One might make a list of common traits of human nature; note the inconsistencies, limitations, failings common to men, classes, and parties, inevitable in social intercourse, and strike out of one's indictment of Socialism every trait which is found, as well, among conservatives of whatsoever kind. Such qualities as are due to human nature generally should be credited to it and not to Socialism. This one principle alone, if honestly applied, would shrink considerably the literature of opposition to the movement, and, no doubt, strengthen conservatism thereby.

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*In this exposition of Socialism, no effort is made to express feeling against it. If a system advances by its attractive rather than by its unattractive features, it may sometimes serve a purpose to see it as it is favorably seen. The worst that is said against Socialism is undoubtedly true to some degree, but it may be well to remember that that is not stating the whole case as the Socialist sees it.

Then, too, the conservative appears to be more patient of failure, as it exists in his favorite social order, than of the failure that he forcefully predicts for Socialism. He says that Socialism threatens personal liberty, without having inquired how far liberty is now enjoyed. The conservative claims that Socialism threatens the home, yet sixty years ago Marx claimed that capitalism would do it, and to-day the Socialist press shows how capitalism is doing it. Hence, we require a broad view of method if we would meet the situation wisely.

Socialism is what it is because conditions are as they are. It is a reaction as definite in proportions and fixed in its laws as any other great movement that history has seen. That it misunderstands itself, falsely interprets relations to great traditional institutions, errs in analysis, blunders in emphasis, and loses the sense of established facts, does not reduce its vitality, though it adds to its confusion; does not assure its downfall, though it increases opposition. We ought to look behind our institutions into conditions, beneath phenomena to forces, past claims and phrases and illusory hopes to measured statements of carefully ascertained facts, before sitting in judgment. If we study the processes of mind and feeling, the contrasts from which men recoil and the instinct for self-realization that they obey, we find mighty power back of Socialism and independent of Socialists and their mistakes. If we look into our traditional standards of moral judgment, and inspect the sanctions which we attach to transitory aspects of permanently true principles, we may soon learn to question the wisdom of some of the attitudes taken in opposition to the movement and be led to greater care.

The Church has entered the conflict as the avowed enemy of Socialism. Our colleges teach against it; we lecture and write, preach and publish, against it. We have abundant official pronouncements against it, and an anxious, capitalistic world looks to the Church, nervous with gratitude for the anticipated setback that Catholicism is to give to Socialism. Meantime, we hear complaint on every side that Christianity is losing vigor and Socialism is gaining it. Our tens of thousands of Christian ministers, Catholic and non-Catholic, trained leaders, specialists, writers, thinkers, should be able to protect the masses against the dangers of Socialism; yet we are not cheered by any reports of notable diminution in socialistic zeal or numbers. The movement, in the hands of untrained leaders, enjoying no prestige but that of social degradation, with no equipment but experience and native feeling, makes headway that should cause thoughtful people to reflect. Do we misunderstand the times or our message? Is the natural constitution of society preparing for changes that we misunderstand? Is the force in the whole Socialist movement making for progress or for danger? No hasty answer can meet the questions, yet our campaign toward Socialism should be guided by those only who can make answer safely to them.

There is much in a reputation. Socialism has a bad name and hence many have presumptions against it. One not a Socialist, if he speak tolerantly of it, is asked if he be a Socialist. Popular usage, speaking as it always does with but limited vocabulary, has no middle term between Socialist and individualist. Yet the majority of thoughtful, fair-minded men actually stand in that unnamed zone. In order to assist the reader to understand, objectively, the situation, an effort is made in these pages to offer a brief description of Socialism without using the term. The thoughts presented in preceding issues of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are employed to describe the conditions out of which the movement arises, and the aims which, by direct reaction in the circumstances, are found throughout the movement and belong to its essential constitution.

I.

It is alleged with much warrant, if not complete proof, that the economic motive is practically supreme in modern life; that the aggressive, selfish desire to accumulate, hold, dispose of property, is practically universal; that in the competitive struggle for it, the strong few succeed and the weak many fail; that the nature, motives, and sanctions of property are very much misunderstood, and society is threatened with disintegration. It is further believed that the strong few dominate in society, and that their interests, and not those of the people at large, are supreme. That these views are merged into one impression, and that that impression is very widespread, is not to be denied. It is well to recall that the question is one of impression, not of statistics; of personal experience, not of abstract truth; of a process going on in minds and hearts, as well as of formal teaching.

The natural function of wealth, of goods or things, such as grain, leather, cotton, wool, or lumber, is to sustain man's physical being and enable him to strive for higher development. As his needs recur from day to day, the impulse to accumulate appears natural where, at least, some uncertainty of supply is found. A father may naturally desire to accumulate things for his children, for his own old age, or to protect himself against illness. But, as was noted in a former article, many natural obstacles effectively hinder accumulation when things themselves must be stored. Difficulties of space, of preservation, of watching, practically forbid storing in any great quantities. But men changed all this when money was invented to represent things and made a revolution when credits replaced money. Wealth in the form of income-earning credits may be held with ease indefinitely. It increases of itself, allows leisure or idleness, confers distinction and power, and becomes supremely desirable for reasons nearly all of which are foreign to the natural function of wealth itself. The intensity of this desire is not uniform among men, as is often erroneously supposed. The social valuation of wealth, as a social fact and tradition, acts selectively on the race and stimulates the strong, draws them together and places power in their hands. Where the desire to accumulate is found to be intense in an individual, it is a curious blend of love of luxury, desire for power, for action, family affection, love of struggle, social valuations, inherited instinct. It is all possible, because of the evolution in the forms of property, and it would be impossible if property were made to revert to natural form and function.

If now the strong few, mighty in desire for wealth and resourceful in struggle, foreseeing, vigilant, secure it in great quantities, and the weak many fail of success, it is quite natural that these latter, when entrusted with vote and enjoying freedom of speech, would think and feel about the contrast. What is more logical, then, than that the weak many should find leaders and thinkers who would advise changes in organization of property in order to satisfy each one's natural desire for it. And a very natural thing is to try to force property back to its natural form. Thus one might propose that all credit forms be abolished.

In this way, all desirability of property due to its credit forms ceases. When it is desired less intensely, its utility for life is unaffected and the weaker ones may have better chance of sharing in it. Again, it might be proposed to abolish money symbols and drive wealth back to its natural forms, so that one who wished to accumulate wealth would be compelled to store things and guard them. By thus restoring all natural obstacles to accumulation, one might reduce the desire for it, and make possible to every one the possession of such real wealth as the average purposes of life make necessary. Wealth might thus be restored to its natural function and form, its desirability being reduced and its diffusion secured. Under such conditions, it might appear as ridiculous to store great quantities of things as it now appears warranted and wise to own great sums of credits.

If, by some such process, property were revolutionized, and one might possess only things or claims to things, a number of accessory measures might follow to round out the situation. Society might own and control all production; it might require that there be no idlers, no waste of labor in uselessly multiplied forms of industry. It might make one's actual labor the basis of one's property, and, by removing incentive to accumulate, make general the desire to earn. If this were brought about, it seems reasonable to suppose that the economic motive would drop to its proper place in life; that property would settle back to its natural function and, serving only natural physical uses, take on a social valuation proportioned to them. If property could not earn, persons would be compelled to do so. If these aimed only to supply reasonable physical and social needs, the intense desire to accumulate could not endure. If it were reduced, and individuals earned co-operatively instead of competitively, it is scarcely probable that the strong and the weak would be at war as we now see them.

It is believed, by those who advocate such changes in property, that through them, individual and society might be restored to orderly living. By reducing the intensity of desire for wealth in the individual, one allows opportunity for nobler aims and larger purpose. By hindering accumulation and the hope and uses of it, one prevents wealth, selfishly owned, from controlling law and court and public opinion.

It may be well to repeat that, in thus describing what might be done, the matter is one of impression, not of statistics; of belief rather than of proof. There are many millions in the world to-day, and among them men of highest powers, who believe in and advocate just such a revolution in the forms of property, with a view to affect life, both individual and social, in the manner described.

It may not be wise to say, flippantly, that the plan is silly. Surely the aim and struggle, through long years, of the Church to suppress usury, and her constitutional dislike of interest, were neither injudicious nor silly; on the contrary, they were humane and Christian to an extraordinary degree. Nearly every experience of earning and of property, met to-day by the millions and millions of wage and salary earners, is exactly what they would experience if the changes described were to take place. For they own no credits, they earn all that they have and consume it in living, and property in their lives serves only the natural functions of wealth in giving support and comfort to life.

Whether or not industry would collapse, genius would sulk, and mediocrity reign, is of course a question. Such changes are advocated, believed in, and defended, and the deeper forces at work in society appear to act favorably to them on the whole. The present psychology of property is, in fact, unchristian, unbrotherly, disorganizing. It is in conflict with ideals, beliefs, self-estimate, shared by the masses. The facts of property have associated the strong together and herded the weak together. These latter, having in common their humanity and sins and defeats, as well as their aspirations and class power, are in a process of revolution of psychology. Out of their experience of life they are constructing a new philosophy of property, a new view of life, and promise of progress seems to be with them.

In much that they say and do, they are rough. The surgeon often finds many complications due to adhesions when he operates, and his skill and patience are needed to detach them, to do his work carefully and do no harm. Thus property, as we know it, has many adhesions to family, to Church, to law, to justice, and hence it is not strange that the sociological surgeon, who wishes to operate and remove it, too often lacerates other tissues, and threatens the social order. But this danger is due to the lack of skill. It does not show that an operation is ill-advised, or that society can recover without one; nor does it show that poultices and bandages and tonics, like pure food laws and rate bills and lectures on character, promise a cure.

II.

The situation may be studied from a different standpoint, though one comes to the same conclusion.

Society is society through unity of fundamental purpose, common acceptance of fundamental principles, and reverent belief in recognized ideals. These moral foundations may not be impaired without direct danger to the dearest interests of life. Differences on the surface work no important harm, while they undoubtedly contribute greatly to development and to enlightened policies. Society can stand anything but disintegration. A process of varied disintegration has actually set in in modern life, and it threatens the stability of our institutions. It is a slow working process, if viewed at close range, but a century is a short time in a nation's career. Many alarmists write and speak; one meets men who believe that a revolution is impending. Ignoring such accidents of exaggeration, one may see the process at work without guessing whether great changes will come in twenty or in seventy years. The disintegration found is due, it is claimed in last analysis, to the psychology and organization of property; hence many hope that the revolution in property already hinted at promises to restore unity of purpose and principle and ideal to society.

Given natural differences in human nature, high social valuation of wealth, competitive struggle for it, the strong will acquire property and the weak will fail. Society tends to split into strong and weak classes. Though we find a great middle class actually, the processes at work tend to break it up and throw some of its members to the strong, many of them to the weak. To-day this tendency of society to split is generally observed. In parlors, clubs, pulpits, schools, the issues are discussed. Every day one is called upon to declare one's sympathy with the one or the other class. One may scarcely remain indifferent to the conflict. Traces of it appear in politics, in religion, in school and university, in social intercourse. Now, out of this division, we tend to construct two distinct societies, as much unlike each other as Turk and Chinaman, and they attempt to live under common institutions. Disraeli, writing in 1845, in *Sybil: A Tale of Two Nations* (the rich and the poor in England), represents one of the characters speaking in this manner of the two nations. Between them "there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and not governed by the same laws." Sixty years of material progress, the most rapid and dazzling in the world's history, have left the condition practically unchanged. A review of the results of this division is instructive, since the strong and the weak tend to develop a morality and an immorality peculiar to each.

The strong uphold institutions because of what they have accomplished; the weak condemn them because of what they have failed to do. The strong assume that all may succeed, and they condemn the weak as personally responsible for failure, or console them by claiming that they, the weak, have all that they deserve. The weak blame the system for their failure, hold themselves blameless, and charge the strong with iniquity.

The strong appeal to the civil law as their social standard of right and wrong; while the weak go behind actual laws to ethical principles to justify discontent with law and desire to change it. The strong refuse to trust the weak, and the weak lose confidence in law, lawmaker, and court. The strong tend to accept supply and demand as the one standard of social justice; while the weak repudiate it with all possible energy, and aim to establish a humanized standard proportioned to the dignity of manhood.

The strong are individualistic in their philosophy of life and institutions, believers in personal responsibility, in an aggressive individualism, while the weak repudiate individualism, believe in individual weakness as a fact, class organization as a necessity, collective thought, feeling, and action as a policy.

The psychology of the two classess shows irreconcilable differences: antagonism of interest, refusal of confidence, different standards, opposed social philosophy. The moral foundations of society are threatened. The strong owe their strength to establishment, to the natural inertia of institutions, to personal ability, to property, but they are the relatively few in numbers.

The weak are the overwhelming majority on the whole, but as a mass they are disorganized, unwieldy. Yet they are coming to a consciousness of their strength.

> "Our blindness is our strength,
> And we are millions, millions, millions strong."
> "We are the final conquerors. Hurl your bolts,
> We are eternal and invincible.
> The sharpest swords against our dullness turn,
> And, by our dumbness, speech is overborne."

By vocabulary, by mental and emotional attitudes, by interests, by standards, by principles, by philosophy of life, the strong and the weak are separated. The spirit of dislike is intensified by the circumstances of life which throw strong and weak together in daily contact. They are crowded into cities, associated in industries, meeting many times daily; and this constant necessary association tends to reinforce opposition and dislike.

Many agencies aim to foster the common point of view on which strong and weak ought to be united. Our statesmen try to cherish common love of political institutions, to draw strong and weak together in reverent regard for law, authority, and democracy; our schools attempt to show us the equalities of citizenship, the identity of interest in life that should unite us; our Christian churches teach zealously the substantial brotherhood of man beneath all differences of strength and weakness, and appeal for patient toleration of accidental inequalities which may not be righted except beyond; our philanthropists, charity workers, and public spirited men with social conscience, influenced by a universal point of view, work among the wreckage of the weak, and attempt to alleviate suffering. But not all of these agencies united can, it seems, hope to temper the standards of the strong to those of the weak, or lead the weak to trust and love the strong. Not all among the strong agree in their views; not all among the week agree in theirs. Sympathy for the other camp is found here and there in each. But the two systems, as systems, stand, and by them society is threatened with disintegration. Where classes have not a common standard of justice, confidence in law and leaders, deep reverence for their institutions which remain strong and enduring amidst all of the secondary differences of life, but little may be hoped for.

III.

Those whose feeling and belief lead them to see the social question as it has been outlined, tend to unite in their plan of reform. They believe that the disintegration referred to is the result of a few primary factors, and in their proposals they aim to work directly against these. Mentioned unsystematically, some of the aims of these reformers are the following: abolition of all forms of interest-bearing credits, such as stocks, bonds, mortgages, so that all, who now live by interest or profits alone, are compelled to seek livelihood in some other manner; abolition of money, by removing the need of it, substituting a standard of exchange and value which men may obtain by their own labor; so that all, who now make their living in and by finance, shall be compelled to do so by labor.

Thus, it is thought there would be no wealth but things, and wealth could do nothing but support life; there would be no income except from personal labor, directly or indirectly related to actual production. Although one might still accumulate, through gift or inheritance or by saving, the difficulties in the way would be deterrent and practically all motive to accumulate would cease to exist.

It is believed, by those who favor this plan, that the passion for accumulation would die away; that the economic motive would be diminished to its true place in life; that men would be content with reasonable comfort, and the energy, time, genius, now given to unnatural accumulation of riches, might be turned to nobler uses. This result might be brought about, it is thought, by having society take over the economic function of production; it might own, operate, and govern all industry. All citizens would then work for society, receiving, in return for labor, checks or symbols showing the value of their work. With these checks, which would replace money, one might purchase from society any and all kinds of things. There are no competing producers, society alone is producer; there are no competing merchants, society distributes things; there is no profit motive anywhere, things are made to be used directly.

It is thought, by those who favor such reforms, that society can be reunited into one moral and social harmony; that one standard of justice, of right and wrong, may be established; that one all-embracing social philosophy may be accepted. It is promised, with an assurance that is quite as attractive as it is unconvincing, that there will be no strong, no weak in such conditions; that no difference of material interest can result in class formation and no class antagonism can estrange men; that brotherhood and unity and co-operation may enable men to understand one another; understanding, to trust one another; and trusting, to love and serve one another.

These proposals of reform, simple enough in statement, involve complications of a very far-reaching nature. They imply a sweeping revolution in life and institutions; they involve a complete transformation in human motives and views; they confuse hopelessly any one who attempts to understand, in detail, just what they mean; they who hope for success through them, turn their backs on human experience and show a faith in human nature that is scarcely warranted by its history. We call the proposals dreams, futile hopes, impossibilities, and yet many millions, and among the millions many of great capacity, and among these, men of highest mental power and insight, believe in them, work and sacrifice for them.

IV.

The proposals alluded to, combined into one system, belong to what is called Socialism. It is to be expected that any movement which disturbs the settled psychology and accepted ethics of heretofore dominant civilization, will act confusedly, will confound issues and misunderstand relations. But while it does all this, and Socialists are guilty to the last degree, the mistakes do not change the vital force of the movement, nor diminish its actual prospects. There is a "fellowship of error," a "coherence of doubt," as there is a fixed psychology of revolt. There are a dozen rebellious impulses in society; human nature is always evading discipline. Some seek to escape belief in God in a civilization which has believed in God; some seek to escape the discipline that family and monogamic marriage impose; some seek to escape the domination of government; some seek a radical change in property in a civilization which is based on property. What wonder that atheist glances slyly at Socialist and that they make up to each other; what wonder that free love looks hopefully to Socialism and they join issues at times. Or again, once a mind is given to revolt, it is apt to extend its rebellion, and quite naturally a Socialist may drift to atheism and to free love.

But with all these complex relations, which are not by any means easy to explain, it remains simply true that the essential meaning of Socialism is not found in them; that a statement of Socialism may be made accurately, leaving intact belief in God, in home, in marriage. And this is the seductive type; in it lies danger. To the economist and the psychologist we must turn for their judgment of Socialism's analysis of social problems and of its proposed remedies. To the theologian and the philosopher we must look for the principles of justice, which, guiding all social change, ought to direct our judgment here, discriminating always between the permanently true principle and the modifiable applications of it. If these trusted leaders tell us that in the essential intention and plan of Socialism there be iniquity, disaster, and theft, then our opposition to it should be increased tenfold. If, however, they tell us that, theoretically, Socialism is merely one scheme of legal economic social organization, consistent with the principle of private property, with home, church, government, and order, then we must be the first to do justice to those who advocate it, and take care to make no mistake in what we claim against it. A brief review of attitudes toward Socialism will be offered in an article to follow.

VACATION WITH THE MICMACS.

BY WILLIAM T. RUSSELL.

TO camp in a territory marked unexplored on the map of Newfoundland—with Indians as guides—such was our call from the wild; and we hearkened to the call.

After arriving at North Sydney, Cape Breton Island, we embarked on the trim little steamer *Bruce*, commanded by Captain Delaney, as genial and whole-souled a captain as ever walked a deck. We always look forward to meeting Captain Delaney as one of the well-earned pleasures of the long journey. He is a prince among seamen and is regarded by them as such. He informed us on our first trip with him that Newfoundland was "a land of cod, dogs, fogs, and Irishmen."

Evidences of cod are to be found everywhere. One might say, speaking at least of Western Newfoundland, that every man, woman, and child is engaged in the cod fisheries. Without the cod this part of the island would be obliged to go out of business. Of dogs one sees but few. We were told that the breed is almost extinct in Newfoundland, but our travels took us only to the less populous western coast. Of fogs one has but little experience after landing. They encircle the island, but when one enters the little bays the heavy, impenetrable curtain of fog is left behind and one goes into a land of sunshine, green hills, and beautiful lakes. Of Irishmen there are many, both green and orange, and they seldom blend. There are also Englishmen, Scotchmen (those we met were all Catholics), Frenchmen, and Canadians.

I should describe Newfoundland as a land of rugged grandeur and of warmest hospitality. The word "stranger" seems hardly to have a meaning among the great-hearted children of Newfoundland.

After arriving at Port aux Basques, we found that our steamer, the *Glencoe*, would not sail before evening, so we got out our rods and started off, hoping to get some trout. We were disappointed. Our stream was evidently ill-chosen, for as we wearily trudged homeward along the railroad track we heard a rumbling behind us, and there loomed up the laughing, happy face of Captain Delaney. He was pushing a hand-car, on which we soon descried a well-filled basket of trout. We gladly accepted his invitation to jump on, and were soon at Port aux Basques again. The kind welcome at the home of Mr. Delaney (a nephew of the Captain), whose good wife set out for us a supper of fresh cod and homemade preserves, soon made us forget our disappointment in fishing. After saying night-prayers for the Catholics who gathered in their little chapel on the hill, we took the steamer for Pushthrough.

Along the southern coast of Newfoundland from Port aux Basques, the scenery is of wild magnificence; bare, perpendicular rocks rise sheer out of the water three hundred feet or more, and tiny villages huddle for shelter under forbidding cliffs in the little coves which indent the rock-bound coast. For two days we steamed along the coast, stopping on the way at these small hamlets; the inhabitants, whose isolated lives call forth the daily exercise of a courage truly heroic, always flocked to the wharf to witness the incoming of the steamer —the fortnightly event in their uneventful existence.

At length we approached, about nine in the evening, the place of our destination. After winding around shadowy islands, where all is darkness save for the stars which shine so brilliantly in the clear northern sky, through tortuous passages wherein the steamer seems at times on the point of running her nose against some rocky headland—its ebon mass dimly outlined against the star-strewn sky—we at length sighted afar off a faint light on the shore indicating our landing place, well-named Pushthrough.

We had arranged to have two Indian guides meet us here to conduct us to their village about thirty miles up the river, but the wind had prevented them from keeping their engagement. Whilst awaiting their arrival, there was little in Pushthrough to make a night there particularly exciting or entertaining. No streets, no lamps, no open stores, not even a policeman—which latter luxury is unknown in Western Newfoundland. The houses in Pushthrough are scattered without any regard for order, placed, in fact, wherever the rocks permit a sufficient space for the laying of a foundation. But the inhospitable rocks of Newfoundland have nurtured a people whose kindly hospitality is not to be surpassed.

About midnight the wharfinger of the place informed us that a young man was going up the river in his schooner, and if we so desired we might accompany him. At I A. M. we tumbled our baggage into the little two-master, and half an hour later tumbled ourselves into the hold, and unrolling our blankets on the cobble-stone ballast we were soon fast asleep. The next day at noon, after a delightful sail up the river, we arrived at Bay d'Espoir—pronounced by the "livyeres" (live heres) Bay Despair.

The village of the Micmacs sighted, we sent a dory ashore and the Indians who were expecting us gave us a salute with their guns, and before the chapel, crowning the summit of a little hill overlooking the village, they ran up the priest's flag, a red cross on a white field. We were soon ashore greeting the Chief and his family of ninety souls, and being paraded up to their chapel, of which they are as proud as is a verger of his great English cathedral. Their welcome was very simple, yet one whose genuineness could not be doubted.

Naturally very reticent, they seldom spoke except to answer questions, until we became on more intimate terms with them. Their houses are small wooden ones, two rooms deep with a garret. In winter they hunt the bear, caribou, fox, and lynx—selling the skins to the traders who visit them in the spring. Sometimes they are engaged in wood-cutting for the mills. Saw mills are to be found along the shores of most of the rivers of Newfoundland. The timber is not of large growth generally, but it is ground into wood pulp for cheap paper and other commercial purposes.

These Indians live as one large family under their chief, who is elected for life, and who is also their judge, magistrate, and fatherly adviser. If a young couple contemplate marriage, they hie them to the Chief to talk it over, following whatever advice he may give them. In all his dealings with those in his care he is guided by the pastor, Father Adams, a fine type of the unselfish, discreet, and fatherly priest. There is no jail or lock-up of any kind here, and none is needed. These people of the wilderness are, in truth, children of a larger growth—their simplicity being, in fact, almost oppressive.

We had been warned not to say anything in jest, as they would be likely to accept it in downright earnest. The *yea* and *nay* of the Gospel is a living principle with them. They speak and write their own language and English.

During the Mass, led by the Chief, they chanted in plaintive tones, suggestive of Gregorian music, the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, in their own tongue, the characters of which resemble somewhat the hieroglyphics of Egyptian monuments. Their books were printed at Leipzig. They have no school teacher and I asked Nuel (William) how they learned their language. He told me that at night, when all are gathered around the fire at home, the fathers teach their children by object lessons, giving them several words and pointing out the things they represent. The following day, at home or afield, the young people repeat the words while they work, and when night returns they are expected to know well the lesson of the day before. Writing, both English and Indian, is taught in the same manner.

Their English is very quaint—for instance, they do not use the objective of the personal pronoun.

"William, shall we start now?"

"It's all the same to we, Fadder."

"Is this a difficult path?"

"It's easy to I, Fadder."

Among these good people the title "Skipper" corresponds to that of "Colonel" in the Southern States. It is related of Mgr. Sears that on one occasion he visited a village where a priest had not been for some time, and one of the women going to him asked: "Skipper Sears, have you brought your tools to baptize a baby for I?"

Nothing will show their simplicity better than a custom regarding confession. The men speak English, but some of the women do not, so to accommodate these latter there is an official interpreter—an elderly woman of the tribe—who accompanies the women ignorant of English to the confessional or altar-rail, where the priest awaits them. The confession is then made to this interpreter, who repeats it to the priest. The people are taught, of course, that this method is not obligatory, but they prefer it; and the interpreter understands that she is bound to the same law of secrecy as the priest. Let me assure those who are shocked or horrified at this, that these confessions could be made before the whole congregation without a blush. These are souls such as our Lord referred to when he said: "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

It is needless to say that the men are strong and sinewy, their lives making them athletes, of which fact we had many practical illustrations in the trips made with them. They, of course, carried most of the baggage, such as cooking utensils, tents, etc., and when we came to rivers too deep to wade, they took us across on their backs. Father —— being a light weight, our guides disdained to unload before shouldering him, so he went over perched on top of their packs, but mine was the mortification of seeing them discard all baggage before tackling me.

An eight mile jaunt one day brought me to the painful realization of my deficiencies as a traveler. For the first two miles we went through a tangled forest up hill. One of the Indians went ahead to blaze the trail—we following later; and after our way through this tangled, obstinate undergrowth and overgrowth, we emerged upon a plateau free from trees, but which, for about four miles, was a marsh. At every step our feet went down at least four inches, and every step was like pulling at a sucker. How glad I was when we came to a halt may be imagined, but our Indians, instead of resting, gambolled around making balls of moss, with which they pelted one another, or busied themselves gathering berries for us. The bake-apple, a yellow berry resembling the raspberry, abounds on the mountains.

"Do you never get tired?" I asked.

"Oh, Fadder," they answered, "this is nothing to we. In winter we travel thirty-four miles, with 180 pounds of deer meat on our backs."

During the last two miles downhill to the river, through beautiful ferns and ugly firs, I had to lift first one leg and then the other over the fallen trees along the way. But it was glorious to strip off when we reached the river and plunge into the cool, clear stream. Stretched out on one's back in the tent, with a full pipe to puff, life seemed well worth living.

The priests of Western and Northern Newfoundland have no easy life, as a sick call often means a week of roughing it. When we arrived at Pushthrough a doctor got off with us, his experience illustrating the labors of the priest. He was on a sick call, and had come ten miles by steamer to Pushthrough, to find there awaiting him a boat with two men. It was then 10 P. M. and he informed us that they would row up-stream all night, arriving at his patient's house about ten the next morning. This, however, is not considered unusual; it is, in fact, what the priest must look for at any time.

One dark night, when traveling by train, we descried, about a hundred feet from the track, ensconced in the thick undergrowth, a dimly lighted tent. On inquiry we found it was the Mass tent of our good friend, Mgr. Sears. He carries his tent from place to place, gathers his little flock around him, hears their confessions, and offers the Holy Sacrifice. He has, however, several mission chapels in different parts of his extensive parish, and at Bay of Islands there is a commodious church and his home. It was he who first taught us the meaning of that expressive phrase "Newfoundland hospitality."

At Grand Codray lives Mgr. W. J. Browne, the Vicar-General of the diocese. Our introduction to him was brief—and then his home was ours. For hours we delighted to listen to the stories he told us of missionary life in Newfoundland. He is now somewhat broken in health, but the invigorating life he has led, together with his genial disposition, give him a ruddy complexion and jaunty air which belie the opinions of his physicians.

While at Mgr. Browne's house we had the pleasure of meeting Father McNeill, the bishop's nephew and chancellor. He looks like a man born for the rough mission field of Newfoundland. Full of apostolic zeal, his physical frame seems to have been built to endure all that his energetic spirit constantly demands of it. He told us of an interesting experience the bishop had had shortly before our arrival.

Bishop McNeill, of St. George's Bay, received a call on Wednesday of Holy Week, and as the priest on the mission was away on another call, the bishop took the train which happened to pass that evening. The train always "happens" in Newfoundland—the express being never more than forty-eight hours late; you pitch your tent beside the track and wait; the engineer sees you and stops.

The bishop, after attending the sick man, found no train to take him back to St. George's to bless the oils the next morning—Holy Thursday—but finding a hand-car he pushed it all night, arriving in the morning in time to pontificate. In Newfoundland no tortuous interpretation is needed to understand the Apostle's words: "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good thing"

For one who wishes to rough it in vacation, Newfoundland presents many unrivalled attractions. The scenery along the Humber, for instance, would be difficult to surpass by any in the Eastern part of North America. After leaving the Bay of Islands, the train winds its way along the bank of this river for about thirty miles through almost virgin forest. High, perpendicular cliffs rear their bold fronts from the very river banks, as if to stay the desecrating advance of man at the very door of nature's hallowed sanctuary. The clear, saffron-colored waters of the Humber move on, now with a majestic, noiseless force, now sweeping with an irresistible on-rush over shallow ledges, now plunging in wanton, unrestrained recklessness adown the falls. No boat-houses, no sign of man, appear along its banks to mar the scene. It is nature inviolate. However, evidences offer at times of man's devastating progress, in long stretches of mountain front over which the fires have swept; the rocks are denuded of the green-golden moss and feathery ferns; and the gaunt, charred firs and beeches raise their scarred and naked arms skyward, as if calling down vengeance upon the reckless intruder.

This scene of desolation produces a sadness of spirit that silence alone can express. Should the traveler pass that way the year after the fire, he would find these same mountains clothed with the royal mantle of the fire-plant, a weed tipped with pale purple flowers. At a distance these slopes appear as if robed with rich, softly glowing velvet. How delightful the remembrance of those evenings, when sitting together in our canoes, we watched the sun sink to repose in the downy bed of the mountain fire-plant. How calming the unbroken silence that follows, with no sound of bird or beast to disturb the music of the waters, and the whisperings of the primeval pine and hemlock.

"*Magnificat Anima Mea Dominum*," chants one of our priests, and in this we all join; while from afar the mountain voices echo again and again: "*Magnificat Anima Mea Dominum*." Our hymn finished, we gather around the camp-fire for a last smoke, enjoying meanwhile the stories of Jim, our guide; then to bed on our soft springy mattress of aromatic branches.

Up with the sun in the morning, we don as little clothing as will protect us in the cool, bracing air, and with rubber boots wade out into the river for our morning ablutions. An ax and a log of birch soon send the blood thrilling through one's body. Ere the last Mass is finished (for we always carry our vestments, etc., with us), the pot is boiling and the salmon steaming for our breakfast. Then follows a careful examination of lines, rods, and reels. There must be no faulty tackle when one goes forth to match skill with the doughty salmon. No fishing compares with salmon-fishing. In the first place all true sportsmen use the artificial fly, and it requires no little practice to attain the skill necessary to cast a fly 60 or 70 feet in such a way that it will gently fall on the water without a splash, as does the "real thing."

The salmon does not gulp down the bait like a trout or bass. He takes it daintily, and as his mouth is hard the hook does not always take a good hold. Last year I hooked fifteen; but either because the fish did not take a good hold, or more likely because I did not manage them properly, I lost thirteen. My companion hooked the same number and lost only two. To land a salmon means a victory after a battle royal. The contest is one in which the pulling, leaping, sliding, and plunging of the big fish are pitted against the care and patience of the man and his delicate handling of a light rod and tackle. What joy to see a big fifteen pounder safely lying on the rock after a fight of twenty minutes. It is very easy in comparison to land trout.

Two years ago I had a remarkable proof of this fact. When I tell it, however, my hearers who have been trout fishers generally smile. One Sunday after Mass I was asked by a good fellow, who had come from Ireland two years before, if I would visit his sick wife. Besides himself we had that day at Mass a woman and her two grandchildren. We all set off together. A path had been hewn through the woods—that is to say, the large timber had been cut down. It was a hop-skip-and-jump process from log to rock, and from rock to log, and not infrequently I landed in a pool of dirty black mud. Once I went so deep with one foot, that I was obliged to pull it up by the boot straps. My companions seemed to enjoy the whole trip. They were used to it.

"Oh, Father," said the good woman, "it is so good to have you so near us, and to be able to hear Mass so easily."

"How do you generally manage?" I asked.

"Why," she replied, "usually we walk to the church, eight miles away, twice as far as this."

At length we arrived at the little settlement. The man whose wife was sick had been only two years in Newfoundland. His home stood in a clearing surrounded by the burnt roots of the trees, from which he had hewn and sawed all the lumber for the house and its furniture. Everything in the house but the spinning wheel he had made with his own hands, and the clothes worn by himself, wife, and children had been spun, woven, dyed, cut, and made by the good woman herself. With my whole heart I gave these good people all the Lord had empowered me to give. The poor, frail woman has since recovered, and believes it was the priest's blessing which cured her.

But what about the fish story? Here it is. Walking around the house I espied a rude rod made of birch. The man informed me the rod belonged to his little boy. It had a heavy line wound around a cotton spool, in imitation of the rods the little fellow had seen sportsmen use on the river. Instead of a silk leader there was a black shoe string, and the hook was about an inch long.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"My boy," said the man, "catches trout with it."

"Well, I should certainly like to have the novel experience of catching trout with such tackle," I remarked.

"Come along, then, Father," was the rejoinder, and I was taken to a little stream a short distance behind the house. I baited with worms, looked down into the pool, selected the trout I wanted, and yanked him out. *In half an hour I had fifty-three.* If you don't believe it, I'll show you the rod—for I bought the whole outfit and brought it home. When I returned to camp, my companions turned up their noses at my catch. No one cares for trout where salmon can be caught.

To the priest who is tired of the enervating life at the seashore, or whose vacation hangs heavy on the veranda of a mountain resort, to the priest who would return to his work with refreshed body and mind, I say go back to nature in camp life. It may seem hard for the first few days, but at the end of a few weeks thus spent, one will look forward to future vacations with a healthful longing—returning afterward to work, renewed in body and spirit. Such a vacation, rightly managed, is not expensive, after the camping equipment—tents, cooking utensils, etc.—have been procured. For boats, guides, and food, our trip cost us each $2.75 a day. All our paraphernalia we leave at the house of Mr. Doyle (Doyle Station). Kind, motherly Mrs. Doyle looks after our clothes, and when we arrive Mr. Doyle and his obliging sons, Clement and John, have all our belongings ready for packing in the boats. An hour after our arrival at Doyle Station—with the assistance of Jim Cormier, our indispensable, irrepressible guide, we are ready to take the water.

At one of our camping-grounds last year we were on the edge of civilization. Within a radius of five miles we gathered on Sundays for Mass, a congregation of thirty souls, French, Scotch, and Irish. Whilst we distributed the salmon and trout we did not need among these good people, they, in turn, supplied us with milk, fruit, eggs, buttermilk, and butter. Though our dining-table was the upturned bottom of a soap box, and napkins and finger-bowls were conspicuously absent, who of our friends, dining upon the cold-storage supplies of a formidable hotel menu, at five dollars a day, would not have had reason to envy our table, garnished with our unpurchasable salmon and trout, fresh eggs, butter, milk, and berries, and adorned with flowers in an empty tin can?

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

ECHOING a question that has been heard very frequently, of late, in the book-world, the present writer asked one of our foremost seminary presidents: "What do you think of the Catholic Encyclopedia?" "I think," was the reply, "that it is the grandest thing done by English-speaking Catholics since the Reformation." In the deliberate tone of a man who weighs his words, and is chary of his praise, the speaker continued: "The first volume surpasses all expectation; and if, as no doubt it will, the same standard is kept up till the close, we shall all have good reason to be proud of the Encyclopedia, and grateful to the men to whom we owe it." This opinion may, we feel assured, be taken as expressing a general consensus.

When the project of a Catholic Encyclopedia was first agitated, everybody declared that it would be an extremely useful, and very desirable, work. But a great number of people believed that the difficulties in the way of such an enterprise would prove insurmountable, or that, at best, the result of an attempt to realize the idea would be a sorry affair. With much impressive headshaking, timidity and cynicism exchanged confidences. "Publish an Encyclopedia that is to provide the world with accurate information on everything pertaining, directly or indirectly, to the Catholic Church? Just think of what it means? Theology, Philosophy, Canon Law, Archæology, the entire history of the Church, her doctrine, her discipline, her life, with its innumerable ramifications through the whole course of human action and thought, from China to Peru, from Tiberius Cæsar and the correspondence between Pliny and Trajan down to Bismarck and the letters of Quirinus." "It sounds like a repetition of Bacon's presumptuous announcement that he took all knowledge for his proper province." "Where will they get the brains to conduct the work? Where will the writers be found? And where is the money to come from?" Well, the first volume is peremptory evidence that "they" have got the brains, they have got the men, and, like the British jingo, they've got the money too.

Misgivings of another kind have proved equally superfluous. "Just notice," it was said, "where the dominant control is lodged. To a certainty, the old policy of special pleading and uncandor in matters of history and apologetics will prevail; writers on Scriptural questions will be pinned down to the lines of Cornely or Delattre. A decade from now the Encyclopedia, if it is ever finished, will be a rich museum for some future M. Houtin engaged in sketching the line followed by our beaten theologians in their retreat from the attacks of modern scholarship." But Alexander VI. has not been whitewashed; and there are not three articles in the entire volume that can be accused of ignoring the established results of modern research and modern methods. The most delicate and crucial problem which the editorial board had to face was that of holding, in those days of transition, a safe middle course between the contending currents of progress and conservatism, so as to escape, on the one hand, the Scylla of intemperate innovation, and, on the other, the Charybdis of disastrously blind traditionalism. To have erred in the first direction would have incurred the disapprobation of authority; to have erred in the second would have resulted in a work worthless in the eyes of scholars, and commanding no respect from the non-Catholic world. It is, therefore, a pleasure for every well-wisher of the Encyclopedia—that is, roundly speaking, for every Catholic who uses the English language, and, especially, every American Catholic—to find that this initial volume exhibits a happy combination of sound conservatism and prudent progress.

Probably, complaints will be heard from the extremes of both parties. From one quarter this or that article will be attacked for embalming some dead idea or obsolete opinion; while voices from another quarter will condemn something else for conceding too much to the pernicious spirit of modernity. And, again, exception will, perhaps, be taken against some for not possessing all the exactness and amplitude of scholarship which the specialist would lavish on the subject. The first two sets of critics may, fairly enough, be matched against each other to the neutralization of both. As for strictures of the last character, they overlook the scope of the Encyclopedia. It does not pretend to record the very latest theory or opinion broached concerning questions which are still *sub judice;* nor to provide complete and exhaustive data for the special student. It professes to furnish fairly complete accurate information in a condensed form for those who have not the opportunity or the inclination to study the topic on which they wish to have some information. The bibliographies, which in almost every case are carefully selected, will serve to indicate the right track to those who seek wider or more thorough knowledge. It may be said, at the same time, that an analysis of the volume will show a large number of articles which reach the highwater mark of finished scholarship.

Of course, as in every encyclopedia extant, one encounters a contribution here and there that is open to criticism, on the grounds of scholarship or of the temper which pervades it. But it must be remembered that the selection of writers was, for the first volume, largely an experiment. The editors seem, in one or two instances, to have mistaken the calibre of their man. The next volumes will, very likely, show the fruits of their first experience. Again, it may be said, they were obliged to be on their guard against slighting individual and corporate susceptibilities, and to show deference to popular reputations, which are not always a true index of merit. The brilliant success of this volume, however, strengthens their position, and relieves them henceforth from the necessity of consulting anything but the excellence of the Encyclopedia, and the honor of Catholic intelligence and culture which is in their hands. To safeguard their trust they must, without regard to personal feelings, use the blue pencil vigorously wherever they find mediocrity or incompetence.

In theological, philosophical, and biblical questions, it is no easy matter to combine scientific accuracy with popular treatment; to satisfy the exacting standards of the scholar and, at the same time, not to rise above the level of the general reader who possesses but little of the knowledge which is presupposed to a sound and intelligent exposition in such studies. With these considerations kept in view the appreciation of the Encyclopedia on this point must be very favorable.

Although Americans may reasonably take a special pride in the Encyclopedia, inasmuch as it owes its existence to the national spirit of enterprise, and to the enthusiastic quality of American Catholicism, we cannot look upon it as a purely national product. No less than twenty-seven different countries are represented in the list of contributors. The international character of the co-operation which has produced it may be interpreted to indicate the geographically catholic welcome which awaits it. And, just as its world is not national but international, so its utility is not for one or two particular classes, but for everybody who is in contact with the stream of intellectual life. Where is the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the public speaker, the writer for the press, even the novel reader who does not, frequently, desire some light upon some point connected with the institution which is almost as ubiquitous as the atmosphere, and alone, to use a famous phrase, joins together the two great ages of civilization? The Catholic Encyclopedia will be at hand to furnish complete instruction, however recondite the matter may be. Now at last there will no longer be any excuse for those grotesque blunders on Catholic affairs, which so often disfigure the novel, the newspaper, or periodical, and the statements of public speakers.

When completed, according to the scale of the first volume, the Encyclopedia will provide the student of education with all the data concerning the activity of the Church in the establishment of universities, colleges, schools; the various phases of her own mental development; the scholars and scientists who have flourished within her boundaries. The copious articles on Arabia and Africa, replete with maps and statistical tables, promise a valuable ecclesiastical geography, which will be the first of its kind in any language. It may be hoped, too, that the Encyclopedia, with its vast range of instructive and curious knowledge, and its ample bibliographical suggestion for courses of systematic study, will prove a powerful stimulant towards the promotion of a taste for reading among our people. And may we not also trust that, collaboration in this work having enabled a large number of Catholics to find themselves possessed of hitherto untried literary ability, they will not allow their talents again to lie fallow?

When finished, what a magnificent *Apologia* will Catholicism possess in the fifteen stately volumes that will set forth the continuity of the Church, her enduring and omnipresent energy, which is evangelizing Darkest Africa in the twentieth century as it evangelized Carthage and Numidia in the third; which built the majestic minster of Aachen a thousand years ago, and to-day is raising the cross over little wooden chapels and schoolhouses scattered through Alaskan wastes—

"*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*"

Sympathy with the Encyclopedia, and a keen desire to see it approach as near to perfection as possible, prompt the writer to offer, for what they are worth, one or two remarks on points where there seems to be room for improvement. We shall not refer to the Hebrew orthography—if orthography is the correct term; for the shortcomings here are, plainly, the result of some oversight which cannot, conceivably, happen a second time. But we cannot help asking why are the cross-references so few, and, seemingly, unsystematic? A reader often vainly consults some particular title in an encyclopedia for information which he would find under some cognate heading. And it cannot be presumed that every reader is sufficiently instructed to know where to look when his first essay has proved fruitless. Besides, a careful editorial co-ordination and a methodical plan of cross-references ought to prevent the waste of space which occurs when two writers overlap, as happens, for instance, in the case of Animism. The subject is treated in a special article and also takes up considerable space in the article on Africa. What seems to be too much space is given to many biblical subjects. The article on Animals of the Bible, is full enough for a special biblical encyclopedia. No critical, historical, or polemical value attaches to the names Absalom and Ammorhites sufficient to justify the prominence given to them. The scope of the Encyclopedia must be interpreted very broadly indeed to account for the lengthy treatment accorded to Arch, Arbitration, and Anatomy. And, surely, the Catholic Church has no peculiar interest, hygienic or moral, in Alcoholism or in the Adulteration of Food.

The legitimate economies which could have been made in the above-mentioned instances, and elsewhere, might have saved some other subjects, of more actual importance, from having had to submit to extreme condensation. Some writers, evidently, have been compelled to work with too little elbow-room; and a few matters have been almost slighted. An extreme example of this is the Ascension and Articles of Faith, which, between them, occupy scarcely more than a column, and present very poor bibliographies. In fact, one is so surprised here that one looks for some explanation. A clue lies, perhaps, in the fact that both of them are signed by one of the editors. May we not hazard the guess that some person to whom these subjects were assigned failed to return his copy in time; so, at the last moment, a self-sacrificing member of the management came to the rescue. Similar emergencies and the difficulty of finding writers for a host of brief assignments very likely account for one particular willing friend having been burdened with quite a variety of topics. This may be inevitable; but every means should be taken to avoid a recurrence of this feature, as it gives the impression of hackwork.

A final judgment, however, that would, at this stage, condemn the Encyclopedia for having inadequately treated any important question, might easily prove premature and incorrect. The last volume will, of course, contain a synthetic index grouping related titles, which will complement one another, so that each group, taken as a whole, will present a complete exposition of all the matters which will be contained in it. Here again, however, we have to regret the absence of cross-references, which would serve as a provisional substitute for the general index.

One of the fine traits is that special attention is given to such matters as have a particular interest for the English-speaking world. This policy is not, however, conspicuously illustrated where St. Anthony of Padua, thanks to a goodly proportion of apochryphal stories, spreads over five columns, while St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, around whom clings an immense historical significance, is packed into twenty lines. The name of St. Anthony prompts a suggestion. Since the Encyclopedia's primary purpose is not edification, a salutary rule for the hagiological department would be that no miraculous mediæval histories should be admitted if they are so slenderly authenticated that they would not survive the first scrutiny in a modern process of canonization.

This volume, as far as we have observed, can be taxed with few, very few, omissions. One or two appear, as if to impress the caution that eternal vigilance is the price of perfection. For instance, while many pontifical documents are noticed, the *Ad Extirpanda*, which will be frequently looked for, as long as Lea's *History of the Inquisition* enjoys its present popularity, is passed over.

In conclusion, we may remark that the mechanical execution of the work is in every respect of high quality. The list of subscribers indicates that the Encyclopedia enjoys the good wishes and active support of all ranks of Catholics at home and abroad, and the appreciation of the educated world, regardless of religious distinctions. A sense of the dignity of the Encyclopedia will prompt the editors to see to it that any biographical notices which may appear of its patrons or other living personages, shall consist strictly of facts, to the exclusion of everything that would savor of adulation. A wicked world will have one temptation the less to indulge its propensity of imputing low motives to lofty deeds, if the Encyclopedia leaves to the next generation the duty of celebrating the virtue and genius of our contemporary churchmen.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

II.

M BRIAND, therefore, in his speech on November 9, 1906, was careful not to show himself aggressive against Catholics. He hastened to proclaim their right not to constitute *Associations Cultuelles:* ". . . the law imposes duties on citizens; but the law does not impose on them the necessity to make use of a right. Catholics, in saying: 'we will not form *Associations Cultuelles,*' are not in revolt against the law, and they may persist in this attitude as long as they please. The government has no right to make war against them."

In contradistinction to the customary language of his political friends, M. Briand did not reproach Catholics with obeying a *foreigner:*

> . . . I do not say that the Pope is to you a foreigner; I well know what he is to you. For us the Pope is not a sovereign; he is not a power with whom we may negotiate; but he represents a great moral authority. With you, French Catholics, he is a Pope, Catholic and French; with the German Catholics, German; with the Austrians, Austrian. Such is the truth. But when I look upon him in his dealings with France, he becomes merged into the great mass of French Catholics; I do not see him apart from them.

In this same speech, M. Briand denied his intention to transfer ecclesiastical property to those *Associations Cultuelles,* pretendedly Catholic, which in a few localities had been formed through the aid of some schismatic priest. He declared:

> Do not believe that I shall take advantage of my power to donate by decree to a Catholic Association, this property in question, in such a manner that mere caricatures of *Associations Cultuelles* may profit by it. Such is not my intention. I am addressing here those freethinkers, who know what freethought is, and who practise it for themselves and in their

> own homes, but practise it in no tyrannical way. Such freethinkers may have wives and children, and to them I say: If your wives and children go to church, it is better for them and for you that they should not meet there false or unworthy priests. And I will add: If the Church is doomed to disappear, let it to be so; but this law was not made in order to raise up another church within the Catholic Church.

These declarations were in striking contrast with the tone of the radical press.

But at the time when it was delivered, the speech of M. Briand had even greater interest for Catholics and for the entire people. It forecasted in what manner the government intended to allow, after the date of December 11, 1906, the public exercise of the Catholic religion in the absence of *Associations Cultuelles*. Here it will be well to give textually the words of the Minister of Public Worship:

> . . . It has been asked if priests would enjoy, as in the past, liberty to exercise their religious functions. The vestries will have disappeared after December 11; they will be legally dead if no *Associations Cultuelles* have been formed. There will then be no organization for worship. This is true; but there will still be the church. And we are asked: "By what right will you leave the churches open?" We answer: "Through duty." The church and the objects in it, by reason of the law itself, belong to the exercise of worship; and they must continue, for an unlimited period, to be so used and applied. By the very law of public worship and its directions concerning the appropriation of churches and church property, it is our duty to leave the edifice open, so that Catholics may enter to pray, either separately or in common; and it is also the right of the Catholic citizen, who is a priest, to enter there and to perform whatever acts his conscience as a Catholic and as a priest imposes upon him. These meetings are permissible; you may hold them everywhere. The priest will be able to live in direct communion with his faithful; he will be able to receive from them free gifts which no text of the law forbids. The Catholic hierarchy, possibly, about which we are so much concerned, may have to suffer somewhat from this state of affairs. For the faithful to live thus freely and casually with their priests, may, from the very nature of things, affect the sources of the rector's income. It certainly will affect the

> revenues of the bishop. But this matters little to us. We are not obliged to give you advantages, we are only obliged to give you your rights. These are your rights: the churches remain open; the faithful attend them.

Thus M. Briand invited the Catholic clergy and laity to make use of the law of 1881 for their *Associations Cultuelles*, which proclaims the liberty of meeting. But this liberty can be exercised only under certain conditions; a board for maintaining order must be established; the assemblies must close at eleven o'clock at night, and each public meeting must be the object of a declaration previously made by two citizens at the town hall. In order to adapt this law of 1881 to the need of the religious assemblies, M. Briand declared that such assemblies would not be required to form a board, and that, in conformity with the stipulations of the law of 1905, no one would have the right to disturb them. They might be held even after eleven o'clock at night (in view of the midnight Masses) and that, instead of making a declaration for each meeting—which would have been practically impossible—it would suffice to make one single declaration for all the services of the year.

As a result of this, it was believed that religious peace would reign. In numerous dioceses, the bishops had actually begun to give their priests the necessary instructions for making their respective declarations. But such hopes were soon to be shattered.

On December 1, M. Briand addressed a circular to the Prefects, dealing with the conditions necessary for the exercise of public worship, in the absence of *Associations Cultuelles*. This circular dwelt upon the privileges to be accorded to Catholics, particularly to ecclesiastics, in order that they might take advantage of the law of 1881.

In the second part of this circular, however, the colleague of M. Clemenceau indicated on what terms the curé might henceforth officiate in his church. We will quote the passage which rekindled the fires of religious strife:

> . . . But it must not be imagined, that because, by a declaration made in virtue of the law of 1881, a minister of religion (rector or parish priest) may exercise his ministry in the church where he exercised it under the Concordat, that this present legislation is to continue for his advantage and

> that he will enjoy all rights of possession of the edifice, similar to those belonging to the defunct vestry. Such an institution would have been invested with the legal possession of the church; *the rector or parish priest will no longer be more than an occupant without any legal title.* He will have no right to any administrative power; still less will he be capable of disposing of, or appropriating, any of the church properties. There is reason to conclude from this that he will not be entitled to receive from others any stipend for the use of the church, nor of the objects contained therein, which belong to the State or to the Communes, or may have belonged to the suppressed vestry. He will merely have the right to collect offerings made on the occasions when he exercises his ministry. If the rector or parish priest does not succeed to the rights of the vestry, neither does he inherit the obligations of that institution. He will only be obliged, as occupant, not to injure, and not to allow others to injure, the church, or objects ornamenting it.

This ministerial circular, which placed the priest in the position of an occupant of his church, without any legal title, forced the Holy See to forbid the clergy of France to make the necessary declarations.

This order of the Holy See was made known in France on the morning of December 8. Immediately the bishops sent out urgent instructions to their clergy, prohibiting any declarations. The Papal decision came in some quarters as a surprise. Cardinal Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, for example, had already advised his priests to make the declaration required by the law of 1881. The Archbishop wrote in a communication to his clergy:

> This declaration is merely an administrative formality, and involves no renunciation of any right, nor any undue intervention with the exercise of worship. We see no reason of any importance that prevents us from signing it. All our rights are protected by the solemn protestations which accompanied the inventories, and by those which you will again make to the civil authority. Our conscience is clear on this point. Moreover, the declaration will be valid for one year. For this we have the word of the Minister.

On receipt of the pontifical note, Cardinal Lecot sent to all the priests of his diocese the following notice, which annulled his preceding instructions:

> Bordeaux, December 8. *Urgent notice.* The Sovereign Pontiff having, in a note received this morning at the Archbishop's palace, given orders for all the parish priests of France to continue, without declaration, the exercise of public worship in their churches, we transmit in haste this decision to all whom it may concern. The clergy must look upon as void the dispositions indicated in our letter of yesterday with regard to the declarations; they will await further instructions, which will be given should events call for them.

All the bishops who, like Cardinal Lecot, had requested their clergy to make the declaration, hastened to recall their instructions so as to conform to the order sent from Rome. In consequence, on the morning of December 11, all the priests of France who officiated without previous declaration, in a public church, would be infringing the regulations, and, according to the government, would be in rebellion against the law. In the face of this attitude of the clergy, the Clemenceau Cabinet announced that energetic action would be taken. The reason for such action M. Briand stated in a note addressed to the Prefects:

> The government interprets the application of the laws of 1881 and 1905 in the most liberal spirit. It demands that laws thus liberally interpreted should be obeyed in all their requirements, which are of an imperative character. No French citizens, by any protest whatsoever, have the right to place themselves above French laws and to rebel against them. Hence it is of importance that if, on the expiration of the above-mentioned delay, worship is publicly exercised without any previous declaration, the infringements of the law thus perpetrated by rectors and parish priests, and by any other organizers of religious meetings, should be reported. I request you, therefore, to give immediate notice of all such infringements through an official report which you will transmit to the courts. The Minister of Justice has, on his part, given orders to the public prosecutors that judicial action be taken, on presentation of the aforesaid official reports. The government counts on your firmness and vigilance in co-operating in the enforcement of the law.

On the eve of December 11, 1906, the attitude of both the government and the Catholics was most decided: *The Church intended to ignore the law; the government was resolved to enforce it. A conflict was, therefore, inevitable.*

II.

The conflict broke out on the very morning of December 11. The government provoked it by an act of violence, which was illegal and a gross breach of international courtesy.

Towards eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a Commissary of Police presented himself at the residence of the former Nuncio of the Holy See in Paris. He inquired for Mgr. Montagnini di Mirabello, formerly auditor of the nunciature, who had remained in Paris as guardian of the archives, after the departure of the Nuncio Lorenzelli, and who, naturally, had continued, since the rupture of relations between the Holy See and the French Government, to keep in touch with the Vatican. The Commissary of Police searched the nunciature, and accused the Italian prelate of having taken part in a plot directed against the safety of the State. All papers and documents found at the nunciature were seized, and Mgr. Montagnini was ordered to leave France. The former secretary of the nunciature was conducted to the railway station at Lyons, and without being allowed to communicate with any one, despatched to the Franco-Italian frontier. In the meanwhile, the papers seized at the nunciature were examined, in order to discover among them possible proofs of the interference of the Papacy in French politics.

The seizure of the papers and the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini aroused the indignation of all Frenchmen who respected individual liberty and common justice. In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Grousseau, Deputy for the Nord, challenged the government to explain these odiously illegal acts; and M. Ribot, leader of the Progressive Republicans, protested against such proceedings.

M. Clemenceau, in an impassioned reply, declared his determination to enter upon a relentless combat with the Roman Church. In order to judge of his frame of mind, we will cite a characteristic passage of his speech:

> . . . What was M. Montagnini doing? We were in possession of documents from which it is evident that he was in daily receipt of instructions from M. Merry del Val, and which he transmitted to the French bishops. We knew this a long time ago, and we might have put a stop sooner to this little international correspondence. But we were all for peace, all for conciliation, all for love.
>
> . . . To this conciliatory policy, how have you replied? By a declaration of war. But do not imagine that you are going to continue the war under the conditions in which you habitually carry it on—always giving blows and never receiving any.
>
> *The Abbé Gayraud:* After the application of the law of 1902, that is a rather daring assertion!
>
> *The President of Council:* Circumstances have changed; we respect religion; but we will give no quarter to Roman political action.
>
> *The Abbé Gayraud:* There is no Roman political action.
>
> *The President of Council:* We are beginning. This is only the first act; I may tell you amicably, there will be others.
>
> *The Abbé Gayraud:* You do not alarm us.
>
> *The President of Council:* We are resolved to defend French civil law, and the independence of French civil society, against Roman influence. And when we see a man who receives correspondence from the Pope, giving orders to the bishops to violate a French law, if we tolerated such a state of things, we should deserve to be prosecuted.

M. Clemenceau with reason called it war. The seizure of the papers * and the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini were only the first act. It was followed by many others, which showed the determination of the government to punish those French ecclesiastics who should refuse to obey the law.

On all sides, in all the departments, police officials made reports of the infringements of the law by priests who celebrated Mass publicly without having previously made the necessary declaration. Never before had so many members of the police force been seen at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The number of ecclesiastics of all ranks, from archbishops and bishops, to simple priests who were prosecuted for this new offence, which is called the *Offence of Mass*, was soon enormous. But in certain towns some politicians, who hitherto had not been noted for their Catholic sympathies, were afraid that these prosecutions, if they continued, would result in the closing of the churches—a result they did not desire at any price. The amusing spectacle was offered of citizens, known for their anti-clericalism, suddenly interesting themselves sympathetically in religious interests, and making, in place of the rector of their parish, who had refused to do it, the necessary declaration. As the law of 1881 does not stipulate who should make the declaration, such action was sufficient from the legal point of view. However, the government and the adversaries of Catholicism were quick to perceive the grotesque side of such a proceeding, and, henceforth, there were no more anti-clericals of the commune to make declarations for the holding of religious assemblies.

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* Through the intervention of the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, the Holy See requested the restitution of the papers found in the nuncio's archives. The French government returned all documents which bore a date previous to the rupture of friendly relations between France and the Holy See, but it retained all papers, whatsoever their character, dated after that rupture. It asserted that immunity for these later documents could not be claimed, since Mgr. Montagnini had no longer, in the eyes of the French government, the character of diplomat. On the motion of M. Jaurés, the Chamber of Deputies appointed a commission to examine these seized documents. Portions of them have since been published in the French press.

In order to compel the Holy See to give way, the Clemenceau Cabinet resolved further to apply the Law of Separation in all its rigor. The seminarists and young priests, who, by virtue of the former legislative decrees, had only served in the army for one year instead of three, were, to the number of about five thousand, recalled into active service by order of the Minister of War. To secure exemption from such service, they would have been obliged to furnish the military authorities with a certificate from a Catholic *Association Cultuelle.* Thus, at any rate, General Picquart had decided. But a few days later the Council of State, legislating on the appeals introduced by several Catholics, settled the question in their favor, thus forcing the Minister of War to liberate them. Another hostile action of the government was to place in the hands of a receiver all churches the possession of which had not been claimed by a Catholic *Association Cultuelle.*

From that moment, the bishop in his cathedral and the rector in his church were no longer in their own edifices; they had to deal with an agent of the State, appointed as sequestrator, who took possession of all ecclesiastical property. The bishops and priests were officially notified to leave immediately their episcopal residences and presbyteries. For the most part, the prelates declared that, convinced of their rights, they would yield only to force, and that they would allow themselves to be expelled from their homes.

These expulsions gave rise to important manifestations. In Paris several thousand Catholics escorted the venerable Cardinal Richard, who, driven from the Archbishop's palace, had accepted the hospitality of M. Denys Cochin. The crowd took the horses from the Cardinal's carriage and drew it in triumph through the streets of Paris. At Bordeaux, at Rennes, and in many other towns, manifestations of the same nature took place.

The government took stil lanother measure, destined to affect most seriously the recruiting of the clergy. In the absence of all Catholic *Associations Cultuelles* which might administer the great seminaries, the closing of these establishments was ordered and the buildings seized. In Paris the government closed and occupied the great Seminary of St. Sulpice. However, it soon saw that such action contradicted too flagrantly its declarations of liberalism; and the seminaries were, therefore, authorized to be reopened, but under another name and on different premises.

But the Clemenceau ministry, even with all these, did not think it had gone far enough. It would have to go still further, under penalty of being accused of weakness with regard to the Roman Church. Therefore the government, on December 15, 1906, introduced a new plan of campaign, which, in many portions, aggravated the situation as regarded the Catholic clergy. This plan involved, in the first place, the immediate taking over of ecclesiastical property, leaving the churches open for public worship; in the second place, it suppressed the grants, which, according to the law of 1905, were to be paid for eight years to ecclesiastics finding themselves in certain specified conditions;* the grants of four years were to be suppressed for those priests who refused to submit to the law.†

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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* Ecclesiastics ministering in communes of less than 1,000 inhabitants, and in whose parishes no *Association Cultuelle* had been organized.

† It is just to recognize the fact that the Minister, M. Briand, refused to go as far as certain of his friends urged him to go; he maintained the pensions of those ecclesiastics whose years of service corresponded to the number demanded by the law of 1905.

New Books.

THE FAR HORIZON.
By Lucas Malet.

A novel that will picture life as it really is and really worth looking at; that in its interpretations will touch and solve, not by argument but by practical illustration, the questions that come before every one, and that every one thinks of whether he wishes to or not; that will show the heights and depths possible to human existence, and ring true with the human note of hope from beginning to end, is a book well worth the reading and the study. Because it does all these things, and does them exceptionally well, we enthusiastically commend Lucas Malet's latest work, *The Far Horizon.**

The very title of the work commits the author to a theme high and comprehensive. She has written not a passing incident nor a summer-day's romance, but the story of life and death; of passion, of failure, of misery; of insufficiency and of striving; of hope and of fulfillment. But let it not be thought for a moment that this is any didactic or severely religious tale. The art that conceals yet expresses is abundantly present, and those who have read *Sir Richard Calmady* will feel assured, beforehand, that they will not be tricked into listening to a sermon, and that, whatever Lucas Malet's moral is, she will express it in the alphabet of genuine life. Dominic Iglesias, a native of London, was born of an Irish mother and a Spanish father who devoted his life to revolutionary propaganda, and died while Dominic was a boy. Though greedy of distinction Dominic, tenderly devoted to his mother, flung away ambition for her sake, and became a bank clerk. As the story opens, at the age of over fifty years he has just resigned his place, to retire upon a competence, and make the best of his freedom. But what shall he do with that freedom and with what remains to him of life? His first step towards settling that question is to investigate how the rich amuse themselves. But his inquiries in that direction come to an abrupt close outside the palings which screen the joys of the polo grounds of Ranelagh from the vulgar eye. There too, however, he meets with an interest that is to remain with him till the end of his life. In extremely unconventional fashion, a young woman of bizarre dress, with a decided air of the green-room in her make-up and behavior, impudently thrusts herself on his notice, and introduces herself as Poppy—*Mrs.* Poppy St. John. Poppy is undisguisedly struck by Dominic's air of distinction, and, with feminine intuition, dimly perceives that, as she tells him somewhere, "he belongs to another order of doctrine and practice to that current in contemporary society." Poppy evidently has a past, and just as evidently there is doubt as to whether her present would bear inspection. But Dominic, who all his life has been preserved from the ways of the world, first by his veneration for his mother, and afterwards "through the inherent pieties of his Latin and Celtic blood," has no misgivings, and accepts the acquaintanceship thrust upon him. An object is given to his yearning to employ freedom and the power that, as a man, are his. Here his personal example, personal ideals, have a field for effective play. Beneath Poppy's frivolity and instability, despite her unrighteous knowledge of life and of men, as they show themselves in the debatable land where the world of fashion touches on Bohemia, Dominic sees in her some sterling though sadly tarnished metal.

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* *The Far Horizon.* By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

Through her esteem for, and admiration of Dominic come—far off and through many falls and difficulties—Poppy's rehabilitation and redemption. It is all gradually and masterfully brought out amid the play of this circumstance and that; of human weakness, and of human strength under the guiding influence of a good man who calls but does not speak. In its unfolding and its consummation this response of Poppy's to the appeal of Dominic's nature is an exceptionally graceful and artistic piece of writing.

The story is filled with minor characters, some pleasant, some repulsive, but all faithfully done. There is the widow—mistress of a London boarding house of the better class—who timidly sets her cap for her most distinguished guest; two cads of "commercial gentlemen," abhorred by their fellow-lodgers; a broken-down playwright with a grudge against the age which is in a conspiracy against his genius; a genteel spinster who despises sour grapes, which in this case are represented by Dominic; and Dominic's old friend, former fellow-clerk, and devout worshipper, the simple, kind-hearted, domestic George Lovegrove and his worthy wife.

We would, if space permitted it, and with keen pleasure, dwell upon the details of that portion of the story which deals with the redemption of Poppy St. John. Here and there are passages that we can scarce resist quoting. They are full of the deeper wisdom of life, and are bright guiding stars to those who really live and feel and think. For example, take these sentences on friendship:

> Friendship has no need of explanations, that is as I understand friendship. It accepts what is given without question, or cavilling as to much or to little, leaving the giver altogether free. Friendship, as I understand it, should have honorable reticences, not only of speech, but of thought; wise economies of proffered sympathy. In its desire of service it should never approach too near, or say the word too much, since, if it is to flourish and obtain the grace of continuance, it must be rooted in reverence for the individuality of the person dear to it.

Many reviewers of this volume, because, we think, of a lack of complete insight into the author's purpose, have spoken of the double theme of the book. The book has no double theme. It is one, complete, symmetrical. Poppy St. John and her redemption is an integral part to the making of the whole, the making of Dominic Iglesias.

The study and presentation of this character is one of the greatest pieces of art and of "pragmatic" value that modern English literature has produced. We hesitate not in saying that it is a permanent contribution that no reader of English can afford to neglect. Here is a man who, from his birth, was good and worthy in the natural sense. Of vice and indulgence, of meaner ways, and even of legitimate pleasure, he knew nothing. The years of his youth and his manhood were spent in devotion to his invalid mother. "What worthier mission; what nobler sacrifice?" many will ask. Yet, when the object of his life and his thought was gone, when the attention to business was taken away, Dominic is forced to ask himself the meaning—the value of what has been and what is to be. He is driven, as every man must be driven, to answer the question of life and death. And, logically, he must answer the question in himself first, before he can give the answer to others. He has, and always has had, goodness, the "do good and what you believe matters not." With this as his sole principle, he finds himself and his life and the life of his fellows very empty. He seeks amusements. He does not understand their appeal; or rather their appeal does not satisfy him. He works for, and succeeds in, the redemption of another's soul; yet in that very work he must ask himself why he has the right to call to that soul, what permanent assurance can he give why it should give up the easier and the more pleasurable for the harder and the altogether uncertain. So does he sound life; and beneath it and beyond it in the far horizon Dominic finds God, and God speaking through Christ, and Christ revealing himself in his mystical yet real body, the Church. Lucas Malet does not show the working of Dominic's mind. She is a novelist, not an apologist or a psychologist; but her art is all the greater, all the more effective, and, we believe, all the more appealing. She thus describes Dominic's final awakening:

> Its (the crucifix) appeal was to the intellect rather than to the emotions. . . . His (Iglesias') heart and intelligence grasped the reasoning of it, not only as a matter of supreme, historic interest in view of its astonishing influence upon human development during the last two thousand years; but as an ever-present reality, as an exposition of the Absolute, of that which everlastingly has been and everlastingly will be, and hence of incalculable and immediate importance to himself. It spoke to him of no vague and general truth; but of a truth intimate and individual, coming to him as the call to enter upon a personal inheritance. Of the obedience to the dictates of natural religion, and faithful practice of the pieties of it, Dominic Iglesias had, all his life, been a remarkable, if unconscious, exponent. But this awakening of the spirit to the activities of supernatural religion, this crossing of that dark immensity of space which appears to interpose between Almighty God and the mind of man, was new to him. He had sought a language of the soul that might effect an adjustment between the exterior and the interior life. Here, in the Word made Flesh, with reverent amazement, he found it. He had sought it through the instrumentality of the things of time and sense; and they, though full with promise, had proved illusory. He had fixed his hope on relation to the creature. But here, all the while close beside him, waiting till the scales should fall from his eyes and he should see and understand, had stood the Creator. Fair, very fair, while it lasted was human friendship. But here, had he that strength and daring to meet it, was a friendship infinitely fairer, immutable, eternal—namely, the friendship of Almighty God.

The book is a vivid, masterful, human document, fulfilling the strictest demands of great art. We need but add that any one who does not read it, and read it thoughtfully, will suffer a distinct loss. *The Far Horizon* is worthy to take its place among the great English novels.

PAPERS OF A PARIAH.
By Father Benson.

Assuming that Father Benson is treating his readers frankly, instead of again exercising, as he has done before, the privilege of the profession to present a creation of his fancy as a real person of flesh and blood, this book * consists of chapters extracted from a diary or notebook of a man of education, who, bred a Protestant, lapsed into indifferentism, or agnosticism, and after having for several years experienced an attraction towards the Catholic Church, was received into it a little before his death, which occurred when he was about forty-three years old. Educated at Oxford, he went on the stage, which, after a short time, he gave up on his marriage, but took up again after his wife's death; and he quitted it only when incipient consumption warned him that he had not long to live. Of the point of view expressed in the papers, we may let Father Benson speak:

> They were written, it must be remembered, by one who not only was not a Catholic, but who did not at all continuously contemplate the becoming one. Their point of view, therefore—and it is in this, I think, that their interest chiefly lies—is of one who regards the Catholic Church from without, not from within, though with a favorable eye. He was setting himself, though he did not realize it at first, to understand rather than to criticize, to hear what the Church had to say for herself, through her external system, rather than to dispute her right to speak at all.

The greater number of the papers record the writer's emotions and feelings as he assisted at a requiem, at the services of Holy Week, at Benediction, and Mass. The tenor of the reflections witnesses to a deeply religious nature and the æsthetic temperament, reminding one of the books of Huysmans, though displaying more of the religious and less of the æsthetic than did that strange Frenchman. One of the papers contrasts the Catholic and the Anglican pastor with regard to the measure of paternal authority which they, respectively, enjoy over their flocks. In others life in the atmosphere of religious faith is contrasted with that of irreligious worldliness. The writer offers, too, a very reasonable apology for religious persecution during the Middle Ages; and he is at his best in some reflections on death, as it appears in, and without, the light of faith. The following passage is a specimen of the note of subdued, sad-eyed humor which is almost everywhere in evidence, and gives piquancy to the matter. After speaking of the remorse for sin which everybody sometimes feels, the writer continues:

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* *Papers of a Pariah.* By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

> And I suppose, too, that when that unpleasant fact, to which a requiem witnesses, becomes quite imminent, we shall experience that regret even more acutely; at any rate, it would not be unreasonable to do so. Very well, then, it is exactly that in which Mass for the Dead rises head and shoulders above any other form of funeral devotion. The Catholic Church does not emulate the eminent man who, when requested by his weeping friend at the hour of death to declare what was it that gave such a supernatural radiance to his face, answered, with a patient smile, that it was the memory of a long and well-spent life. On the contrary, she makes not one reference to the virtues of the deceased—though it is just to say she has done that the day before (All Saints' Day)—she does not recount virtues, or even apologize for failures; she does what she considers better, she deplores them. The conclusion of the whole matter then is that I am pleased to have gone through those exercises of All Souls' Day, because I feel that they have been extremely good for me. I do not need any reminders that I am alive, nor that immortality may only be a brilliant guess, nor that I am an exceedingly fine, manly, successful, and capable person; but it is not bad for me to be told silently, in a very vivid and impressive manner, that I am going to die some day, that hope is a fact that must be accounted for, and that, in spite of my singular probity and extraordinary gifts, there are just a few incidents here and there in my long roll of triumphs for which I should like to be sorry.

For an outsider, Father Benson's friend had a remarkable insight into the meaning of rite and discipline, and a suspiciously close acquaintance with many little points of the routine of Catholic life. An instance of the latter is his remark that some priests always say a "black" Mass when they may do so, because it takes several minutes less than any other. If the book is a genuine record, it is a useful testimony, of its kind, to the Church; if it is a fiction—it is still useful, but not so useful.

ANTI-CLERICALISM.
By Emile Faquet.

Of the position occupied by M. Faquet in the intellectual world nothing more need be said than that he is a member of the Académie Française. His religious and political tenets are sufficiently defined in his own statement that he adheres to no religious belief, and is attached to no political party. So he claims to approach with impartiality his task* of studying the national spirit of irreligion, which he designates as "one of the most widespread, most profound, and, at the same time, most acute maladies of the French race." As a starting point of his study he makes a very interesting analysis of French character; and lays bare the traits which he holds to be the roots of the prevalent anti-clericalism. He next traces the history of the movement or spirit throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For M. Faquet's reasonings and expositions in this section of the work, we must refer the reader to the book itself—any bald summing up would be an injustice to him. Suffice to say that he knows his France, with a familiarity and an insight in sharp contrast with the crude superficiality of such writers as Mr. Galton. His estimate of the import of the *Constitution Civile* is just the contradictory of Mr. Galton's. The French politician "desired a law of separation that should be hostile to the Church and that would contain nothing favorable to her. Therefore he either maintains separation, balancing every advantage for the Church by measures of persecution and oppression against the Church, as was the case from 1795 to 1800; or he desires a backward step, a new concordat, for example, so disposed that it puts the Church under the hand of the central power, as was the case from 1800 to 1804. In the disposition of mind in which were the Revolutionists from the end of the eighteenth century, the separation of Church and State could be nothing but an *occasion* to persecute the Catholics more than ever, and a *motive* to oppress them more than ever."

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* *L'Anti-clèricalisme.* Par Émile Faquet. Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie.

And the settlement of Napoleon, which Mr. Galton declares to have given the Pope more authority over the French Church than he ever had before? Here is M. Faquet's verdict:

> It placed the Church of France under government tutelage. M. Debidour nowise exaggerates when he writes that it was the "enslavement" of the Church of France. The Church of France, through the Concordat and the *Articles Organiques*, was put under the control of the new government much more than it ever had been under the royal government.

The anti-clerical policy of the Third Republic is traced closely, from its inception in 1871 down to the passing of the Briand law. That policy M. Faquet shows to have been one of constantly increasing despotism, in which the cry of anti-clericalism was constantly made use of for mere party purposes; and by which cynical injustice and violation of the rights of Catholics were supported by the flimsiest of sophistries and the most transparent of pretexts.

The Briand law in itself, M. Faquet believes, will be a benefit to the Church (he wrote before its rejection by the Pope); but it will be so much a benefit that the anti-clericals will not fail to call it the "*loi des dupes.*"

> The persecution against the Church will recommence, and must recommence, more vigorously and ardently. The automatic, so to speak, procedure of the revolutionists against the Church is as follows: Despoil the Church; then as a compensation for the measures of spoliation, accord her some advantages: then deprive her of these advantages, without, of course, returning to the preceding régime.

This is the history of anti-clerical legislation in a nutshell:

> The Church was a proprietor; her property is taken, and in compensation the budget of worship is guaranteed by a Concordat. She has this budget of worship guaranteed by the Concordat; the Concordat and the budget are suppressed, and in compensation they give the Church liberty, saying to her: "That is better"; which, for myself, I believe. To-morrow if they see that "it is better," and just so far as they see that "it is better," and even if, instead of being better, "it is worse," and unless they see that "it is of no use at all," they will suppress the liberty of the Church.

The radical government, M. Faquet shows, has continually used the cry of anti-clericalism as a red herring to divert the public when on the scent of any fault of the government, and to turn popular discontent and socialistic unrest from ideas or courses that might threaten the *bourgeoisie.* Socialism is gaining ground among the people.

> How then is the people to be diverted? Through one of its passions. It has but two, the abolition of individual ownership and hatred of the *curé.* It is therefore exclusively—there is no choice—through its hatred of the priest that its attention must be distracted. The *bourgeoisie* shakes the black soutane before the people as the toreador shakes the red cape before the bull.

These pages tempt to citation. But we must be content with one more, which is the restatement of the thesis which M. Faquet has amply sustained in his luminous exposure of the entire trend of French anti-clericalism for the past generation—the government of the Republic is a party despotism.

> We assert that anti-clericalism, pushed to its logical consequences, as the radicals mean to push it, leads straight to despotism. It leads there in every way. It accustoms minds to consider that a man has not the rights of man if he thinks otherwise than as the government thinks. It accustoms minds to consider that a man may be proscribed who lives in an honorable way, but different from the common fashion. It habituates minds to despise both liberty and equality. Liberty, since I am not free to vow myself to a severe morality, and associate with others who do the same; liberty, since I have not the right to teach what I believe to be true, which, at the same time, is nowise contrary to the constitution of this country; liberty, since I am not allowed, though a man of probity, to teach my son as I wish. Anti-clericalism accustoms minds to despise equality. It creates at least two classes; a first class, which, to the exclusion of the other class, has all sorts of rights—the right of teaching, the right of preaching, the right of holding public processions, and haranguing crowds on the street around the statue of some hero, and of obstructing the public thoroughfare; the other class is deprived of the right to teach, the right to associate, to live together, to hold processions and meetings in the public streets, which latter right, indeed, I would accord to none, but the anti-clericals give it to one class and refuse it to the other.

Anti-clericalism, M. Faquet shows, has inflicted incalculable injury on the nation; and he believes that it is destined to inflict a great deal more.

It would be scarcely possible for any one, we do not except even the Rev. Mr. Galton, after having studied this illuminating book, to persist in thinking that the present campaign is not one against Christianity but against the alleged overweening pretensions of the Pope.

CANZONI.
By T. A. Daly.

Mr. Daly's poems* have the gift of winning friends, as even a first acquaintance with them makes one experience. It is not surprising that they should, within the short space of five months, have reached a third edition. The reason is that they have the same qualities that attract friends to an individual: they are at once felt to be true, pleasant, kindly, distinguished by sympathy and understanding, and possessed of the happy faculty of making the reader feel at home. Such qualities have created a love for the work, and one might say the personality, of a Eugene Field, or a James Whitcomb Riley, which far greater poets have failed to call forth; and the *Canzoni* of Mr. Daly, modest and unambitious though they are, seem destined to inspire a host of readers with a like feeling. Already the daily press, which has acquired a habit of quoting them, has made them loved by many to whom the author's name is unknown.

Mr. Daly's muse delights chiefly in the home circle, in love, and in the joys and sorrows of the Irish and the Italian immigrant. It is this last feature that is specially characteristic of his work and has attracted widest attention. In the dialect of the "Dago man" he depicts a number of types, now so familiar on the streets of our great cities, in a way that is true to life, yet kindly and unoffending. Very unpoetical types indeed, they appear, but the poet stoops to conquer: the peanut man, with the troubles that come to him from the American boy and girl, from the policeman, from his own love affairs; Padre Angelo and Rosa slyly conspiring to capture him, with the good Padre's mild surprise when Rosa brings her trophy to the rectory; Giuseppe, the barber, stylishly dressed to his own desire and bent on conquering all hearts; the wily Carlotta, who does not want to say "yes" till she gets the diamond ring from her admirer, yet is faithful enough to be coldly disdainful of his rival, the stylish Giuseppe; Angela, who can sing and look pretty, but is good for nothing else; and the other Carlotta, "twice so big an' strong," who between them sorely perplex the poor man that is trying to make a choice; da comica man, da musica man, the Italian father and his Americanized boy; all these, and others, are very humble types, truly, but they are presented with a humor and kindly observation that make them delightful and well worth knowing, even if they are not highly poetical. They are so clearly and simply drawn that they stand out in our memory like persons we have known. To recall them is to smile and be pleased. There is not a bitter note in the book, and the sympathetic spirit in which the humblest of our Italian immigrants are treated is certain to conciliate good will towards them.

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* *Canzoni.* By T. A. Daly. Third Edition. Philadelphia: The Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company.

Equally good are the Irish pieces; some are deeper and more delicate in sentiment, as "The Song of the Thrush"; some broader in their humor, like the unforgettable "Cornaylius Ha—Ha—Ha—Hannigan"; and, in another key, "The Irish Bachelor."

Mr. Daly is happy, likewise, in his poems of love and home, which are always true and sound. What is most admirable throughout the volume is the union of wit, humor, or sprightliness, as the case may be, with a genuine respect for all that is pure, sweet, tender, manly, and noble. Thoroughly human, they are also, without any preaching, thoroughly Christian and Catholic.

THE GOAD OF DIVINE LOVE.

This book is from a bygone age,* in which love and faith were stronger than to-day. As the present translator observes, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, *Stimulus Amoris*, the Spur, or Goad, of Love, was a title common to many ascetical works, the most famous of which was that which has been frequently published among the works of St. Bonaventure, and, therefore, attributed to him. Most likely, however, although it may claim an indirect origin from the Seraphic Doctor, inasmuch as it is inspired by his spirit, it was really composed not by him, but by one of his disciples in the Franciscan order about the year 1300. It has long been one of the classics of the spiritual life, and was highly praised by Louis of Granada, and by St. Francis of Sales. A translation of it, "Englished by B. Lewis, A.M., of the same order," appeared in 1642, and was offered for sale "at Doway by the widow of Mark Tryon." The present is a revised and annotated edition of that publication. The editor has retained the distinctive style and phraseology of the seventeenth century English, and contented himself with modernizing the spelling, and softening down some words and expressions which would hardly pass the canons of modern convention.

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* *Stimulus Divini Amoris: that is, The Goad of Divine Love.* Very proper and profitable for all devout persons to read. Written in Latin by the Seraphical Doctor, S. Bonaventure, etc. Revised and edited by W. A. Phillipson, Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE STEPS OF LIFE.
By Carl Hilty.

Through the translation of his book on *Happiness*, the learned Swiss jurisconsult, Professor Hilty, became known to the English-speaking world as a remarkable moral philosopher of the practical sort. He approaches the problem of life in a reverent, religious spirit, with a full appreciation of its significance. The present volume of essays * is a sequel to his other book. The significance of the all-present sense of sin, the moral and spiritual function of suffering, the value to life of a belief in immortality, are treated in a strain which reveals a thinker possessed of clear spiritual intuitions and a practical knowledge of human nature. In a chapter on the knowledge of men, there is a fund of practical psychology and shrewd observation of a Baconian quality, but animated with a tenderness and glow of human sympathy to which Bacon was a stranger. Without assuming the tone of the preacher, speaking simply as a man convinced of the solemnity and dignity of life, Professor Hilty lays down wise counsels, and with sober eloquence inculcates the high ideals that are needed to combat the prevailing practical materialism of our present social standards. In many a passage there is an echo of Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, although not a Catholic, the tenor of his philosophy, as well as an occasional quotation, indicate that the author is on good terms with many of our guides in the spiritual life. There is a familiar ring, for example, about the following:

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* *The Steps of Life.* By Carl Hilty. New York: The Macmillan Company.

> The power of what Christianity calls "the world" is very great, and all the elements that make up that power, from the lofty pretension of some distinguished atheistic philosophy, all the way down to the baser instinct of the most brutal selfishness, form an extremely close alliance. And the human heart, now over-daring, now over-timid, is so uncertain, that even into the life of those who work most effectively for the good, come hours when they despair, not of their task only, but even of their whole manner of thinking, a despair that, once and again, God must dispel with a "Be not afraid but speak."

And again:

> If we look upon life from God's standpoint, instead of our own as we had rather do, we see it is not a matter of purely and simply making his people happy. No; first of all, they are to be made fearless, for all right living is a life of battling, not of unruffled peace; but of battling without fear, of warring in a good cause, and under sure guidance, with that heroism which is the highest of all human qualities and the best of all earthly joys.

Although the sub-title of this book, *Essays on Happiness*, might raise some misgivings lest the author, like so many others, might entertain the principle that life is to be ordered primarily with a reference to the happiness to be obtained from it, the paragraph just quoted indicates that he escapes this pitfall, and, making the good the end of endeavor, leaves happiness to take care of itself.

THE MYSTICS.
By Katharine Cecil Thurston.

Mrs. Thurston is well known by the success of her previous books: *The Masquerader* and *The Gambler*. This novel* will serve to keep her before the reading public, which has reason to expect great things of her, but it will not add to her reputation. The story is not only short, but jejune and projected on a low level; though it may be granted, freely, that the presentation is powerful, the few characters are well marked, and the plot simple and logically worked out.

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* *The Mystics*. A novel. By Katharine Cecil Thurston. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

John Henderson, son of a disinherited, unsuccessful father, humbles himself and takes the position of secretary to his old bachelor uncle—the younger and only brother of his father, and the man who has the fortune which by right should belong to John. This uncle, Andrew, was not only a member, but a high dignitary, in a new, strange sect called the Mystics. Leaving all his wealth to this sect, and only a pittance to John, he dies in circumstances which enabled John to become possessed of the secrets and the ritual of the sect—a main tenet of which was the hoped-for advent of its great prophet—the master and high priest of the cult. To fit himself for this *rôle*, in reality to secure the fortune which he has ever regarded as his own, John disappears, and after an absence of ten years returns, personating with marked success and power the character of the prophet and master. But here the fates intervene in the guise of a charming woman, Enid Witcherley, a neophyte and the newest adherent of the sect. Her sincerity, her womanliness, and the growing affinity between her and John, cause him to recognize the impossibility of carrying his assumed part as prophet. He makes a free disclosure of himself, and does it in a dramatic, candid way, losing thereby the fortune, but winning what is worth incomparably more.

Why is it, we cannot but wonder regretfully, that a writer of such distinction, of such proven ability as Mrs. Thurston, cannot, or will not give us fiction which is higher, more abiding, more worth while?

Catholic by birth, training, feeling, there is a divorce between what she is and what she does. Capable of writing with a power, a finish that rivals Mrs. Humphry Ward, she could, we believe, outstrip the latter, so far as truth and grasp are concerned, in portraying the character and motive of such personages as live in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, in *Eleanor*, in *Lady Rose's Daughter*.

Great as are these books by Mrs. Humphry Ward, they are marred by the ignorance, the misconceptions, of one who is outside the Church; but it must be said that Mrs. Ward's characters are far and away above the uncanny, shady, and unprincipled ones whose acquaintance we have made in Mrs. Thurston's books. The pity of it is that Mrs. Thurston is not alone among Catholic novelists in ignoring what is part of her life and belief.

THE CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

By Dr. Putnam.

It is strange that we have had to wait so long for a history of the Index in English. For of all the official and legislative institutions of the Church, the Congregation which presides over the prohibition of books, stands next to the Inquisition, if indeed it does not stand above it, in controversial interest and historical importance. Still further it must strike one as strange that, when at last we have our first elaborate account of the Index,* it comes from a non-Catholic writer. Let us be permitted to say a word expressive of our regret that Catholic scholars, either here or in England, are not more productive in works concerning the history of their own Church, and that they so often leave to alien hands scholarly tasks which should be done by their own. We must indeed confess, and heartily we make the acknowledgment, that frequently non-Catholic studies of Catholic institutions are as free from unfairness as may be humanly expected. Dr. Putnam's volume before us is a signal instance of an honest endeavor on the part of a Protestant to get to the truth of things uninfluenced by ecclesiastical partisanship. Still, let us express the hope that we may soon see an era of productivity among English-writing Catholics; for we live in an age when books are not only an instrument of propaganda, but a vital and necessary means of self-preservation for any religious or scientific system.

Mr. Putnam's book, we have said, is honorably free from bias. Of course he does not sympathize with the Index or its procedure, and doubtless, in writing the work, he was conscious now and then of pity, sorrow, or indignation at the repressive measures of this celebrated Congregation. But he is simply and solely a historian, and he tries, and successfully tries, to put before us the main facts in the history with which he deals. There are phrases here and there at which a Catholic might object, there is an occasional quotation from authors like Mendham which were better omitted, but we cannot overlook, on the other hand, that Mr. Putnam also gives us testimonies to the beneficial effect of the Church's book-legislation. We must not expect to find in a book like this a formal defence of the Index, such as the Jesuit Hilgers elaborates in his

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* *The Censorship of the Church of Rome.* By George Haven Putnam. In two Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

German history of the Index; but, taking all things together, we must say that if Dr. Putnam and Father Hilgers are compared, on the ground of scientific impartiality, the former will not notably suffer.

This first volume, soon to be concluded with a second, covers the history of ecclesiastical book-prohibition, from its earliest manifestations in the Christian Church, to the year 1780, just at the close of the great controversies about the bull "Unigenitus." This is a large field to travel and keep within less than four hundred pages. But, by rigid conciseness, and a quite German manner of heaping up facts which are left to speak for themselves, Dr. Putnam accomplishes the task very creditably. He quotes original sources whenever these sources are extant, and, in fact, all through the work he displays the qualities of a trained student and writer of history. His main guide has been, of course, Reusch, whose history of the Index is, and will probably forever remain, incomparable. But this book is much easier to read than Reusch's; its mode of presenting the data is clearer, and, in such ways of convenience as paragraph-headings, it is far more satisfactory. This is not the place to enter into the details of the history of the Index. To do so were a wearisome task, and a sure provocation of divergent opinions. So we will conclude this notice with a word of congratulation to Dr. Putnam and a word of interrogation to our Catholic scholars in divers universities and other learned places: When are we going to produce work of our own along these lines?

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (11 May): Cardinal Steinhuber's letter, announcing the condemnation of the new Milanese review *Il Rinnovamento* by the Congregation of the Index, is printed in full. It is prefaced by a few remarks on the gravity and importance of the condemnation.——The determined hostility of English Catholics to the McKenna Bill is revealed in the following resolution adopted by the School Managers of the dioceses of Salford and Liverpool: "That this association pledges itself to meet, with unfaltering resistance, the monstrously oppressive and tyrannical Education Bill at present before Parliament."——The true notion of Catholic Faith is contrasted with the "Modern Error" which makes Faith an assent of the mind *relative*, *provisional*, and *alterable*.——A work on the Holy Eucharist, by the Bishop of Newport, is announced by Messrs. Longmans. Father Delahaye's *Legend and Hagiography* will soon appear in English. Both these works are to be added to the Westminster Library, edited by Mgr. Ward and Fr. Thurston.

(18 May): Steps have been taken towards the reformation of the Italian seminaries. Italy has 268 dioceses, and nearly every diocese endeavors to maintain its own separate seminary. Many of these institutions are suffering greatly from poverty, and, moreover, are deficient both in the number and quality of their professors. It is possible that those old seminaries will continue to exist as "petits séminaires," while students of philosophy and theology will be sent to well-equipped and disciplined provincial seminaries.——The Low Valley Catholic School case is cited as "a further example of extinction of voluntary schools by 'administrative methods.'" Here a congregation of 450 people build a school and in advance pay their teachers £192 a year. The West Riding County Council reduces the salary to £150. Finally the Board of Education strikes the school off the grant list and refuses to reopen the case.

(25 May): This number comments at considerable length on M. Sabatier's reply to Cardinal Gibbons in the matter of the French situation. "The writer," we are told, "presents us with nothing new, except it be the spec-

tacle of one who poses as a serious student of history condescending to repeat the political clap-trap of the hour." It is on "flimsy pretexts that M. Sabatier has presumed to call in question the good faith of the Holy See and the authority of Cardinal Gibbons."——A writer treating "The Concept of Doctrinal Development," believes that the nature of the safety-line which the Church has drawn around the doctrine, is expressed in the following points: (1) There is a Development of Doctrine; (2) The Development is one which preserves the substantial sameness of sense and teaching; (3) The Development excludes all addition to the Deposit of Revealed Truth; (4) The Development excludes all diminution, or abandonment, or rejection of any truth once taught or defined as an Article of Faith.

(1 June): A letter of Cardinal Rampolla to Dom Hildebrand Hemptinne, inviting the Benedictine Order, in the name of the Biblical Commission, to undertake certain studies preliminary to the revision of the Vulgate, is given in full, together with a notice of the Benedictines' acceptance of that honorable but colossal task. The Roman Correspondent writes that there has been considerable exaggeration in the reports of the English press concerning the matter. "If the Benedictines," he says, "have not been officially entrusted with the revision of the text of the Vulgate, they have been formally invited to do all the preliminary work necessary to make that undertaking possible." "The work will be done by an army of scholars, laboring unitedly and co-ordinately, whereas it was left hitherto to individual effort."

The Month (June): "God's Orphan," by Jan de Geollac, is begun in this number. The story, though fanciful, is rather unpromising.——The life history of M. Cauchy, perhaps the greatest mathematician of the nineteenth century, is interestingly narrated by "B. V."——One who signs himself "R. H. J. S." discusses "The Higher Pantheism." "Is it an exaggeration," he writes, "to say that the Christian may yet learn much from the Pantheist? The earnest conviction of a brotherhood among all forms of life, which the Pantheist possesses, though he misinterprets it, may be a genuine, if maimed, worship of their Creator, and a reproach to our individualistic selfishness."

——Ymal Oswin describes the "International Art-Union of France," whose purpose is the liberation of art from individualism, and the cultivation of ideas and the ideal. ——The early history of church bells Fr. Thurston finds obscure. He is ready to venture the opinion, however, that our splendid modern peals could trace their ancestry to the rude hand-bell of St. Patrick and his fellow-missionaries.——A description of the Jardins Ouvriers of Saint-Etienne is most interesting reading. The success of this movement, under Father Volpette and the boys of his college of St. Michel, may very much help the solution of difficult social problems.

The Irish Monthly (June): "A Discussion on Art," is the title of a little sketch in which Thurlough, an old servant, acquired a good-natured contempt for the Widow Murphy, because she insists on confusing a modern Michael Angelo with the original.——In this number Judge Carton completes his paper on "Novels and Novel Readers." The merit of novels, as sources of amusement and intellectual culture, is dwelt upon. Special attention is bestowed on the historical novel, as being indispensable to the student of history. Two great classes of historical novels are recognized. The first includes those in which historical personages and facts are the subject matter. In the second class the framework is historical, but the characters fictitious. After a few remarks on the domestic novel, the paper closes with a list of the best Irish works of this kind, and an appeal to Catholic gentlemen to use better judgment in avoiding vicious and immoral reading.

La Democratie Chrétienne (May): In a survey of Catholic progress in America, England, Germany, and Holland, M. Chanoine Looten, of Lille University, finds much that is encouraging. He regards as significant the loyalty to the Holy See of democracy-loving Catholics in the United States.——Apropos of the first anniversary of M. Paul Lapeyre's death, a brief sketch is given of the career of this great apostle of Christian democracy.——The New Apostolate and its conditions is the subject of discussion by Mgr. Péchenard. The obligation of the higher classes to social service is especially pressing.——Notice is taken of M. Fromont's book on the *Industrial Effect of a Shorter Working-day*. Production is not diminished, material is saved, wages are unchanged. The result is mutual benefit to laborer and employer.——*The Salary of Women*, by M. Ch. Poisson, is reviewed sympathetically. The situation, which is unsatisfactory, its causes, and some remedies, find mention. That the authority of President Roosevelt on family problems extends beyond the borders of this country, is shown by quotations from his pen.

Le Correspondant (10 May): An anonymous contributor criticizes England's proposal for the limitation of armaments, which is to be discussed at the approaching Peace Conference. He questions her motives, and suggests that she is not acting solely in the interest of international peace.——P. Thureau-Dangin urges the French Catholics to accept the present state of affairs and make the best of them. Separation does not mean enmity, but liberty. All true Catholics have a duty to perform toward their country—one which will never be fulfilled by forming themselves into a political party. They must look to the future, not to the past.——M. D. Calvogoressi contributes a study of Russian music and musicians of the nineteenth century.——M. Auguste Boucher, in his political chronicle, discusses most of the recent important events in European politics. M. Clemenceau's stand with regard to the celebration at Orleans of the feast of Joan of Arc and the imprisonment of two French labor leaders by the government, are subjects which receive lengthy treatment.

(25 May): P. Lefébure begins an account of charity work in America, with a description of the efforts made in New York from the colonial times up to now. In the present number he has not yet reached the account of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Speaking of the social work by the churches in the Dutch times, the methods introduced later from England into the colony, and the great spread of the work during the nineteenth century, he declares: "Christian charity remains the fairest fruit of American liberty."——P. Saint Girons contributes a scientifically constructed article on the various unions established in Germany to ensure employers against "strikes." These unions have helped to prevent strikes due to injustice on

the part of employers, and by strengthening the employers will help to deter the men from unjustly striking.

Études (5 May): The problem of the Catholic Party is discussed at length by M. Maurice de la Taille. Concentrated, vigorous action, such as characterized the Crusades, is needed in the present hour to save the French Church from her enemies.——In this and the following number M. Joseph de Joannis sketches the remarkable career of Berthelot from the viewpoint of science. The story of his many important discoveries is given in detail.——Religious England, its schools, its parliament, its churches, is the subject of an interesting study by M. Joseph Boubée. The writer notes the liberal tendency in religion, and regrets that among ministers of the Established Church separation between Church and State is so widely favored.——M. Joseph Ferchat, in his paper on "Monism and Psychology," charges Alfred Binet with assuming as identical, in his recent book, *L'Âme et le Corps*, things which are totally different.

(20 May): Michelet's charge that the Vatican archives prove the Holy See, in Avignon days, to have been primarily a commercial institution, is taken up and answered by M. Jules Doizé. The activity of John XXII., and other Avignon Popes, in spiritual and intellectual matters is pointed out; the collection and worthy disposition of money are described; and the unusual attention given to the department of finance at this time explained.——The recent article of M. Herzog, on the virginal Conception of Christ, wherein the writer argues that the dogma is uncertain in history and formally contradicted by the early texts, is refuted on the same grounds by M. L. de Grandmaison.——The decree of the Sacred Congregation on "Daily Communion," issued some time ago, is quoted here in full.

(5 June): P. Suau has a sympathetic and discriminating appreciation of the character and the work of the late M. Huysmans, whose best productions are adjudged to be *En Route*, *Sainte Lydwine*, and *Lourdes*.——L. Roure writes on the extravagances of the cult of Rousseau, whom M. Nicolas Ségur places near our Savior.——A. Wetterwald thinks that even if China is awakening, the

process is a very slow one, and peril from that quarter is still far distant.——A. d'Alès writes that the conception of dogma as capable of development marks an epoch in the history of theology, for it attests the effort of Christian thought to get a better hold on the mysteries of the progress of dogma; and it gives Vincent of Lerins a special place among the Fathers of the Church.

La Civiltà Cattolica (18 May): The first article, discussing the open letter of Paul Sabatier in reply to the manifesto of Cardinal Gibbons, on the French separation law, adopts as its own the entire manifesto and defends it, point by point, against the attacks of the French publicist.——An article on the consequences of the new methods in apologetics, mentions the rationalistic psychology of William James as connected with erroneous views of dogma, and criticizes Minnocchi, Le Roy, Laberthonnière, for methods which lead to scepticism.

(1 June): Condemning the extreme position of either side, a writer insists that both speculative and positive methods of study are needed in theology, both being in accord with the wise ideal proclaimed by St. Ignatius. At the present day the greater danger is the scorn of scholasticism, the preferring of erudition to speculation and encyclopedism to science.——A writer discussing the question of Arian forgeries fathered on Pope Liberius affirms the falsity of four letters attributed to Liberius by Stilting.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 May): M. F. Prat exposes the moral doctrine of St. Paul, its basis, principles, and spirit.——Brunetière as an apologist is considered by M. J. Cartier. Though he was drawn to the Church especially by her social and philanthropic character, he ever insisted on the principle that in assent to a religion, intellectual motives should not be separated from moral; that to embrace Catholicity is to accept her dogmas.——The question of stigmatas and auto-suggestion occupies the attention of M. Aug. Poulain. The writer calls attention to the fact that science has not as yet proved its case against the miraculous interpretation of the phenomenon.——Two recent books on the Fourth Gospel, those of M. Constantin Chauvin and M. l'Abbé

Lepin, receive comprehensive reviews from the pen of Alfred Durand, S.J.

(15 May): The interpretation given to certain dogmas by M. Le Roy in his late treatise, *Dogme et Critique*, does not elicit the sympathy of M. J. Lebreton. He discusses in detail M. Le Roy's view of the Resurrection of Christ.——M. Ph. Pousard writes of the practical apologetic of Mgr. d'Hulst.

Le Mois Litteraire et Pittoresque (June): Under the title of "The Bloody Week," J. Bonnafous gives a graphic description of the uprising of the Communists in France during the month of May, 1871, in which thousands lost their lives, and millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed.——Rather grotesque to an American reader seems the account Georges Chapus gives of the "Dancing-procession" of Echternach. This is a city situated near the border of France and Germany, where each year, on Tuesday of Pentecost, a pilgrimage is made, and large crowds dance in procession from that city to a neighboring village. The celebration is held in honor of St. Willibrod, whose prayers brought aid to the city when in distress.——Pierre de Kadoré gives a brief history of the development of the immense naval force of nations since the introduction of iron-clad vessels.——A couple of pages are given to quoting an interview between M. Maurice Barrés and the late Brunetière, in which is given some of the latter's views on freethought and freethinkers.——A long essay is presented by Francis Vincent, detailing the evolution of Brunetière's religious views. This is interesting, as showing the many steps this man of sound natural principles had to take before he finally found rest in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

In our June number we gave a notice of a new magazine: *Il Rinnovamento.* Since the writing of that notice a letter concerning the periodical has been written by Cardinal Steinhuber, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Index. We publish his Eminence's letter for the instruction of our readers.

The Eminent Fathers of this Sacred Congregation of the Index had at their last meeting to treat of a review called

Il Rinnovamento, recently started in the city of Milan. Not being wont, except for exceptional reasons, to put on the Index separate issues of reviews in course of publication, the Eminent Fathers have determined not to adopt this method of condemnation in the case of the numbers hitherto published of the said review. But they cannot refrain from expressing to your Eminence the deep regret they have felt at seeing published, by men calling themselves Catholics, a review notably opposed to Catholic spirit and teaching.

They especially deplore the disturbance which such writers are causing to consciences, and the assumption with which they pose as masters and almost as doctors of the Church. And it is painful to see that among those who seem to wish to arrogate to themselves a magisterium in the Church, and to teach the Pope himself, are to be found names already known for other writings dictated by the same spirit, such as Fogazzaro, Tyrrell, Von Hugel, Murri, and others.

And while men like these speak in this review with such self-conceit of the most difficult theological questions, and of the most important affairs of the Church, the editors declare that it is *lay and non-confessional*, and make distinctions between official and non-official Catholicism, between the dogmas defined by the Church as truths to be believed, and the immanence of religion in individuals. In short, it is not possible to doubt that the review has been founded with a view of fostering a most dangerous spirit of independence from the authority of the Church, and the supremacy of private judgment over that of the Church herself, and of erecting itself into a school to prepare an anti-Catholic renewal of minds.

The Eminent Fathers condemn severely this anti-Catholic spirit, which finds expression among manifest errors in the review in question, and they desire your Eminence to summon the editor of the said review to desist from this undertaking, so misguided and unworthy of a true Catholic; and they desire, moreover, that your Eminence be good enough, as soon as possible, to make public this judgment of the Sacred Congregation of the Index.

While I have the honor to make the communication to your Eminence, I most humbly kiss your hands, and am glad to profess myself

Your Eminence's

ANDREA CARDINAL STEINHUBER, *Prefect.*

THOMAS ESSER, O.P., *Secretary.*

Current Events.

Russia.

From its very beginning the second *Duma* was, according to the expectation of many, on the point of being dissolved. At last those expectations have been realized, and after an existence of less than three months the second of Russian parliaments has come to an end. The reason given in the Imperial Manifesto for this step is the disappointment felt by the Tsar at the proceedings of a considerable section who, instead of setting to work to strengthen Russia, showed a manifest tendency to augment her troubles and to disrupt the state. A hostile spirit produced dissensions. Measures prepared by the government were either neglected or rejected, even those necessary for the restoration of order. The crowning iniquity was the failure of the *Duma* to carry out immediately the demand of the government that 55 of its members, charged with being implicated in a plot against the Tsar, should be excluded from membership and thereby deprived of their immunity in order to be tried.

The Tsar throughout the manifesto maintains his claim to be the source of power. The *Duma* was convoked by his sovereign will, for the pacification of Russia, principally by the work of legislation; it is dissolved because it has failed to satisfy him. It is to him, the Tsar declares, that God has given power over all the people, and he proceeds in further exercise of that power to change the electoral law. M. de Martens, in the letter which he wrote some time ago, and which foreshadowed the dissolution which has just taken place, declared that to introduce into Russia a *quasi* universal suffrage was a capital error, and that it was the real source of all the calamities which have followed. When it is remembered that Great Britain has as yet not manhood, but only household suffrage, qualified by a lodger suffrage of a certain value, and that this was achieved after struggles of many centuries, it is hard to deny the force of M. de Martens' criticism.

The weak point of the position in Russia is that all power is centred in one man set over 120 millions of men, and this man is subject to the manipulation of self-seekers working in the dark behind the scenes, and that it is only by the brute force of the army, or even worse, of the police, that in the end government is carried on. This is the state of Russia such as the dissolution reveals it. The will of the Tsar is the sole rule. However, that will is, for the present at least, that there shall be a third *Duma*, that it shall assemble on the 14th of September next, that all the rights granted by the Manifesto of October 30, 1905, and the fundamental laws, shall remain in full force, but that the electoral laws shall be modified.

That the new *Duma* may be Russian in spirit, the representatives of other nationalities are to be diminished in number. For example, the Poles are to have only 12 representatives instead of 36. Elections are to be suspended in those parts which are not considered to have attained sufficient civic development. Special means are taken to secure the election of landlords. Peasant deputies must be house owners engaged in agriculture. The representation of workmen is practically annulled. The great complaint made by M. de Martens of the composition of the recently dissolved assembly, and the chief cause of its failure in his eyes, was that, of 500 members, only 120 had received a university education; and of the rest only a small number had passed through even a gymnasium. Some were quite illiterate, some could barely read. For these evils the new electoral law strives to find a remedy, by increasing the number of the electoral assemblies of the "intelligent" classes as compared with the representatives of the "non-intelligent" classes.

The dissolution has been received in silence by the Russian people. Whether it is the silence which precedes a storm, or that which is the result of a fall over a precipice, remains to be seen. Troops dominate the capital. M. Stolypin still remains in office. This may give ground for hope, for although not the great man which Russia needs, he is at least honest. It is understood that he prevented the postponement of the meeting of the next *Duma*, which was desired by the Tsar, and still further limitations of the franchise.

A great cause of the lack of efficiency, and of the failure to put to profit the concessions which have been made, is that no dominating popular leader has appeared capable of uniting all the people for the attainment of their just rights, capable of exciting enthusiasm, of overcoming opposition, of bending the energies of all to the one end. It is not to be wondered at that the steam-roller of autocratic despotism, which has been at work so long, should have crushed out all initiative in the well-disposed, and have exasperated those not well-disposed. Its effect has been to render all subordination obnoxious, and to make every one wish, when the yoke had been partially removed, to be his own leader.

Although there have been no great uprisings, like those which took place a year or two ago, the record of outrages is long. Riots, armed robberies, plots, murders, attempted murders, assaults on trains, go to make up the list. Poland seems to have suffered most, especially from strikes due to the activity of Socialists, of which there are several kinds. No progress seems to have been made in the negotiations with Great Britain for a settlement of the differences between the two countries. If, however, the rumors are true that the King of England is to visit the Tsar, a favorable conclusion of those negotiations may be expected.

Germany.

The determination of Germany to have a large navy, implying thereby a challenge to Great Britain's domination over the ocean, is one of the causes of the uneasiness which is felt as to the future. The German Navy League was formed to render the plan of the government popular and to raise funds by voluntary subscriptions. It has received, and still receives, the approval of the Kaiser. Within its ranks are included Prussians and Bavarians, Saxons and Wittenburgians; in fact, representatives of most of the various nationalties which constitute the German Empire. During the last elections its manager, General Keim, is said to have taken a very active part in opposition to the election of Catholic candidates, and in this way to have abused his position as manager of the League. The Bavarian members of the League, being mostly Catholics, naturally resented this breach of trust, and at a recent meeting, held at Cologne, they proposed the dismissal of the over-ardent General. The intervention of the Saxon section, however, after a nine-hours' discussion, brought about a reconciliation. Keim declared that the allegation was an infamous lie. The General is no believer in the power of moral influence in the world as it now is. The only thing which makes Germany respected on land is the army. If, therefore, she wishes to be respected on the ocean, and throughout the world, she must have a navy strong enough to command respect. His opinion of the attitude of the rest of the world towards Germany, is expressed in the following terms: "If a man finds himself in the company of questionable ruffians armed with bludgeons, while he himself has only a walking stick, the situation is certainly not an agreeable one." He left his audience to guess whom he looked upon as the ruffians. The National Liberal speaker who followed him was less reticent. He declared that a large section of the English Press was continually propagating the idea that on the day on which the German mercantile marine was destroyed, every Englishman would be a pound richer. Momentous issues, only to be settled by "blood and iron," were, General Keim declared on another occasion, developing in the sphere of *Weltpolitik*. The General and the Navy League are not to be looked upon, although the latter has the approval of the Kaiser, as representing the opinion of the whole country. A leading Berlin journal declares that the General is merely a retired *miles gloriosus* given to bombastic utterances. But such men are dangerous tools ready for the use of the higher powers, should these higher powers decide for war.

The curious union of Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals, by which the government is supported, has worked satisfactorily during the first session of the new Parliament, all the proposals of the government having been adopted. The financial state of the Empire, however, is not so satisfactory. The Reichstag has adjourned and will not meet again until the 19th of November. Discussions on the dangers and difficulties by which Germany is said to be surrounded will, therefore, be limited to the press and to the platform. The relations of Germany to England take the first place in these discussions. The *rôle* of protector of the Mussulmans assumed by the Emperor, and the support afforded by him to the Sultans as well of Turkey as of Morocco, the projected railway through the valley of the Euphrates, the reforms in Macedonia, and the securing of an understanding with France—an understanding which some German publicists regard as being necessary for the well-being of Germany—afford an ample field for comment and controversy.

So far as regards England and her relations with Germany a further effort to bring about an improvement has been made by the return visit paid by a number of English journalists, among whom was the ever active Mr. Stead. The reception given to these visitors showed that the Navy League does not faithfully represent the mind of all the people of Germany, nor, in fact, of the government. For at a banquet given to them, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs declared that the German naval forces were only required as a protection of the German coasts and sea trade. "We do not strive for anything more." For the English policy of the "open door" he had the highest praise. "You have never excluded other States from territories under British influence, but allowed them to go along with you." The Emperor himself sent a message of welcome, while the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Bülow, entertained them at a garden party. The main object of the authorities was to convince their visitors of the extremely pacific tendencies of both the government and the people. Which of the two voices—that of the Navy League, or that of the journalists—will prevail, cannot be known at present.

One of the worst evils attendant upon the possession of an undue degree of power by rulers, is the influence upon its exercise possessed by secret advisers and favorites. Germany has before now experienced the evil effects of such influences. The most upright and honest of the Chancellors of the Empire—Count von Caprivi—was forced to resign in 1894 by the intrigues of a Camarilla working against him. There is reason to believe that the recent dissolution of the Reichstag was brought by the necessity to defend himself against the same influences which were felt by the present Chancellor. However this may be, there has been a great upheaval in the Court circles where people of this kind work. A newspaper has published a series of *chroniques scandaleuses*, which has led to the dismissal of the Commandant of Berlin, to the resignation of one of the personal aides-de-camp of the Emperor, as well as that of Prince Philip Eulenberg, who is looked upon as the chief worker behind the scenes. Public opinion strongly supports the Chancellor in his struggle with the irresponsible advisers of the Crown.

Might and political expediency have once more prevailed in the appointment of a successor to the late Prince Albrecht of Prussia as Regent of Brunswick. The legitimate heir is the Duke of Cumberland, who is also by right King of Hanover, as well as Duke of Brunswick, but, inasmuch as he will not renounce his claims to the throne of Hanover which has been incorporated into Prussia, he is not allowed to be even Duke of Brunswick which, although one of the German federated States, retains its identity. A new Regent has been elected by the Brunswick Diet—Duke John Albrecht, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Herr Dernburg, the head of the new Colonial Department, which has at last been established, is going to pay a personal visit to the Colonies, in the hope of making them better subserve the purposes for which they were founded as an outlet for German emigration. At present they are little better than military establishments.

Austria-Hungary.

The general election which has recently taken place in Austria, being the first since the adoption of universal suffrage, is one of the most important events in the recent history of the country, and may even be the starting point of a new era. That universal suffrage should have been adopted at all involves a departure from long-standing traditions. The Socialists have been its advocates for several years, but were in themselves powerless. Well-informed writers look upon its adoption as due to the Emperor. His Majesty is now in the sixtieth year of his reign. The prospects of the Empire for the future are somewhat dark. The large number of various races of which the Empire is made up are full of jealousy and almost of hatred one for another. The effect of universal suffrage will be to give far larger influence and power to the people. .In the Reichsrath, as hitherto constituted, there were five Curiæ, the Curia of Large Landed Proprietors, the Curia of the Chambers of Commerce, the Curia of the Cities, the Curia of the Country Communes, and finally the Curia of Universal Suffrage, comprising some five millions of electors. This fifth Curia only elected 72 out of the 425 members of the Chamber. The new Law sweeps away all these Curiæ and merges all voters into one single category of universal suffrage. A house which was practically made up of the representatives of separate interests has been transformed into an assembly representative of the people, without distinction of classes. The old feudal nobility, the rich merchants, the narrow-minded middle classes, have all been brought to resign their privileges. What has influenced them? At every stage the Emperor's voice was heard in support of the Bill, and had it not been for him its enactment would have proved impossible. The outcome of the experiences of his long life and reign, in which he has suffered so many disappointments, defeats, and losses, the lesson which all these have taught him is that if he wishes to provide a secure throne for his successor, the basis of that throne must be widened, and that it must be made to rest upon the masses of the people.

The result of the elections has, on the whole, been satisfactory. The animosity of the races, which has constituted the great danger of the past, will not exist for the future. Purely racial candidates suffered defeat at the first ballots. The Pan-Germans, whose object is to bring Austria, socially and economically and even politically, closer to the German Empire, and who were the promoters of the *Los von Rom* movement, were almost annihilated. The Young Czechs, also, have practically ceased to exist and Italian Irredentism has been overthrown. Instead, therefore, of national conflicts for predominance, questions will be discussed which will be of real practical importance for the Empire as a whole.

The next most striking result of the elections is the victory of the Socialists, of which there are two main bodies—Christian Socialists, who are Catholics, and Social Democrats. The latter form the most numerous single party. What their precise aims are is not clear, but it is understood that they are not so extreme in their views as the party which bears the same name in the German Reichstag. Nor is it clear how far the Christian Socialists agree with the Social Democrats. If the former represent an attempt to impress upon public legislation the social influences of the Catholic faith, to make the Church's power felt for the good of the poorer classes, it will be setting a good example, deserving to be followed in other countries.

A noteworthy feature of the new law is that it gives the power to the local authorities of various districts to render voting compulsory and to impose penalties on the non-voters. Several districts adopted this provision, but for all that some 50,000 in Vienna and Lower Austria alone failed to go to the polls.

As the result of the second ballots the new Austrian Reichsrath is made up of more than a score of parties. Although the list is long, it may be worth giving as an example of the heterogeneous character of a European Parliament. The figures in parentheses represent the strength of each party in the last Chamber: Social Democrats, 83 (11); Christian Socialists, 67 (26); German Conservative Catholics, 29 (29); German Progressives, 23 (30); German Populists or Radicals, 24 (46); German Agrarians, 21 (4); Free Pan-Germans, 13 (6); Pan-Germans, 3 (15); Young Czechs, 19 (47); Old Czechs, 6 (3); Czech Realists, hitherto unrepresented, 2; Czech Agrarians, 25 (5); Czech Catholics, 19 (2); Czech Radicals, 10 (8); Slovene Catholics, 22 (19); Slovene Liberals, 3 (6); Italian Liberals, 4 (12); Italian Catholics, 10 (6); Croats, 9 (7); Serbs, hitherto unrepresented, 2; Rumanes, 5 (4). To these must be added Catholic Poles and non-Catholic Poles; Polish Democrats and Pan-Poles; Polish Populists and Polish Social Democrats; together with Independent Socialists and Jewish Zionists; the exact number of which cannot be given, as the elections were not complete.

So numerous are the parties that efforts have already been made to form clubs for mutual co-operation. The German Conservative Catholics have united with the Christian Socialists, and as a consequence the two form the largest group in the house. Efforts have been made, too, by the German Liberals and Radicals, but not so successfully. It will be observed, too, that the numbers of Catholic representatives have increased among the Czechs, Slovenes, and Italians.

Hungary, where the adoption of universal suffrage was first made a part of practical politics has not yet taken any steps to realize the proposal. The Magyars perhaps are loathe to give up the privileges which they possess at present—privileges which are due to the altogether disproportionate voting power allotted to them.

France.

The chief preoccupation of the French people of late has been the discontent prevailing among large numbers of the working-people. Various strikes, on a large scale, as has been already recorded, have taken place; and no sooner has one been settled, than another has broken out. Insubordination has spread among even State officials, among whom school-teachers are included. The right to form Trade Unions is claimed, a right which the government refuses to recognize. The Confederation of Labor, an association of unions of workingmen, representing some 200,000 out of a total of twelve millions, has advocated methods destructive of all order. The leaders are absolutists at the other end of the social scale. Violence, hanging of employers, seizure of factories, deliberate destruction of property, elaborated plans for the ruin of employers, such were the methods openly advocated by leading members of the Confederation. "A restaurant waiter should quietly leave a tap open and thus let the liquid flow away." The government, of course, could not do anything else than arrest the teachers of such morals.

The agitation among workingmen has not been confined to the land. The State keeps official lists of sailors for service in the mercantile marine. These *inscrits maritimes*, as they are called, were not satisfied with the Bill introduced by the government for the reform of the existing system of old-age pensions. Accordingly they struck, and some of the naval reserve men gave their adhesion to the movement. The effect of the strike was an almost complete stagnation of trade and passenger traffic. Fortunately it did not last long. After an interview of the delegates of the men with the Minister of Marine, terms were arranged; amendments are to be made in the Bill which will make it acceptable to the strikers.

The troubles of the government have reached their climax in the movement which began in the first week of May in the South of France. In this movement all classes of the population took part. The people living in the country came in their tens of thousands into the cities to demand that action should be taken against the adulterators of wine, the sale of which was their sole means of livelihood. In one place the procession of the discontented had with it a cart on which was placed a guillotine; at intervals the procession stopped, in order that a dummy adulterator might be executed. The agitation has spread far and wide. Violence has, in many cases, taken place, as well as destruction of property. In fact it is coming to have the aspect of a civil war. The government, however, is resolved that order shall be kept; the troops have not hesitated to fire on the people.

The cause of the uprising is believed by the agitators to be the adulteration of wine, a procedure which has of late become common. This has prevented the sale of the wine, which is thus left on the hands of its makers. While the fact of over-production is undoubted, other reasons for it are given. There is too much wine, because the French people are becoming convinced of the evil effects of alcohol. They are drinking mineral waters, and even milk. Those who do not give up alcohol altogether, are drinking beer, it is said, in almost fabulous quantities. A third cause is the growing custom of blending French wine with German and Austrian wines. Whatever the causes may be, the result is a movement, the end of which is not yet in sight.

While the South of France is thus disturbed, the capital has been consoled by the visits of the Kings and Queens of Norway and of Denmark. As a result of the visit of the Norwegian King, it is said that the sphere of *ententes cordiales* has been widened by the inclusion of Norway. A more important event affecting the foreign relations of France, is the conclusion of an agreement with Japan by which the possessions of France in the Far East are secured from attack. A similar agreement between Russia and Japan is said to be on the point of being concluded. If this is so, peace in that part of the world, so far as European powers are concerned, is rendered secure for an indefinite period.

The *entente cordiale* with England has been manifested by the return visit made by representatives of the London University to that of Paris, as well as by the visit of the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow to the Lyons Exhibition. The reception which they received left no doubt as to the feelings of the French people. Even music has been made use of, as is in the highest degree suitable to bring about harmonious relations. The band of one of the British regiments, which paid a visit to Lille, was received with rapturous enthusiasm.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs has defined the attitude of the government towards the limitation of armaments which is to be proposed at the Hague Conference by Great Britain. M. Pichon, while recognizing the great work which has been accomplished by the Conference of 1899, and declaring the present assembly of the representatives of 47 States a true international Parliament, expressed no strong hope of a definite conclusion being reached to regulate the strength of the standing armies of Europe. A concrete formula was necessary, and none had been found. The Powers, too, must be unanimous, and some would not even discuss the question. France would not place herself in their ranks. She would enter upon the discussion, and even hoped that she would be able to point out a possible method by which diplomacy might find a practical solution of the grave problem.

Spain.

The most important event which is to be recorded with reference to Spain is the convention which has been made with France and with Great Britain, by which the States mutually guarantee the integrity of their respective coasts, and also the islands and colonies of each of the contracting parties in the East Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The *status quo* is to be maintained in Algeria, Tunis, and the Canaries. The peaceful possession of Gibraltar and Malta is assured to Great Britain. Freedom of communication between the possessions and their respective mother-lands is provided for. It looks as if a cordon were being drawn round Morocco, in view, perhaps, of shutting off that Empire from all foreign interference. But that would mean war, and we are assured that peace is the end and object for which the convention was made.

Portugal.

The affairs of Portugal have excited unwonted attention. The government, for reasons which have not been clearly explained, seems to have tried to revert, for a time at least, to an absolute *régime*. The people, not appreciating the excellence of this kind of government, have offered determined opposition, and have been fired upon by the troops. A fuller account must be deferred.

Sweden.

At the other end of Europe, democratic principles have been further extended. Universal suffrage has been adopted. What is worthy of note is that proportional representation forms a part of the new scheme.

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The April number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD contained in its review of *The Ought to Be's*, by the Rev. J. T. Roche, the following sentences:

> We should unreservedly recommend the book for circula-

> tion, but for one surprising blemish. It is not, we respectfully submit, either profitable or proper, that a priest should sit in judgment upon, and hold up to the obloquy of the laity, one of the most illustrious living members of the Catholic hierarchy; nor is such an offence lessened, when the attempt is made to justify it by presuming to interpret an official appointment made by the Holy See as an implied stigma on the orthodoxy of one of our bishops. The author has some sharp criticisms for the members of the laity who venture to find fault with the clergy: *Physician, heal thyself*, is a golden advice that has most value for us all just when we least suspect our need of it.

The author of the book in question has written to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, stating that the criticism is entirely unwarranted. He requests us to reprint from the book the paragraph under criticism, and to add the statement that the bishop referred to died 217 years ago. The paragraph itself reads as follows:

> I read with considerable interest on one occasion the writings of a bishop who had attained a considerable degree of eminence in his day and age. Those writings were largely of a philosophical character, and contained much that was admirable and commendable. There were many evidences of a deep faith in the power of the Church to enlighten and sanctify the world. There was much, too, that might have been appropriately written by a pagan philosopher. There was a something, however, about them which left a bad taste in the mouth. I tried to discover for a long time why such was the case, and finally arrived at a satisfactory solution of my difficulty. In the whole range of his writings there were scarcely a dozen half-hearted references to Mary's power. I was not surprised to discover later on that these very books had brought him under suspicion in Rome, and that because of them he had been shut out from what seemed to be a well-deserved promotion. Rome, the mother of all the churches, has ever been suspicious of the orthodoxy of those in whose writings and teachings Mary had been relegated to the background.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AMID a large gathering of her friends, Miss Katherine E. Conway was presented in Boston College Hall with the following illuminated address, together with the Lætare Medal:

The University of Notre Dame, to Katherine Eleanor Conway, Greeting—

Following a custom now some decades old, the University of Notre Dame on each recurring Lætare Sunday confers a medal on an American Catholic distinguished for services to science, art, literature, religion, or humanity. The medal is no mere academic prize, for the recipient is selected in such wise that the choice carries with it the approbation of the hierarchy, the priests, and Catholic people of the United States.

In selecting you, Madam, as the Lætare Medalist for the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Seven, the University is confident that the approval of the clergy and laity will be cordial and unanimous, for your exceptional gifts of mind and heart have been zealously expended in the Catholic cause.

To the young women of America you have spoken golden words of counsel, and if this were your only claim to gratitude it were enough to mark you among the daughters of Holy Church. But you have done more than this, for you have illustrated by your example the virtues of Catholic womanhood, and have shown to your sisters how they, too, may lead consecrated lives within the cloister of the heart, and dignify a public career by noble service.

As poet and essayist your influence has been as sweet and wholesome as the morning; as editor you have interpreted the Catholic mind with unerring instinct and have prophesied true things for human liberty. Therefore

The University of Notre Dame acclaims you as one worthy to be joined to the noble company of men and women who have won and worn the Lætare Medal. The badge of chivalry and genius, the medal has never been more worthily bestowed. May you live long to wear it and to continue your labors for God and humanity!

The reply of Miss Conway was read by the President of Boston College, Rev. Thomas J. Gasson, S.J., who also presented the numerous letters and telegrams of congratulation.

Archbishop O'Connell spoke eloquently of the work of the Catholic press, and in particular of the personal service given to *The Pilot* by Miss Conway for many years, from the days of its great editor, John Boyle O'Reilly, to the present time. His words had a message of hope and encouragement to all the workers in the field of Catholic journalism, especially to the Catholic editor who should chronicle church affairs without attempting critical flippancy or brilliant periods. His duty is to defend the faith with docility as well as dignity.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Children of Mary in the Sacred Heart Academy, Boston, Archbishop O'Connell dwelt on the responsibility of the Catholic woman in the world, and the importance of right standards of conduct. Whom shall she follow? Not the frivolous woman who from morning until night thinks only of pleasing her own shallow self. Even the pagan world looks down on such a one and demands of the woman who would stand for something intellectual interests and even philanthropy. There is little fear that Catholic women will be influenced by the mere butterfly of fashion. There is more danger that they take color from the social leader who manages to combine with her pleasures a certain devotion to things of the mind and works of charity. Her life looks not only agreeable, but, in a measure, meritorious. Intellectual and charitable works, however, draw their merit from the supernatural motive behind them. If Catholic women mingle too much with a world in which the supernatural is ignored, if they find their standards there, it is not well with them. The dust of worldliness will spoil their days.

How shall the Catholic lady, whose position secures for her a certain leisure, guard herself against the blight of worldliness? By deepening her spiritual life; by frequent Sacraments, by daily Mass—this is practicable for many who do not avail themselves of the supreme privilege—by visits to the Blessed Sacrament, by spiritual reading. Without this last, one cannot have the necessary strong hold on the truths of our religion.

The Archbishop would not deny to the devout Catholic the accessories of her position nor reasonable recreations. But the moral standards of the Catholic, especially in literature and the drama, are different from those of the pagan world, and must be remembered even in amusements. Why are Catholic women ever seen at evil plays? They are too good and pure to enjoy them. Is it because the play has been praised by "society," and a number of recognized leaders have been heralded as its patronesses? This is no justification for wrong-doing. Why can't Catholic women of strength of mind and character set their own fashions? They do in the Catholic and even in the non-Catholic countries of Europe. Why not in America? Why not in Boston? And Catholic standards are the most refined and beautiful; in every sense the best. Not only is our religion the best, but our social ideals are the best.

On Catholic women of means and position the responsibility rests of believing this truth and living up to it. Every one of his hearers, said the Archbishop, exercised a strong influence over at least a dozen other women of their faith. Then the influence on their immediate family. You are faithful Catholics, he continued, because of the long tradition handed down for the most part through Irish ancestors faithful unto persecution and death. Your good mothers' faith is still a force in your lives. Are you as prayerful as those mothers, who with less leisure gave so much time to God? Are you in other ways equal to them in their sterling Catholicity? If not, what is the spiritual outlook for your daughters? In conclusion, the Archbishop urged serious self-study on all his hearers, that they might find wherein they were lacking, and make of themselves the holy and uplifting influences which they should be in the life of their city.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Social and Religious Ideals. By Artemas Jean Haynes, M.A. Pp. xvi.–168. Price $1 net. *Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents.* From the Days of Moses to the Closing of the Legal Canon. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. With plans and diagrams. Pp. xxxv.–301. Price $2.75 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times. By the Author of *Mademoiselle Mori* (Margaret Denise Roberts). Pp. viii.–300. Price $2.75.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Treatise on the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. By Rev. P. J. Hanley. Pp. iv.–57. Paper. Price 25 cents net.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, New York:
A Martyr of Our Own Day. The Life and Letters of Just de Bretenières. Martyred in Corea, March 8, 1866. Adapted from the French by Rev. John J. Dunn. Pp. 222.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Catalogue of Books for the Use of Young Catholic Readers. Price 5 cents each; $3 per 100 prepaid.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass.:
The Life and Times of Margaret Bourgeoys. By Margaret Mary Drummond. Revised with Preface by Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J. Pp. 275.

CLIPPING BUREAU PRESS, Boston, Mass.:
Writing for the Press. A Manual by Robert Luce. Fifth Edition. Pp. iv.–302. Price, cloth, 60 cents; paper, 30 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.:
Running Horse Inn. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Pp. 395. *Disinherited.* By Stella M. Düring. Pp. 391.

FORBES & CO., Chicago, Ill.:
The Truth About the Congo. The *Chicago Tribune* Articles. By Frederick Starr. Pp. viii.–129.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. 1902–1903. By W. H. Holmes. *Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year ending June 30, 1905.* Vol. I. Pp. 655.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Ius Regularium Speciale In Usum Scholarum. Edidit P. Fr. Dom. M. Prummer, O.P. Tomus II. Pp. xxviii.-357. Price $1.50 net.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal, Canada:
Back in the Fifties. On Winnings and Weedings. A Tale of Tractarian Times. By Elizabeth Gagnieur. Pp. 437.

BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD., Dublin, Ireland:
St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland. By the Rev. J. A. Knowles, O.S.A. Pp. xiv.-292. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:
Dogme et Critique. By Edouard Le Roy. Deuxieme Edition. Pp. xvii.-387. *L'Avenir de l'Eglise Russe.* Essai sur la Crise Sociale et Religieuse en Russie. Par Joseph Wilbois. Pp. viii.-304. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Ferdinand Brunetière: l'Homme, l'Orateur, le Critique, le Catholique. Par Th. Delmont. Pp. 202. *Le Christianisme et l'Extreme Orient.* Par M. Chanoine Leon Joly. Pp. 407. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *L'Esprit-Saint, sa Personne Divine, son Action dans l'Eglise et dans les Âmes.* Pp. viii.-256 Price 2 *fr.* *Medulla Sancti Thomæ Aquinatis seu Meditationes ex Operibus S. Thomæ Deprømptæ.* 2 Vols. Price 5 *fr.* *Logica—Logica Minor; Logica Major.* Auctore R. P. Fr. Ed. Hugon. Pp. viii.-508. Price 6 *fr.* *Philosophia Naturalis.* Prima Pars: *Cosmologia.* Auctore R. P. Fr. Ed. Hugon. Pp. 326. Price 5 *fr.*

LIBRAIRIE FISCHBACHER, Paris:
Lettre Ouverte A. S. E. le Cardinal Gibbons. Apropos de Son Manifeste sur la Separation des Eglises et de l'État en France. Par Paul Sabatier. Pp. xix.-83.

THE

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LITERARY SPYING.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

NOW and then, in portraits of persons unknown to us, we catch a certain impression, or, rather, conviction of reality: where no comparison with the seen face is possible, the counterfeit gives testimony which can never be disproved, nor even modified. It must be "like," we say; we feel that we know so much, though we have no argument to offer. This applies particularly to portraits by mechanical process, such as photographs, or old daguerreotypes. The same very singular witness is often borne by a book. It is not a game of mere inferences: the book's secret, rather, is fired at us like a pistol shot. We see as inerrably as the Recording Angel into the author's interior. The metaphysical data are so direct and authentic, that the page, like the picture, stands up and blurts out: *I am true.* A trained reviewer, if he be worth his salt, must often, perhaps even almost always, be able to tell how much heart's blood went into his author's ink. Many of our classic writers give interlinear revelations of themselves: in a few of them, the revelations are practically continual. In essays, or in poems, the undertone of consciousness is readily recognized, whether the "I's" be present or absent. But it is never quite so easy to be sure at what point little David Copperfield is Charles Dickens, or little Maggie Tulliver Marian Evans. Yet stories are certainly the best hunting-ground for the pack of nosing book-hounds, and only second to stories are drama and dramatic episode.

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As a not too hackneyed example of a bit of modern morganatic autobiography (if the expression may be permitted!) take an inconspicuous passage in *Loss and Gain.* Newman's hero, an undergraduate convert, is leaving a then all-Anglican Oxford forever. It is about eight o'clock of an autumn morning, full of frost and mist; the young man is alone; and he crosses from Magdalen College into Rose Lane, and the wide stretches of Christ Church meadow.

> He walked steadily down to the junction of the Cherwell with the Isis: he then turned back. What thoughts came upon him for the last time? There was no one to see him, he threw his arms round the willows so dear to him, and kissed them; he tore off some of their black leaves and put them in his bosom. "I am like Undine," he said, "killing with a kiss. No one cares for me; scarce a person knows me." He neared the Long Walk again. Suddenly looking obliquely into it, he saw a cap and gown. He looked anxiously: it was Jennings. . . . He stood behind a large elm, and let him pass; then he set off again at a quick pace. When he had got some way, he ventured to turn his head around, and he saw Jennings at the moment, by that sort of fatality or sympathy which is so common, turning round towards him. He hurried on, and soon found himself again at his inn.

This little excerpt, so suspiciously like a transcript from real life, arrests one, although Reding is not Newman, nor the characters in the story identical with any of Newman's fellow-Oxonians. No don ever cherished a more romantic feeling towards his University than he who could playfully depreciate another for being "under no monastic vow to Oxford, to love it and be true to it for life"; and none could have written more spontaneously of Reding's sudden impassioned farewell to the trees, than the man of force and will and overpowering tendernesses, who had torn his own bleeding heart from them and from all else, because he "loved Truth better than many dear friends." A sort of cumulative evidence plays upon the page as we lay it down. What if no imaginary collegian, no Early Victorian sentimentalist of twenty, thrust, at parting, those dying leaves into his breast? What if it were—nay, it must have been; cries the committed guesser—the great John Henry Newman?

Something to supplement and match this imputation is to be found in Mr. Chesterton's glowing monograph on Robert Browning, published a couple of years since. He, too, has done a little masterful collecting of evidence, while dealing with a well-known later poem.

> Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau explains the psychological meaning of all his ruthless and unscrupulous activities, by comparing them to the impulse which has just led him, even in the act of talking, to draw a black line on the blotting-paper, exactly so as to connect two separate blots which were already there. This queer example is selected as the best possible instance of a certain fundamental restlessness and desire to add a touch to things, in the spirit of man. I have no doubt whatever that Browning thought of the idea after doing the thing himself and sat in a philosophical trance, staring at a piece of inked blotting paper, conscious that at that moment, and in that insignificant act, some immemorial monster of the mind, nameless from the beginning of the world, had risen to the surface of the spiritual sea.

Again, a final instance may serve to illustrate the indeliberate hint of a writer and the prevenient feeling, meeting it much more than half way, of his predestined reader. A short while ago appeared a particularly clever and sensitive sketch in one of the Catholic English magazines; it was written evidently by a young Englishman, though under a foreign pen-name, and it contained one chapter which bore this perfectly recognizable stamp of personal experience. It depicts a scene of to-day among the cafés of Montmatre.

> Hugh was in a curious mood, which he knew well, and in which he could have entered with equal ease into church or Moulin Rouge. . . . He pushed open the shutter doors of a tiny "Eden," and went in. . . . The audience had emerged from the awful pall of dulness which overhangs at first even a French music hall, and which is due to the incomparable fatuity of the programme, . . . and was now at the mercy of whatever emotion the actors hung out to them. . . . Quite unexpectedly the place became full of a subdued sound, booming in everybody's ears. It was midnight: and the bell of the Sacré Cœur was chiming Christmas Day. On the stage, a farce had just reached the inevitable situation in which the heroine exclaims: "*Malheur!*

> *c'est mon mari : sauve-toi vite, mais vite !*" But at the stroke of the bell the farce broke off, and [an elderly actress of ample proportions] advanced, hands clasped, eyes raised and shining, and in a strong voice sang France's hymn of Christmas midnight :
>
> "*Minuit, Chrétiens ! c'est l'heure solennelle*
> *Ou l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi nous.*"
>
> The audience took it up frantically. Eyes streamed with tears at the sacred names ; some women fell on their knees, and a few men did the same ; others drank hard ; one or two chuckled odiously. Hugh leaped to his feet, thrust aside the astonished gendarme, and fled. . . . A tempest of horror swept him up the last and steepest slope of Montmartre. He made straight for the terrace surrounding the huge church. There for some moments he stood, utterly incapable of mastering his loathing for that roomful of rotting souls which he had just left, . . . with its reek of wine and smoke, and its almost perceptible odor of spiritual death.

Now what is there in the relation of certain incidents, major or minor, which gives forth, so to speak, a sudden unexplainable aroma of the confessional? This little interlude, as we began by saying, looked and sounded like fact, the fact which in its extreme Frenchiness was far too imaginative to pass for fiction ; and as conditions permitted inquiry, inquiry was duly made. Yes, the thing had actually happened, and before the spectator who was the author. Once more, a case of self-discovery, approving itself, and dealing out delicate compliments to the men and women sympathetic enough to catch at it. For here, as elsewhere, sympathy, if only abstinent and incurious, is knowledge. It would almost seem, in a world where the foolish are always eager to detect past events and real characters in narrative literature, that he who once guesses right, on all such debatable borderlands, would also be one who can hardly guess wrong. Many analogous instances must occur to thoughtful lovers of books, besides the three cited here at random. But these three may serve to suggest the singular interest of the fine art of spying, to innocent casuists in want of employment.

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

IN the snug, well-appointed drawing-room of a handsome villa outside Dublin, a small but very select party of Dublin fashionables was gathered at the close of a cold evening early in the March of this year. The lawn in front sloped down to the sea; and on a summer evening the view across Dublin Bay, down along the coast, to where Bray Head juts out and frames the picture in green and gold, would be almost unrivalled. This evening, with the cold east wind blowing back to the shore the plumes of smoke from cross-Channel steamers, the lawn looked gray and sad in the growing twilight; but in the large bay-window that jutted over the basement in the villa, there was a pretty picture that lent a little light and beauty to the scene. A fair, tall woman in evening dress was turning over the pages of an album or pictorial story-book for the delectation of a little boy, whose yellow ringlets ran over his dark blue velvet dress, and hid the broad collar of fine lace that covered his shoulders and breast. The child looked intensely pleased with the amusement. The lady looked tired and weary. But suddenly that aspect of sadness disappeared, and she appeared to make a violent effort at the transformation, for she drew herself up to her full height, smiled softly, and gently toyed with her rings, when a gentleman came forward, spoke a few pleasant words, drew the boy gently aside, and pulled down the blinds, against which instantly shone the soft ruby light from the chandelier inside.

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It was the evil quarter-hour before dinner—the *pass gelida* of that daily holocaust of society, when the guests are frozen by first introductions or limited acquaintance; when the hostess is frozen by frightful anticipations of spoiled viands, kitchen catastrophes, yawning intervals between courses, and all the other dread possibilities of the dinner-table; when the waiters are frozen into frigid icicles of propriety and decorum; and, probably, the only warm person under the roof is the cook. Mabel Outram, who had just returned from the darkness and screened lights of the window, where she could toy with a boy's curls and forget herself, now put on her stage appearance before the footlights, and looked cold and dignified as the rest, which coldness did not in the least degree thaw out even when she knew she was an object of admiration; and had overheard a little prim old lady, who had been watching her through a tortoise-shell pince-nez, whisper:

> " A daughter of the gods, divinely fair."

And cold and slimy as a coiled snake was Ralph Outram, as he leaned against the marble mantelpiece and listened cynically to the dreary platitudes of a certain Professor of Ethnology, who was pouring into his ears a lot of information about the very India from which Outram had so lately come. He listened with lifted eyebrows and scornful lips to the bookish learning of the amiable, but tiresome pedant; and when the latter, tapping him confidentially on his coat sleeve, asked:

" But you will clear up one point for me, on ethnological grounds only—not on historical, or theological, or philosophical grounds, but on ethnological—because really there is no science worth speaking of in the end, but ethnology—what is this I was going to ask? Oh, yes; the ethnological explanation of the very singular fact that a handful of men, say fifty thousand at most, can keep down, subdue, and control some hundreds of millions of, what I am led by my rather extensive reading to believe, the most intelligent and highly-cultured races on the earth ?"

Outram looked his questioner all over, pulled his red, bristling moustache, and answered sententiously and with pauses between the words:

"The whip—and—the—sop ! "

"Who—what?" said the Professor, staring at him.

"The whip—and—the—sop!" repeated Outram, with slower and more prolonged pauses.

"I don't quite understand, my dear friend," said the Professor. "You military men have the advantage of us literary folk, in that you can express yourselves laconically and, if I may use the expression, emphatically. The whip—and—the—sop? I never heard of such things, and I feel sure I have read every book that was ever written about India."

"You won't find these things in books," said Outram.

"Where then?" asked the Professor.

"In real life," answered Outram, "of which books are but a fallacious and lying presentment. India is governed," he continued, as the Professor was about to make a strong protest, "by two things—the shades of Hastings, Clive, Gough, Havelock, and others; and is held down, *strapped* down," he said with vivacity, "by the whip—and the sop. The sop is held in the left hand, and is extended to those who are worth it. The whip is held in the right hand behind the back—thus, and they who won't accept the sop, must accept the whip; and it is the less pleasant of the two."

"Dear, dear, you surprise me very much," said the mystified Professor, "I must take note of this. It is most interesting. The whip—and—the—sop. The whip in the left hand to be extended first; and whosoever does not take the whip, must swallow the sop. Most interesting from an ethnol—"

But just then the amiable Professor had to be recalled to social duties; and, as he passed into the dining-room, his partner was much embarrassed by hearing him murmur:

"The whip and the sop! The whip—and—the—sop! Dear me! Strange I never heard of such things before!"

Mabel and Outram were the guests of the evening; and occupied the place of honor next the host and hostess; and the dinner drew wearily along. It was broken for Mabel by three events. The first was that she was asked more than once by the little amiable old lady of the tortoise-shell pince-nez, who had flattered her with such consummate subtlety in the drawing-room, whether she did not admire very much a spray of lilies of the valley, which sparkled across the delicate background of a clump of maiden-hair ferns; and a magnificent bunch of chrysanthemums, a name which the old lady feigned several times to forget, although lost in admiration of the superb browns and coral reds of the winter flower. The second was a startling statement made by a young lady that she had a pet poodle that would easily fit into, and be decidedly comfortable in one of the ruby finger glasses on the table. The third was an animated discussion that was going on at the further end of the table, within the circle dominated by the hostess, and limited to Outram and the Professor.

The latter had never got over his surprise at the naïve explanation of British supremacy in India that had been given by Outram; and, as he reflected during the pauses of the dinner courses, he became convinced that either Outram, like many other Anglo-Indians of whom he had heard, was profoundly ignorant of the bearings of the vast question propounded by himself, or else was deliberately mocking him. This last idea gradually became a certainty, as he observed the cynical manner in which Outram seemed to treat every question, social or otherwise, that came up for discussion at table; and being a man of profound erudition, and enjoying a European reputation, he was much annoyed at the contemptuous flippancy of this officer. He had a swift revenge.

A young girl, questioning Outram about Hindoo life and manners, hinted her idea that the Brahmins were a class of rare holiness of life and detachment from all earthly things. This was quite enough to awaken all the angry contempt of Outram for subject races of any kind.

"There is no measuring the depths of ignorance," he said, "that exist among all Europeans on this subject. Books are written that deserve only to be burned by the common hangman. You will see articles in the *Fortnightly* and *Nineteenth Century* that should not be written by a clerk in a London counting-house. Brahmins pious? Brahmins disinterested? We will soon hear that a Jew hath a conscience; or that a Fakir is clean."

The Professor was gently toying with his dessert fork; and he looked up with a smile of bland satisfaction mantling his rosy face, framed in silver white whiskers.

"I fear," he said, as if about to answer some foolish question put by a beardless undergraduate, "that Mr. Outram is too sweeping in his observations. There are distinctions in this matter as in all things else. There is, of course, a certain class of low-caste Brahmins—the Brahmin Sowkar, or the Marwarree—a kind of priestly Shylocks, usurious and exacting. But, then, there is also the Chitpawan or Konkanee Brahmin, who have given us in India leading lights in every department of social and political life."

And the Professor laid down his fork and looked around, as if he would ask: Is there any other point on which you would desire to be enlightened?

Outram scowled at him with all the contempt of an ancient expert for a young amateur; and he asked in a chilling way:

"The Professor has been in India, I presume?"

"Oh, no, not at all"; said the Professor. The admission generally brings a blush of inferiority with it; but not with the Professor. "It is a pleasure in store—a pleasure in store!"

"But I have," said Outram with significance. "I have only just returned from fifteen years' service in every part of India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin."

"And it was I," said the Professor with modest assurance, "who wrote the article on 'The Brahmins' for the *Encyclopædia Indica*."

It was a triumph. Every one felt it. The sympathy of the entire table was with the learned Professor. Mabel was listening with a little embarrassment, but much interest.

"And do you hold, sir," said Outram icily, "that you can gather more information about a people or a race from books—I presume you read a good deal on the subject?"

"I had to consult no less than three hundred and twenty-seven authors," said the Professor, "and to employ two amanuenses, in order to expedite the work."

"A great cry and little wool," said Outram offensively. "And do you still think that the reading of books can give as close an insight into the habits of a people as direct intercourse and observation?"

"Certainly," said the amiable Professor, not at all heeding the insult, "certainly, my dear sir. Is it not clear that the unprejudiced observation of many persons, who have taken their ideas either from personal experience or the foresight of others, should count more for truth than the observations of one man, who possibly—I do not say it applies to you—possibly, may have been unable to divest himself of the prejudices of an official?"

It sounded reasonable to all but Outram. He answered again sharply:

"I have seen certain things and can testify to them. You have never seen them and cannot testify. Which is the more likely to have grasped the truth?"

"Certainly I who have not seen these things," said the Professor.

"I think we shall leave the gentlemen to discuss these questions over their cigars," said the hostess rising. "They are too deep for us poor women!"

And with that sad confession of inferiority, the ladies swept from the dining-room.

When, after some little time, the gentlemen rejoined them, it was quite clear there was not only an armistice, but a positive alliance, between the Professor and his antagonist. Nay, the Professor had become enthusiastic about Outram; and had scribbled over half a note-book with learned jottings for future reference. Blessed cigars! Blessed Lady Nicotine! How could any one, least of all a king, have written against thee, thou peacemaker amongst men?

"We mustn't," said the Professor, as he sat comfortably upon a sofa, propped with pillows, and held his tea in his left hand, whilst he waved his right hand gently, "we mustn't again introduce learned ethnological discussions amongst ladies; but my friend, Mr. Outram, has been just telling us a story—an experience of Indian life—which will bear repetition and be not quite out of place in a drawing-room. Ahem!"

Outram drew his red eyebrows together in a kind of scowl, but instantly recovered himself, and toying with a teaspoon, he said:

"The Professor is too kind. I fear the story is not quite so interesting as his benevolence would lead you to suppose!"

"Let us be judges of that, Mr. Outram," said his hostess. "It will have the merit of novelty to us all, except, of course, Mrs. Outram."

"Don't except me, please," said Mabel. "I do not recollect any incident in Mr. Outram's Indian life that would merit the Professor's encomiums."

There was a note—a slight note of sarcasm here; and Outram winced under it. But he threw the feeling aside gaily.

"Quite true. I did not deem it sufficiently interesting to speak of it before. It was a remark of Professor Masson's that elicited it. If the narrative has a leaden ring in it, blame the Professor, not me."

He was silent for a few minutes, as if pondering over the incident. Then he said:

"It occurred in the Mahratta country, during one of those periods of famine that recur so frequently in India. The Mahrattas are a fierce, warlike tribe, with whom we have had some trouble—"

"I beg pardon," said the Professor, forgetting himself for a moment. "Did you say the Mahrattas were—? I beg pardon! Yes, yes; you are quite right."

A young lady, during the awkward pause, was heard murmuring:

"Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred."

"Well," continued Outram, "the Mahrattas, as I was saying, are a fierce, warlike tribe. There would be no finer class of men in India than the 'Desh' Mahrattas, were it not for those vile Brahmins, who would corrupt the unfallen angels. But they are superstitious, believe in the existence of gods and all that kind of thing. And, as a result, they are sometimes cruel. Well, during one of those periodical famines, when the people were dying like flies, one poor woman of high caste happened to be among the victims, and she left behind her a little child, a girl, then not more than three or four years old. There were no other relatives; and one of these vile Brahmin priests suggested that the anger of a certain female divinity should be propitiated by the sacrifice of this child. They did not put the child to death, they feared British vengeance and justice. They simply exposed the child at the foot of a hideous, beastly, vulgar image of this amiable goddess. What they expected was obvious. Not that Siva or any other piece of wood-work would destroy the child; but that a panther or a tiger would stray that way, and do the work of sacrifice.

"A good Mussulman, however, like the Samaritan of old, passed that way; and, although he ran a fearful risk, he rescued the child, and kept her in hiding for some time. To throw the wretched fanatics off the track, he had a few lambs' or kidlings' bones scattered about the place. After some years he took back the child, and kept her in his own house. But he had no sooner done so, than a fierce storm arose. Questions were asked that could not be answered; inquiries were made that could not be shelved; and in the end, the good man was subjected to such obloquy and calumny, that he determined to part with the girl, although she had become as dear to him as a daughter. People at home, who read books"—here Outram glanced at the Professor—"are at liberty to form their own crude opinions about foreign races; but I tell you"—here Outram's voice became so fierce and hoarse that the ladies started—"that it needs experience of those conquered and half-savage tribes to understand their devilish machinations. Fortunately, like your good Irish here, they hiss and spit at each other; and would sell their fathers for a rupee; and this alone makes their subjection easy.

"Well," he continued more calmly, as if he were freeing himself from all personal interest in the matter, "it then became a question where Ballajee Chitnees could send his adopted child, whom he had called Satára. At length he sent her far up the country to a fellow-Mussulman, reputed pious and honorable; but even there vengeance, Brahminical vengeance, followed the girl; and, after some months, her new protector was glad to part with her to a certain British official, who, as he knew well, snapped his fingers at the whole tribe of Brahmins and Mohammedans.

"Under his protection she grew up, a tall, thin girl, with soft black eyes, lustreless unless when excited, and then, by all the gods of India, you never saw such sheet-lightning as that which shot and played beneath that girl's forehead."

He stopped a moment as if conjuring up that figure. He did not notice his wife's eyes fixed steadily upon him with awakened curiosity.

"I forgot to say," he continued, "that she had not a baubee in the way of money; but there was found in her garments a ring, a strange intaglio, resembling those single eyes in triangles which sometimes represent the Trinity in Christian countries. The eye was cut deep into a kind of opalesque stone, and the latter was ringed in solid gold in the shape of a cobra. This does not sound very strange. What is strange is, that in the light the stone was a dead, dull, pearly thing; but in the dark it seemed to flame and smoke just as phosphorus does. And there was a strange and ominous similarity between the flames of that intaglio and those which shot across that girl's eyes when she grew excited. Whether the ring was of value in a lapidary's eyes I cannot say. Some would think the stone valuable in itself; some thought it valueless. But it was a talisman reputed to have the power of warding off death from the wearer."

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the Professor, "that's quite impossible—superstitious, you know! Mere relics of paganism. I wrote an article on amulets many years ago for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—the gist of which was that these things were all right for the Middle Ages—Holy Grails, Lady of Shalott, Magic Mirrors, etc.; but they are completely out of place in the nineteenth century."

"Do you think so?" drawled Outram. "There is one wise saw, Professor, I would recommend for your consideration:

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio'—

"You know the rest. Any one who has been in the East, and has not merely read of it, will tell you that Europeans had better restrain their expressions of omniscience when dealing with these questions. At any rate, I can testify that more than once I escaped a sudden death whilst wearing that ring. Call it coincidence, if you please, I think it was more."

"But the story, the story, Mr. Outram," exclaimed the ladies. "What became of Satára?"

"Oh, Satára! Well, she grew up rapidly under her British protector and developed extraordinary powers. She could do what she pleased with her wonderful hands—string beads and corals, arranging colors in a way that would make Europeans despair; she could carve metals in a kind of *repoussé* work that was a miracle to behold; she could cut intaglios and raise cameos on all kinds of stone; and shape and polish alabaster and other vases until they shone like precious stones. And she interwove with all her work a kind of symbolism, never allowing the smallest thing to pass from her hands without some mute lesson or warning conveyed in a sign, sometimes almost imperceptible, but always clear to the initiated. Where she learned that symbolism no one could tell. Probably in the mountains under Poojarees or Tibetan Lamas, who had strayed across the frontier, and who seem to know all that is worth knowing about the other world.

"Well, things went on in this way for some years. Various attempts were made to kidnap the girl; but she was safe under the English flag. Then a strange thing occurred. Unknown to himself, Satára had contracted a very strong affection for her protector; and one day, in a fit of jealousy, she upbraided him in terrible language for some imagined slight. He resented it, and turned her from the house. Then he relented and brought her back. She used to hang around his room, chanting strange poems in her native dialect:

"'What has a slave done to anger the Son of the Priests of the Sun? All night long have I lain flat on my face on my bed; and there was no one to give me food or drink. Who was the Mighty One that saved me from the anger of Sira and the teeth of the serpent of the desert? Who was raised up by the full speech of the gods to be my father; and who hath taken the place of Medudu my brother? And shall I be cast away from before the face of my Lord; and never more break his bread and wait upon him?'

"This was all very well; but again the same awful jealousy broke out, and again she was dismissed.

"The third time she came again, purring and fawning around him like a wild cat; and again he drove her forth. She went away meekly, having first deposited the ring on his dressing-table, with a few kind words of farewell. But next morning when he awoke he found himself all coated as with silver. He was a leper from head to heel."

The ladies cowered together and uttered little shrieks. But Outram went on:

"He came down to Madras, where I met him. For six months the doctors were dosing him with all kinds of medicine; and at last he was partially cured. Some fakirs offered to cure him wholly by incantations; but he would have none of them. When I was coming home he gave me the magic ring."

"Where is it? Show it to us!" exclaimed the company.

"Not now, not now!" he said. "My wife—"

Here for the first time he glanced towards Mabel. White as alabaster, she lay back on the pillows of the sofa in a swoon that seemed like death.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW OVERSEER.

Hugh Hamberton and his ward had accompanied the mournful procession from Lisheen as far as the main road, when, on a sudden thought, the former wheeled round his horse, and both rode back to the farmyard. The old people were still sitting disconsolate on the wreck of their little household furniture, and Hamberton approached them with a proposal to come over and settle down near Brandon Hall.

"You cannot stay here," he said kindly, "there is no shelter for you. Come with me, and I shall put you in a new cottage and get work for you."

They thanked him; but no!

"Here I was born, and here my father and mother lived before me," said the old woman. "An' here I was married, and my children first saw the light. I cannot lave it now till I lave it for the last time."

"But you have no shelter, no house room," pleaded Hamberton. "You cannot remain here to perish with cold and hunger."

"No matter," was the reply. "God is good! We'll make a little bed for ourselves in the cowhouse or barn."

"But that will be illegal possession, and you can be arrested," said Hamberton, his British ideas of the supremacy of the law rising above every other consideration.

"So much the better," said the old woman, "we can then go and jine our poor children, and be all together again."

Disappointed, and almost angry at such stubbornness, Hamberton was about to leave the yard, when he saw the solitary figure of Maxwell bent together in the growing dusk. He rode over and tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Come, my man," he said, "you have no business here any longer."

Maxwell arose. His face was so drawn and pallid from suffering that Hamberton hardly knew him.

"Yes; thank you very much. I will go," Maxwell said.

"Then we'll ride over and send a trap for you," said Hamberton.

"No, no; I shall walk," said Maxwell. "It is only a matter of a few hours."

"But you look weak and suffering," said Claire Moulton. "We'll send the trap, and you can be with us sooner than if you walked."

"No, no; thank you ever so much," he said. "The truth is, I am anxious to get away from this place as speedily as possible."

"Very good, then," said Hamberton. "We shall ride over and make things ready for you. Go straight to Donegan's cottage. Donegan! You'll remember?"

"Yes, thank you. I shall be there between eight and nine o'clock."

And Hamberton and his ward rode away.

Maxwell looked around the wretched place and picked out of the cottage debris his little valise, now much dilapidated. He went slowly across the yard and accosted the desolate old people.

"I'm going away," he said humbly, "perhaps forever. I cannot leave your hospitable house without thanking you for all your goodness and kindness to me while I was with you."

"And the devil's own bad return you made," said the old man turning away.

"You do not understand. Some day I will explain; and all will be cleared up," said Maxwell.

"It will," said the old man bitterly. "It will be cleared up that we kep' a rogue and a thraitor under our roof."

"Asy now, asy, Owen," said his good wife. "Shure, how do we know? In any case, it was for the love of God we tuk you in, an' kep' you. An' 'tis for the love of the same God we forgive you, if you have done anythin' agin us."

"Then, you'll say good-bye?" he said, holding out his hand.

With the old instinct, the poor woman wiped her clammy hand on her check apron, and put it in his palm.

"Say 'God bless you!' also," he asked.

"Yes; good-bye, and God bless you!" said the pious old woman. "Sure, a prayer like that can harrum no wan!"

"God will reward you!" he said, turning mournfully away.

It was a long and weary road that led to the village of Cahercon, nestling under the mighty shadow of Brandon Hill, and touching the hem of the mighty ocean in the recesses of

Brandon Bay. He had hardly gone a mile from Lisheen, when the hills sloped up precipitously, and he saw he had to make his way through a mountain pass or gorge that shelved upwards and upwards, until it touched the summit, and then sloped down to the valleys through which the river makes its way to the sea. It was a lonely walk. The moment he entered the gorge, nothing could be seen but the blue stars glinting softly down, all their vast splendors shorn away by distance, until they became but points of light in the illimitable blackness of space.

He was hungry and weak and melancholy; and it is these things that make men meditative. And Maxwell's thoughts ran back to the problem he had suggested to himself so many years ago in Trinity; and, looking down on the past few months he had spent there in that lonely valley, and looking up at the heavens, so solemn, so sad, so silent, he heard himself muttering: Yes,

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

And the thought came uppermost: Would it not be as well, here and now, in this remote mountain valley, to lie down and seek the rest that is eternal? For old sayings, old songs, old utterances came upwards, and he thought:

"And if there be no meeting past the grave;
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis vast;
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep he wills,—so best."

I suppose then, he considered, I should now turn aside from the road, and lie down on the wet bracken or furze there in some mountain cavity, where the eyes of man seldom rest; and suppose that, in a few days or weeks, some shepherd's dog should find me. There would be an inquest; and the verdict: "Tramp, died from hunger and exposure. Name unknown. Supposed deserter, etc." And then all would be over. No more problems; no more speculations. Absorbed in the Infinite like all the many millions before and after me. That is all.

It was but a fancy, a dream occasioned by hunger. But he shook it aside as a cowardly suggestion; and had he not a mission, growing every day more interesting and absorbing, as he mixed more freely with his fellow-beings? He turned aside where a laborer's cottage fronted the road, across which the ruddy light from the fireplace streamed. The family were at their frugal supper. Bareheaded the father sat at the head of the table, his children grouped around him. The good housewife was going about busily. It was a picture of life, social happiness, comfort, love, consecrated by poverty.

"God save you!" said Maxwell, in the country dialect. He had learned so much.

"God save you kindly," was the response. There certainly was some reserve. Tramps were constantly coming around, and frightening women and children. And Maxwell knew his appearance was hardly respectable.

"I'm weak with hunger!" said Maxwell.

"That's a dizase that's aisily cured," said the man of the house. "Here, Sandheen, quit out o' that, and give your chair to the sthranger."

Sandheen, with his mouth crammed with potatoes, reluctantly rose, carrying with him an armful of potatoes. Maxwell sat down, eagerly swallowed some home-made bread and milk, and turned to go.

"You're in a mighty hurry intirely," said the man of the house.

"I must be at Cahercon to-night," said Maxwell, taking up his valise.

"Oh, that's where the grate gintleman lives," said his host.

"Mr. Hamberton? Yes; I have been evicted with the rest of the family down there at Lisheen to-day; and am offered employment by Mr. Hamberton."

"Wisha, were you now? Sit down and tell us all about it, man," said the host. "We hard of the eviction; but that's all. Tell us all about it."

It was the smallest recompense he could make for the generous hospitality offered him. But he delayed only a little time; and soon got out again under the stars.

His way now lay through a deep defile in the mountains, which rose black and threatening at his right hand. At the left side there was after a time a deep declivity broadening out into a plain; and he thought he saw the glint of the stars in a tiny lake, and heard the murmur of a river on its way to the sea. That river he soon had to cross; and, down on the level road, he made his way swiftly forward, till the lights of the little hamlet broke across his way. He found Donegan's house easily, and had a warm welcome. The first thing that struck him was the sense of comfort and perfect neatness all around the cottage, contrasting so strongly with the discomfort and sordid surroundings at Lisheen. The floor was tiled and spotless; there was a large range whose steels shone in the lamplight; the dresser was well filled with plates and dishes and tins; the children were gathered around the kitchen table, reading by the light of a lamp whose opal shade threw a golden light on their books. Donegan was a tall, thin, Celtic figure, sinewy, clean, alert, with deep blue eyes shining out from beneath black eyebrows. His wife was a small, blond woman, very quietly but carefully dressed.

She came forward without any bustle, and taking the valise from Maxwell's hand, she said:

"You must be both tired and hungry!"

"I am both," he said cheerfully, his spirits rising with the brightness of the scene around. "But I think I've come to the right place for both!"

"Well, sit down and make yourself at home," she said. "I'll have a cup of tea and a couple of eggs for you in a minit!"

"You come from the eviction at Lisheen?" said her husband, bending his keen eyes on Maxwell.

"Yes"; said the latter. "It has been a sad and a trying day." He said no more, but looked vacantly at the range fire.

After supper he was shown into a small, neat bedroom, poorly but tastily furnished. There was a camp bed in a corner, the linens were spotless, the blankets soft and clean. The counterpane was of cotton with a heavy, honeycombed pattern. There was a washstand, a dressing-table of deal, and a small strip of carpet near the bed. A few pious pictures decorated the papered walls. He crept swiftly into bed; and the sense of comfort on the hard mattress and beneath the cold, clean sheets kept him awake for a while. He thought that then and there was the beginning of a change in his fortunes, and the end of his trials. But his thoughts would revert to the events of the day just passed—the mournful horror of which was oppressive.

He shook it off, as all troubles should be thrust aside by great thoughts. And great thoughts—thoughts of self-sacrifice and benevolence, thoughts of human fellowship cemented by noble actions, thoughts of a glorious surprise for the poor people with whom his life had been so strangely linked, of their resurrection and subsequent life, freed from all lower cares forever, wider and nobler thoughts of the regeneration of a whole race to be effected by new methods on a broad scale of humanitarianism and justice—flooded his soul and seemed to fill him with a new sense of exaltation and happiness, under which he passed away into the realms of unconsciousness and happy dreams.

One of these disturbed him much. It was just before the dawn, and it woke him up with a merry peal of bells, as Donegan burst into his room.

"That's the seven o'clock bell. You're not to mind it, the mashther said, this morning. I'm off."

He was in such a mighty hurry that when he returned at twelve o'clock to dinner, Maxwell could not help interrogating him.

"Oh, begor," he said, "if we aren't inside the works at the last sthroke of the bell, it manes a quarther's wages docked for that day."

"Smart practice!" thought Maxwell. "But," he said, "you have excellent wages?"

"Divil a betther!" said Donegan. "A pound a week, house free, two tons of coal at Christmas, and a quarther of garden. T—— herself airns a few shillings by washin'; an' all round we are fairly thrated enough!"

"An' quite satisfied, of course?" said Maxwell.

"Well, yes"; said Donegan. "There was wan fella wanted to make a fortin all of a heap; but, begad, he came to grief. I'll tell you the shthory to-night. But the masther would like to see you to-day!"

"Where?" said Maxwell. "At the works?"

"No; up at the grate house," said Donegan. "He said about three or four o'clock!"

"All right. I shall be there," said Maxwell.

It was an eventful interview; and the most eventful feature of it was that Maxwell noticed on his entrance into the dining-room, to which he was most reluctantly introduced by the liveried footman, that he was treated with some deference, although Hamberton addressed him brusquely; and that Miss Moulton seemed unable to rest her eyes on her work, but was watching him intently. It was the first time since he left Dublin that he was in a room that recalled, by its surroundings, old associations; and everything in the furniture, the hangings, the sideboard, the glass and silver, the noble pictures, seemed to smite his senses with eager and pleasant suggestions The contrast between such elegance, and between the whole appearance of this gentleman and lady and his own shabbiness, smote him with shame, and he blushed and fumbled uneasily with his worn and broken hat.

"Sit down!" said Hamberton. "Are you all right after your journey? Was Donegan all right?"

"Yes"; said Maxwell. "I feel well this morning. The Donegans were very kind."

"Look here, Maxwell," said Hamberton, playing with a paper knife, but watching his visitor keenly, "you're a bit of a mystery, you know. At least, it is quite clear you don't belong to the people around here. By the way, Claire, isn't Maxwell our landlord's name?"

"Yes"; said Claire, "that's his name!"

"And a d——d bad landlord he is," said Hamberton. "I had the devil's work to get a lease from the fellow, or his agent, for this place. He had as much fuss over it as if we were buying land in Belgravia. Well, Maxwell, you're a mystery; but you have an indefeasible right to keep your own secrets, and I'm the last man in the world to break in on your privacy. You're not strong; so I have determined to make you time-keeper and overseer in these works. Bells go at seven, twelve, one, and six. Half time on Saturday. Every man must be inside the gates at the last stroke of bell, or lose a quarter. Do you understand?"

Maxwell nodded.

"You'll also hold yourself in readiness to meet me at any time and do any account work or other I shall select. Your wages—one pound a week, cottage furnished and free. You're not married?"

Maxwell started; and, forgetting his part for the moment, looked towards Miss Moulton and smiled. Strange to say, she smiled back, and a faint tinge ran over her face and forehead.

"All right. Then we'll get an old woman to do the necessary things for you. Nance Brien—Would she do, Claire?"

"Yes"; said Miss Moulton abstractedly.

"Donegan will show you your cottage," said Hamberton, bringing the interview to a conclusion. "Anything else?" he asked, as Maxwell seemed to hesitate.

"No; but—"

"Say it out, man, whatever it is," said Hamberton.

"Well, you see, I'm very shabby in dress," said Maxwell, with a faint blush. "I know I'm presuming too much; but perhaps you would advance—"

"No"; thundered Hamberton. "I never advance wages. But I'll see to it. Your clothes are good enough for every-day work. I suppose 'tis Sunday you're thinking of. By the way, what religion do you profess?"

"Well, Church of Ireland," said Maxwell.

"Very good. But we have no church here, thank Heaven. What have you been doing for the last few months on Sundays?"

"Smoked a cigarette whenever I could get it; and read Shakespeare," said Maxwell.

"Read Shakespeare!" echoed Hamberton. "You're the very man I want. Have you read any other authors?"

"Yes, all"; said Maxwell, recounting all his literary acquaintances, ending with Ibsen and Tolstoi.

"The man I'm looking for all my life," said Hamberton half-musingly. "I don't ask how you have become acquainted with all the demigods of literature; but you can help me materially to build up the social and intellectual character of my people. Have you any objection, or is it in your line?"

"It has been the dream of my life," said Maxwell. "It is why I am here."

"Then you have had experience," said Hamberton. "How did you succeed with these poor people over at Lisheen?"

"I dared not even attempt it," he replied.

"Dared not?"

"Yes—dared not"; said Maxwell with some heat, that glowed through his eyes and face. "How could I speak of such things to a people sunk in all kinds of abject poverty, with the hand of the bailiff ever on their doors, and the awful shadow of landlordism glooming over all? What time had they for such things? From cockcrow to sundown it was work, work, work, and work, not for themselves but for another. Where's the use of talking about the resurrection of a people until you remove the stone from the door of their sepulchre? You cannot have a nation without manhood; you cannot have manhood without education; you cannot have education without leisure and freedom from sordid cares; and you cannot have the latter until landlordism is removed wholly and entirely from the land. We are Protestants in some shape or form. But I tell you, we would have succeeded in making our Catholic countrymen brutes, were it not for the saving power and grace of their religion. Don't wonder at my heat, Mr. Hamberton, Miss Moulton. If some one doesn't speak, the very stones will cry out against us."

"True, my young friend, true. I wish to Heaven your namesake, Maxwell, was listening to you. Meanwhile, it is a good rule to find the work nearest to your hand and do it. I'll place at your disposal all the books you need."

CHAPTER III.

DEPOSITIONS.

The trial of Pierce and Debbie McAuliffe was swift; the judgment summary and vindictive. These were the days when Ireland was governed by satraps—half-pay officers, returned Indians, etc.—and when the law was stretched to the utmost against agrarian offences of every kind. The resistance to eviction was grave enough; the wounding of the officer made it heinous. The two young people were sentenced to six months' hard labor, and then to find sureties for good behavior for twelve months afterwards.

Young and healthy, they bore bravely up against the rigors of confinement for some weeks. Then, the meagre food began to tell on constitutions used to plentiful, if hard fare. Pierce bit his lip and made no complaint. But after the lapse of a couple of months, the want of food weakened Debbie's mind, and, losing all her pride of being a victim of English law, she began to brood over her sorrows and losses. The dread solitary confinement, too, began to affect her mind. With no intellectual resources, hardly able to read, she was thrown in upon herself, and the mind, like a mill without grist, began to grind terribly upon itself. Strange hallucinations would arise, dreams within dreams, even in her waking moments; and the centre of the horrible maelstrom of thought was ever and always Maxwell. By degrees the angry thoughts that would come uppermost against him, and which in the beginning she suppressed with an effort, began to conquer her; and she raged in silence against him, all her smothered and untold affection tortured into ungovernable hate.

At last, one day, a visitor told her that Maxwell was installed prime favorite at Brandon Hall; and had been transformed from the aspect and condition of a tramp or laborer into the decent costume and appearance of an overseer. Nay, he had been actually seen out at sea in a boat with Miss Moulton. That same day her father and mother were brought in by the police from Lisheen. They had retaken possession of a house; were again evicted and warned. They again defied the law, and illegally broke the padlocks that had been placed on the doors; and were now arrested on the charge. The thought drove the girl wild. She paced up and down her narrow cell, her hands clutched fiercely behind her back. Then, in a sudden but not unpremeditated impulse, she rang her bell violently and the matron appeared.

"I wants to see the Governor," said Debbie doggedly.

"The Governor?" echoed the matron doubtingly.

"Yes," said Debbie excitedly. "I wants to see the Governor, and at wanst."

"Very well," said the matron, locking the door carefully and departing on the strange errand.

She returned quickly, and informed Debbie that the Governor would see her after dinner.

"Come then," said the matron.

The Governor sat at his desk in his little office near the front entrance to the prison. He was an old man, pale and grave, like one who had had much responsibility, and had been well schooled by experience. He beckoned to the girl to be seated, and ordered the matron to remain.

"I wants to see you alone," said Debbie, with an air of defiance.

"That cannot be, my good girl," said the Governor gently. "You have something to say or some complaint to make, and we must have a witness."

"Whin the gintlemen comes around, they sees the prisoners alone in their cells without anny witnesses," said Debbie.

"True. But that is for complaints against officials. If you have any complaint against Matron Hickson, I shall take it in her absence."

Debbie moistened her dry lips, and rubbed her clammy hands on her check apron.

"'Tis no complaint I have agen any of ye," she said. "'Tis a murdherer that I wants to get what he desarves."

"Do you mean a man who has actually committed a murder," said the Governor, "or do you mean a ne'er-do-well, who ought to be in gaol?"

"I mane a man who killed a girl," said Debbie, "and whose conscience is throubling him, night and day, over it."

"That is a very serious charge, my good girl," said the Governor. "You understand the consequences; and that you will be bound to appear against this man?"

Nature began to struggle against the passion for revenge in the girl's breast; but she held it down firmly, and answered:

"I do. I only want him to get what he desarves."

"Very well, then," said the Governor, drawing over a sheet of foolscap. "I shall takes notes now of your evidence; you will make your after depositions on oath before a magistrate. What is your name?"

"Debbie McAuliffe."

"That is Deborah, I suppose. Place of residence?"

"Lisheen."

"Yes, Lisheen"; said the Governor. "Now an inmate of Her Majesty's prison at Tralee."

"Now, what is the name of the man?"

"Robert Maxle," said Debbie.

"Very good. Trade, or profession, or business? What is he?"

"He was workin' wid us," said Debbie, "as a farm-hand. But I suspects he's somethin' else."

"What do you suspect?"

"Well, some says he's a desarter from the army; but I know he's a gintleman."

"A gentleman?" said the Governor, laying down his pen, and looking searchingly at the girl, and then at the matron.

"Yes"; said Debbie, seeing his incredulity. "Maybe as you lave me tell me shtory me own way, without yer cross-hackling, you'd get at the thruth sooner."

"Very well," said the Governor, taking up his pen again. "But be careful, my good girl. This is more important than you think."

Again Debbie moistened her lips, and choked down the emotion of affection, which she had conceived for Maxwell, by steadily keeping his image away from her mind. Then she resumed:

"About six months ago, it may be more or less, a thramp kem to our dure. There was no wan inside but me poor mother. We were all out in the fields. He had nothin' wid him, but an ould bag. Me mother gave him somethin' to ate and dhrink; and whin we kem back from the fields, me father tuk pity on him, and axed him in to shtay wid us, as he couldn't do better for himself. So he shtayed. We tuk him to be a desarter from the army, bekase he looked like a sojer; but I knew from the beginnin' that he was a gintleman—"

"How did you know that?" asked the Governor.

"Be his inside flannels and fine linen, when I was washin' thim," said Debbie, with a blush.

"Well?"

"There wor other raysons, too," continued Debbie, "but they were nayther here nor there. At all events, he shtayed wid us, workin' a little, ontil about Chrismas, whin wan day, he tuk it into his head to go away. He was goin' out the gate, whin I wint afther him, and shtopped him, and axed him to come back. He didn't say a worrd, but kem back, an' 'twas well he did, for that night he was down in a ragin' faver. We nursed him, meself and me mother, through that faver," continued Debbie, taking up a corner of her apron, and twisting it around her finger, whilst her tears fell fast at the recollection of those days and nights, and all the affectionate attention they had lavished on Maxwell. "We brought him the preesht to console him, although he was not belongin' to us, ontil at lasht he got well, and was able to set up. Thin, one day a gintleman and lady called to see him; an' she put her eyes an him, an' fram that day out we got no good a him. But me brother sushpected somethin'; an' he watched him. He saw enough to make his hair shtand on ind. Maxle, this man, used to be goin' up be himself to a plantation, or screen up over the house; an' there me brother Pierry watched him. He saw him carryin' on sech antics that he got frightened and axed me to go wid him. 'Twas a moonlight night, an' there was a heavy fog, but we could see everything. This man came out from the trees into an open place, and began callin' on the sperrit of the girl he killed, an' goin' up an' down, hether and over, ravin' and tearin' like a madman. I didn't see the ghosht meself, but Pierry, me brother, did. Well, thin, to make a long shtory short, he kep' up this cryin' and moanin' for half an hour; and thin he wint through the whole thing agin, murderin' the poor girl and stiflin' her. I wanted to come away, but me brother wouldn't lave me. So we shtopped ontil he kem out agin, and began to keen over the poor corp, an' callin' on all the divils in hell to blasht an' blow him for all he was worth. Then the cool divil lighted his pipe and began to shmoke as if nothin' had happened; an' we kem away dead wid the fright of it."

"But what was the girl's name?" asked the Governor.

"How do I know?" said Debbie. "Sure he wasn't goin' to tell us."

"H'm," said the Governor, musing on the strange story "And where is this man now?"

"I'm tould he's over at a place called Brandon Hall," said Debbie. "An' he's galivantin' about with another girl there. I suppose he'll kill her too."

"Brandon Hall? That's where Mr. Hamberton lives," said the Governor.

"Yes"; said Debbie. "An' 'twas he and some girl wid him that kem over and turned him agin us the day we wor thrun out."

"Very well, my good girl," said the Governor rising. "That will do now for the present. I'll just read over your information from my notes, and you can verify them; and afterwards, you can make the usual depositions before a magistrate. But I never heard of the murder of any girl in this neighborhood. Did you, Mrs. Hickson?"

"No"; said Mrs. Hickson. "Not for years around here."

"But this man was from Dublin," insisted Debbie. "I tould you he was a gintleman, an' from far away."

"Oh, very good," said the Governor. "Now, listen; and make any corrections you please!"

He read over the girl's statement from his notes, slowly and emphatically, dwelling on what he deemed the important points in the narrative. He then asked her whether she was prepared to abide by what she had said. Debbie gave a reluctant answer. The horror of the affair and of its consequences was beginning to smite her with a kind of remorse. She was then asked to sign her name to the paper, which she did with trembling hand. The matron witnessed it, and took her back to her cell.

Left alone with her own thoughts, and reflecting on what she had done, a sudden flood of feeling swept over her weak mind, and nearly broke down her reason. It is always the case with weakened intellects, that they are goaded into sudden and often irremediable courses under the influence of passion or emotion; and then sink down into corresponding despondency and dread of the very evil they had been so exultant in committing. The evening had come down, too, quickly; the darkness was gathering around the lonely girl in her whitewashed cell, and all the phantoms of a highly-strung imagination began to assemble around her, and torment her. The strong affection she had conceived for Maxwell—the tenderness of which she was unconscious when she called him back from the road, and which grew into a deeper feeling from the sense of the help and protection she had given to the sick man—now revived, as she dwelt on every particular of their lives. His gentleness, his courage, his unfailing urbanity; the long evenings around the hearth, when he had whiled away the weary hours by stories and such interesting conversation, his deference towards the old people, his patience with rough food and homely bedding and the hardships of rural life; above all, his demeanor towards herself, treating her with the respect due to one of high rank, and never resenting her practical jokes and stinging allusions, all came back with the lonely hours, until she paced her cell with long, fierce strides, and something like madness seemed to burn into her brain.

She flung herself upon her bed and tried to calm her agonized brain. In vain. She tossed from side to side, rose up, and paced her cell again. Her supper, thin gruel and bread, was passed in through the aperture in the door. She swallowed it half-unconsciously and only because the pangs of hunger were irresistible. At last, when the hour for retiring came, she knelt down by her bed, and began to pray. The old familiar prayers came to her lips, but now without meaning or unction; and she started up, almost shrieking:

"Mother of God in Heaven, have pity on me this night!" and commenced pacing her cell again.

At midnight, she lay down undressed; but her restless brain throbbed back over the past, recalling with terrible distinctness all that had occurred, whilst her conscience kept asking: What business was it of hers if Maxwell had committed murder? Were there not police and detectives, whose business it was to discover these things? And would she not forevermore be branded as an approver? And how could she stand in a court in her prison-clothes and give evidence? And evermore her brain would keep repeating: Too late! Too late! You have taken a step that cannot evermore be retraced.

After some hours of such torture, the weary brain stopped its wild workings for a moment, and she sank into a troubled sleep. But here again all the sub-consciousness of her mind became furiously wakeful, and she had some fearful dreams, rushing wildly without sequence or cohesion into each other—a panorama of horrid and repulsive pictures, broken, distorted, and only uniform in their hideousness, as they glided into each other. In the last, she stood perforce on the drop, side by side with Maxwell. She was to die with him. She saw all the lugubrious preparations that were being made for their execution. She seemed not to care, until she thought she heard Maxwell's voice muffled from beneath the white cap: "Debbie, forgive me!" She tried to catch his hand in a farewell, but her hands were tied together; and in the effort to break the ligature, she woke. She felt the cold, damp sweat of terror on her forehead, as the gray, silent dawn crept in through the barred window of her cell.

She rose instantly; and violently jerked the bell. The night-matron appeared.

"I wants to see the Governor, and immajietly," said the half-frantic girl.

"Go back to bed, and keep yourself quiet," said the matron.

"No, no, no"; said Debbie. "I wants to see him at wanst. I tould him a lot o' lies yesterday; and maybe I'd get an innicent man hanged."

"Well, he can't be hanged to-day," said the matron. "You can see the Governor after breakfast. Lie down an' try to sleep."

"God help me! There's no more shleep for me," said the poor girl. So the matron drew out the prison-door and locked it.

After breakfast she saw the Governor again.

"I wants to tell you," she said abruptly, "that I tould a parcel of lies yesterday about that man. I was mad jealous, whin I hard he wos keepin' company with another girl over there at Cahercon."

The old man looked at her keenly but compassionately. He then touched the bell.

"Send Mrs. Hickson here!" he said.

The matron appeared.

"Mrs. Hickson, has the doctor called yet?"

"No, sir; he'll be here at eleven."

"Well, then, let him see this poor girl first. I think she is a case for infirmary treatment."

"I'm not sick," said Debbie. "'Tis throuble of mind. As you tell me that that man—that Maxle won't be hanged, I'll be all right agin."

"I think I may promise that," said the Governor. "But you must see the doctor and get examined. Please see to it, Mrs. Hickson."

And Debbie was placed in the infirmary that evening.

Meanwhile, the one most interested in this little drama, was pursuing his own course with a singular degree of success, and some happiness. He soon perceived that the conditions adapted to the social and intellectual resurrection of the people, were here realized; that is, material comfort and well-being were secured without the nervous dread of being removed or destroyed. This constituted the element of *safety*, the one element that has always been unhappily absent from nearly every department of social life in Ireland. For Hamberton, though a strict disciplinarian over his men, was very just, and even generous with them when he saw there was a disposition to act fairly towards him. Towards Ned Galway, and such schemers, he was inexorable; and yet, even after Ned's dismissal from the works, Hamberton contrived to perform many a secret act of kindness towards him.

Here then was the foundation for the very work Maxwell had set out to perform; and he threw himself into it with energy. In a short time he had completely gained Hamberton's confidence, and could count on Miss Moulton's co-operation. By degrees, little shelves of books made their appearance in the cottages—pretty, little cheap editions of standard authors, suited to the people's capacities; the sounds of accordion and concertina were heard every night through the open doors; little dances were got up; and, as the days grew longer, once or twice, little picnics were held away up on Brandon Hill, or out on Brandon Point. Then, one day, Maxwell induced Hamberton to give him the upper loft of the store, where specimens of rare marbles were kept. This he turned into a concert-room with a splendid, wide stage at the end; and here he proposed to give lectures, hold penny readings, and give dramatic entertainments the long nights of winter.

He, too, became an ever-increasing object of interest to Hamberton and his ward. His gentlemanly bearing, his quiet, unostentatious work, his solicitude about the men and their families, made him not only a useful, but most interesting cooperator in their work. Sometimes, under pretext of business, Maxwell was invited to lunch at Brandon Hall; and after Hamberton had discovered what a well-stored mind he had, and what a knowledge of books and men, he often asked him up to spend the evening at the Hall, where they talked over all manner of things—the world of men, their weakness, their meanness, their nobility, the eternal surprises that awaited every one who made a study of them, greatness of spirit where one would least expect it, and baseness and brutality where one would look for the highest and loftiest principles of conduct.

One evening the conversation turned on Gladstone's treatment of Gordon at Khartoum; and Maxwell broke through his usual calm manner and flared up against the treatment of the hero.

"So he is a hero of yours also, Maxwell?" said Hamberton. "You know Miss Moulton keeps a lamp burning before his picture, as they do before the eikons of Russia."

"Yes; he was a rare, silent spirit," said Maxwell. "A man who could endure much; who could fight, and never lose his humanity; and who had the deepest and most real interest in the very races which he subdued. To have power and not to abuse it seems to me the rarest of all virtues."

"I wish he were at Lisheen the other day," said Hamberton. "He would have an object-lesson in Irish landlordism."

"Yes"; said Maxwell. "I wish Gordon had come to Ireland and looked at things with honest, unprejudiced eyes."

"But he was in Ireland!" said Hamberton. "Did you never hear?"

"Never!" said Maxwell. "I should give something to know what he thought!"

"Perhaps Miss Moulton would tell you," said Hamberton.

"I have treasured a letter of his found and published after his death," said Claire Moulton, "in which he speaks sympathetically of the Irish."

"And what does he say about landlords? Tell Maxwell. He may use it in one of his charming lectures to the men."

"Oh, very little! Only that he would sacrifice a thousand pounds to see an Irish landlord come down from his high estate and live a few months amongst the farmers, and as one of them."

Maxwell's pale face flushed, and then grew more pale, as he looked questioningly from Hamberton to Miss Moulton. But he saw nothing in their faces to lead him to think there was any subtle allusion to himself.

"A safe bet, I should say," he murmured at length.

"And yet, where's the impossibility, or the incongruity?" said Hamberton. "Even as a novelty, or an experiment, it would be worth attempting. Coriolanus tried it; Tolstoi is trying it over there in Russia; there was an Al Raschid amongst the Arabs. Why should not Irish landlordism, barren of every other good, produce at least one hero?"

"You hardly know them!" said Maxwell musing.

"True. I'm afraid Miss Moulton will die an old maid, for she avers that she will marry the impossible hero, whenever he comes her way."

"But I didn't promise to wait for him!" said Claire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SPIRIT OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.

Solus Cum Solo.
Cor ad Cor Loquitur.
Ex Umbris et Imaginibus in Veritatem.

RAPHAEL is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman." So writes one who was led captive by "the form and voice and penetrating words" of "that living presence that drew to itself whatever there was in Oxford that was noble in purpose or high and chivalrous in devotion." And another asks: "Who that had experience of it could forget Newman's majestic countenance—the meekness, the humility, the purity of a virgin heart 'in work and will,' as the poet says, a purity that was expressed in his eyes, his kindness, the sweetness of his voice, his winning smile, his caressing way, which had in it nothing of softness, but which you felt was a communication to you of strength from a strong soul—a thing to be felt in order to be realized?"

And when that spare form and majestic countenance were missed from St. Mary's, Oxford, and that musical voice, "the memory of which lingers like an echo in hearts beyond counting," was no longer heard there, "it was as when to one kneeling by night in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still"; and while many in due course followed the great leader into the true home of the truths they had learnt from him, others, who in good faith remained, long mourned a loss which they felt to be irreparable, so unmistakably had he who had left them been the centre, strength, and director of the movement to which they owed their spiritual life.

Dr. Temple, for instance, over whose study mantle-shelf a a large portrait of Newman used to hang, when Bishop of Exeter—and presumably subsequently also when successively in London and at Canterbury—was wont to recommend to his clergy the study of John Henry Newman's sermons in the preparation of their own, and his simple manner of reading the Scripture lessons, free, as it was, from theatrical effect, as the most edifying for their congregations; and at mention of that name, on which he loved to linger, a great tear would course down the rugged cheek of the strong, massive face, which so aptly has been described as chiselled from the solid rock.

But from whence did the power to attract minds so various and temperaments so unlike proceed? From whence the convincing eloquence and soul-subduing influence of those writings which to far-off ages the world over will not fail to speak home to hearts beyond counting with ever the same force and persuasion? What, in a word, is the secret of Newman's personality? In him was bestowed by the Divine Giver such a gift as is rarely given to the world, a teacher and guide equipped with powers commensurate with a work for which the Church will everywhere venerate his name, even as St. Augustine's, until the Great Day shall reveal its measure and fruit—a leader who none the less depended on the guidance of that Giver, even as those also, for whom he was to sound every depth of a great problem, depended upon the faithful co-operation of his giant intellect and richly endowed soul with the Divine will and purpose.

If, then, we would know the secret of Newman's influence, we must seek it, not simply in the fact of his extraordinary personal endowments and the circumstances of his time and surroundings, but much more in that simple surrender of his being at whatever sacrifice, that unswerving dedication of his time and talents with such keen sense of responsibility and untiring energy, and that singleness of aim for the accomplishment always of the Divine purpose, which characterized every stage of his long pilgrimage; we must study, in a word, his life of more than ordinary sanctity, as manifested on every page of its history and as breathing in every line of his writings; we must study his spirit.

SOLUS CUM SOLO.

Solus cum Solo, alone with the Alone, here was the "adamantine basis of reality" upon which, as Dr. Barry observes, Newman "set up his religion." Ever "the lonely pilgrim whose life is a voyage of discovery, and his path over undreamt-of waters," the all-pervading sense of the presence of "him who," as Newman expressed of himself, "lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience," from early childhood onward into extreme old age possessed and governed him. "Always waiting for indications," observes Mozely of his Oxford life, "whatever happened for good or ill he acted upon it. It was a providential stepping-stone in a field of uncertainties":

> "Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene—one step enough for me."

It was this "trembling attitude of soul," waiting always upon the Divine will, prompt and fearless to fulfil it as he saw it, his singleness of purpose and sincerity in all he said and did, his transparent honesty and fairness towards adversaries, coupled with that unbounded sympathy of which we shall speak later, that gave the tone, directness, and irresistible attraction to that long intercourse so affectionately cherished in the memories of his fellows and disciples. Herein too we see the force that sustains those lucid writings which have led captive and convinced so many souls, and are destined to save so many more, little though their author in his humility anticipated their permanence. *Solus cum Solo* he meditated, as in silent communion with his Maker, so likewise when writing or preaching, delivering that which he had received from first-hand rather than from books, with sensitive reverence for the Divine author, for the sacred message with which he was charged, and for the souls to whom that message had to be delivered in the manner most suitable to its subject and best calculated to appeal to the mind and will of the hearer or the reader.

His style is thus simple and free from self-conscious effect and sentimentality, never aiming at ornament or rhetoric, but always at clear, accurate, and reverent representation. "I think I never have written for writing's sake," he says simply of himself, "but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult, *viz.*, to express clearly and exactly my meaning." In speaking of other writers he bids us consider, not so much the author's diction, as his "mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance"; he fulfils, all unconsciously in himself, his own definition of a great author: "his one aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has within him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life."

Thus, "to Ruskin who deliberately built up a monument stately as the palace of Kubla Khan," as Dr. Barry observes, Newman "is a contrast, for the very reason that he does not handle words as if they were settings in architecture or colors on a palette; rather he would look upon them as transparencies which let his meaning through"; and while "Ruskin may be said to have built his lofty prose on the sacred text, familiar to his awakening sense of beauty in words," Newman, on the other hand, "while shrinking from an application which he would have thought profane, was taught by it the grave severity, the chastened color, and the passionate yet reserved tone that lend to his sermons a more than human power." To these sermons, indeed, may fitly be applied their author's description of great instrumental symphonies: "They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter."

Solus cum Solo, Newman wrote, and the reader, who in like manner examines his writings, finds there his own thoughts, because derived from the same source, though expressed as he could not himself express them, so pathetic is the power that so intimately, subtilely, and kindly, as Dean Church observes, deals with the soul. The shallow or careless reader, on the other hand, misses more than half the author's meaning, observes Dr. Barry, while the hasty critic fails to comprehend an intellect so superior to his own, or to appreciate such honest reserve; so sensitive is the author's treatment of his subject, so penetrating and exquisite the shading.

And as he wrote, so did he preach. Never the pulpit orator, his "every sermon was an experience," writes Barry, "the still figure, the clear, low, penetrating voice, the mental hush that fell upon his audience while he meditated alone with the Alone, . . . his discourses were poems, but transcripts too from the soul, reasonings in a heavenly dialectic, and views of life seen under innumerable lights, as from some Pisgah-mount of vision." "Plain, direct, unornamented, clothed in English that was only pure and lucid," says Dean Church, ". . . they made men think of the things which the preacher spoke of, and not of the sermon or the preacher." "As he spoke," exclaims another contemporary,* "how the old truth became new; how it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger how gently, yet how powerfully, on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtlest truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropt out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon." "He always began as if he was determined to set forth his idea of the truth in the plainest and simplest language," observes a third contemporary of the Oxford days,† "language, as men say, 'intelligible to the meanest understanding.' But his ardent zeal and fine poetical imagination were not thus to be controlled. As I hung upon his words, it seemed to me as if I could trace behind his will, and pressing, so to speak, against it, a rush of thoughts, of feelings which he kept struggling to hold back, but in the end they were generally too strong for him, and poured themselves out in torrents of eloquence, all the more impetuous from having been so long repressed. The effect of these outbursts was irresistible, and carried his hearers beyond themselves at once. Even when his efforts of self-restraint were more successful, those very efforts gave a life and color to his style which rivetted the attention of all within the reach of his voice." The very endeavor to preach not himself made them sensible that, though mindful of his audience, he was still *solus cum Solo,* and but the voice by which Another was speaking to their souls.

COR AD COR LOQUITUR.

And in this commune *solus cum Solo* in all he wrote and said, we find the interpretation of his adoption of the words

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* Principal Shairp.

† Sir F. Doyle.

"*cor ad cor loquitur*" as the motto on his cardinal's shield. From hence only could he have acquired that "marvelous sensibility"—absent from the writings of others of talent and genius whose lives were not as his—"without which he could never have thrown himself into minds unlike his own," that "gift almost unrivalled of touching the heart when he spoke or wrote" Well may Dr. Barry conclude that "Newman's prose cannot grow obsolete; it will endure by its self-centred poise. Thanks to its grave and tender wisdom, and its feeling for that in man's heart which throbs to some rhythm of eternity, it cannot be forgotten."

Cor ad cor loquitur, thus he addressed himself to all to whom he was charged with a message, "with infinite consideration for persons as they came before him," and "unlimited power of sympathy"; by force of a personality formed and perfected by uninterrupted communion with his Maker, and by sanctification and subjection of his extraordinary endowments, he gathered round him friends unsought, who, in Dean Church's words, "were bound to him, not merely by enthusiastic admiration and confidence, but by a tenderness of affection, a mixture of the gratitude and reliance of discipleship with the warm love of friendship, of which one has to go back far for examples, and which has had nothing like it in our days at Oxford." And when the time of trial at Littlemore drew towards its climax, it seemed to the lonely sufferer that, in view of the parting of the ways, now within measurable distance, he had enough to do in thinking of himself and his conduct. Yet his great distress, as he revealed in letters to friends, was not so much on his own account as on account of "the perplexity, unsettlement, alarm, scepticism" he feared he was causing others. This, as he says, was "the constant, urgent, unmitigated pain" that followed him, intensified by the circumstance that he could not, as formerly, speak to them heart-to-heart on the subject which was nearest the hearts of all of them.

But when each "moor and fen" and "crag and torrent" had been passed, and the dawn of faith had dispersed the shadows of doubt, and revealed to him his true course; when the great sacrifice of all that had been and might be his at Oxford had been completed, and "with the morn" the "angel faces" had smiled him welcome to his true home—then were his lips reopened and his pen set free to speak heart to-heart to countless souls through long years yet before him, more persuasively than ever before, and with a note of joyousness that was absent from his former words and writings. For while he gave himself to the ministry of the Church in the numerous ways in which his service was so generously fulfilled, he was mindful always with the old affection of the others whom he had outstripped in the homeward journey, and of those who, in ever increasing numbers "amid the encircling gloom," sought "the distant scene." Many such, though most unlike in mind and temperament, and amid circumstances so various, have found in his writings the solution of every perplexity; so marvelously has the great author and guide anticipated every problem, dispersed its gloom, sounded each depth in the passage of the waters, and bridged each torrent.

Thus to all, including strangers, who consulted him on the trial that once was his, and which he saw was now doing its work in them, he was accessible always, whether by letter or by visit, answering, as it sometimes seemed to them, not so much their questions as his own, for, while entering into their difficulties as none other could, he was on such occasions specially *solus cum Solo*, "the solitary thinker who saw what they could not see, and whose wisdom had grown to be reminiscence." "God loves every one of us individually," he meditated (if one may speak of a personal experience); "the remembrance of this truth is the great need with so many." He paused as he looked kindly on his Anglican clerical visitor and humbly continued: "But I need not say this to *you* who must have noticed it in dealing with souls." Presently he resumed his meditation and suggestively added: "We should make acts of faith in God's love for us individually: 'My God, I believe thou dost love *me*; lo, here I am, do with me as thou wilt.'" After a while he concluded: "I cannot say to you: 'Be received'; at the same time, I have no doubt at all as to whither you will be led if you are true"; he could but point the way; divine grace would effect its own work. The impression left upon his visitor may be expressed in Dr. Barry's words: "His beautiful modesty was a compliment which he paid to the truth and his own mind. It gave him an incomparable charm; it assigned a limit within which he had no equal"; and we may add that the words "*solus cum Solo*," so expressive of his attitude of soul from first to last, and "*cor ad cor loquitur*," so appropriate as his motto, supply the interpretation. Small wonder that Charles Marriott, when Newman was on his "death-bed as regards his membership with the Anglican Church," should have addressed him as the one "whom I love best on earth," or that testimony should be borne that "public mourning, and, what is rare indeed when a man of ninety dies, private grief, took up their parable, joined hands over the grave at Rednall in which this perfect friend was laid."

Nor was his sympathy confined to those who were anxious in the cause of religion. When, for instance, on occasion of Kingsley's disgraceful accusation, he gave to the world the history of his religious opinions, it was, to use his own words, "for the sake of the Religion which I profess, and of the Priesthood in which I am unworthily included, and of my friends, and," as he proceeds, "of my foes, and of that general public which consists of neither one nor the other, but of well-wishers, lovers of fair play, sceptical cross-questioners, interested inquirers, curious lookers-on, and simple strangers, unconcerned yet not careless about the issue." And so successfully was his subsequently adopted motto "*cor ad cor loquitur*" realized, that "the whole nation became a sympathetic, and ere long a convinced audience. Not the 'Letters' of Paschal, nor those of Junius, won more instant success." The future Cardinal, whose elevation all England hailed with joy as a recognition of his worth and as a tribute of honor to their country, became more than ever the object of his countrymen's veneration, pride, and attachment.

Nor, again, was the expression of his sympathy confined to what may be described as his contemplative labor for souls; the active element by which, in accordance with the spirit of the age, the life work of others, as, for instance, Manning's, has been estimated, and sometimes compared with Newman's, was by no means wanting in the life of the latter. Archbishop Ullathorne has borne witness that the great Oratorian's literary works were wrought "in the midst of labors and cares of another kind, and of which the world knows very little . . . each of a distinct character, and any one of which would have made a reputation for untiring energy in the practical order." Amongst these he instances "the establishment of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri—that great ornament and accession to the force of English Catholicity," as also of the great Oratory

School; the founding of a University in Ireland, of missions in Birmingham and elsewhere, with church and schools and "several years of close and hard work"; of "poor schools and other pious institutions connected with the Oratory," and constant duty in the poor house and gaol of Birmingham, added to "the toil of frequent preaching, of attendance in the confessional, and other parochial duties"; and, as manifesting his keen sympathy with suffering, and ready response to calls of charity, at whatever cost and risk, his going forth himself, in preference to sending other priests of the Oratory, to minister to the sick and dying, "when the cholera raged so dreadfully at Bilston," where he "remained till the worst was over." Another work the great Oratorian had in contemplation at Oxford, where he bought land for the purpose, and who shall say what might not have been the gain to the Church had it been allowed to proceed.

People who imagine that the active element, as the world takes cognizance of it, was wanting in Newman's life, forget, morever, that he tells us that in early life he had for some years a great drawing to missionary labor among the heathen; they forget that in the event his manner of life and service was appointed from above, and that he never spared himself in the work that was given him to do, laboring at his desk sometimes from twelve to fourteen hours a day, when the cause of the truth and of his neighbor's good required it; that, in the words of James Anthony Froude, he "has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of ages which it has been tempted to despise," that to him, "if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery" of Catholicism, and that every English-speaking bishop and priest, preaching friar, Franciscan tertiary, St. Vincent brother, and district visitor, in consequence, owes the facility of his active ministrations, in greater measure than he is sometimes aware, to the personality and writings of him who exercised "a spiritual authority far surpassing that of any English, or perhaps European, writer of his time," and whom Pius IX. designated "the Light of England."

EX UMBRIS ET IMAGINIBUS IN VERITATEM.

"*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*" These, the memorable words which the great Cardinal chose for his epitaph, record more than a personal experience, though he doubtless did but contemplate by their choice a reference to the Divine mercy and grace by which he himself had come out of shadows into realities. They record, besides, that which he has achieved by force of a personality formed *solus cum Solo* in the long process by which he was appointed to solve for others, as well as for himself, each question of a great problem; they record the great work effected by means of the writings which illustrate that process and its issue, and which will speak from the writer's heart to hearts beyond reckoning until the end of time.

Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem—how the words inscribed upon their simple tablet arrest the visitor's steps at the threshold of the church of the Oratory at Edgbaston ere he passes within the sacred scenes of the life of dedication, of the ministry, and of the death of him of whom they so pathetically and so eloquently speak! Who but has been moved as they greet him, or that has failed to recall as in a flash the memories which they awaken of that long pilgrimage devoted in its every stage to the elucidation of the truth with such singleness of purpose, consistent energy, and ready sacrifice for God and for his neighbor's sake; who that has failed to note their ring of triumph vibrating with reminiscence of so much accomplished for religion, and with portent of still more abundant fulfilment, by means of the rare gift bestowed by the Almighty upon his Church in him whose epitaph they record!

And if we may select from among the lessons by which the great Oratorian has so lucidly cleared the path for converts *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*, the choice would probably by most of them be given to that which he has taught us, first, of the *gift of divine faith*, and, next, of the *visible kingdom* of the Catholic Church.

In regard to the former he has demonstrated the truth of its supernatural character and that we depend for it utterly upon the Divine bounty; that without it we cannot discern the truths of the Divine revelation; that, while man's natural reason is the eyesight of his mind, it is not more than eyesight; that it depends, therefore, as truly as does his physical eyesight, upon a light from without to see; that just as the latter, however keen and strong, will avail him nothing at all in the dark, but requires the light of the sun to enable him to see the things of nature, so in like manner does the former depend upon a parallel gift from without to discern things spiritual.

Men need, then, in the first place to recognize this fact, and, in the next, humbly to acknowledge their dependence at the feet of their Maker and implore, each *solus cum Solo*, the Divine mercy for the light of a supernatural grace to lead them *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem;* and such acknowledgement of their dependence and self-surrender is the more necessary, inasmuch as religion is not a matter of the reason merely, but much more of the will and affections—*cor ad cor loquitur*, the Heart of the Teacher to the heart of the disciple or learner.

And submission to the Teacher, divinely appointed to instruct the nations and each individual composing them, is rewarded with this gift of faith, the nature and prerogative of which is to disperse every shadow of doubt in regard to the truths of the Divine revelation, and in place of views and opinions about them, to impart the clear light of certainty. For divine faith, unlike human opinion, admits of no admixture of doubt, since, obviously, we cannot at the same time both believe and doubt; it makes a man as certain, moreover, of his belief in the doctrine revealed as he is that the doctrine, because revealed by God, is certainly true. Nor can he imagine that a time may come when he will not be as certain as he is at present (though he is aware, of course, that he may be assailed by temptation), for he knows that "to make provision for future doubt is to doubt at present"; he has received a gift which, since the Divine gifts are without repentence, will not be withdrawn, and he feels sure that "it is not without an effort, a miserable effort, that any one who has received that gift, unlearns to believe."

And then as to the means by which the Divine revelation has been transmitted, the antecedent argument for a visible society or kingdom, not of this world though in it, to embrace, in the name of him to whom the nations of the earth belong, the human race in unity of religion—a kingdom endowed with his authority in relation to jurisdiction and with his infallibility in teaching—finds its justification in the fact that, under the government of the Pope as his Vicar and representative, such a kingdom has from the first been spread into the world, gathering into its fold the nations and races most various, and holding them in unity of faith and worship, organization, allegiance, by means of its unity in universality of jurisdiction—a jurisdiction which takes no account of national frontiers and is everywhere independent of the civil power in the domain of religion. And thus we are furnished with an *a posteriori* argument which cannot fail to convince those who are willing to believe that a revelation has been transmitted by means of a visible Church Catholic, that the one ecclesiastical body politic which at this hour does in substantive fact possess such a jurisdiction—the one kingdom that is not of this world, because superior to the efforts of secular states to divide and subdivide it into national churches, as has been done with other religious bodies—the one Church which is visibly one in government throughout the world is, to the exclusion of all other churches, the visible kingdom of the Savior of the human race.

Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem. What though churches such as the Greek and the Russian possess an episcopal hierarchy, priesthood, and sacraments, this does not make them parts of the same visible kingdom as that over which Christ's Vicar reigns; since to be of the same visible polity or kingdom they would need to be under one and the same jurisdiction. And as to "the poor Anglican Church"—*ex umbris et imaginibus*—"I cannot tell how soon there came on me—but very soon—an extreme astonishment that I had ever imagined it to be a portion of the Catholic Church. . . . I suppose the main cause of this lay in the contrast which was presented to me by the Catholic Church. Then I recognized at once a reality which was quite a new thing with me. Then I was sensible that I was not making for myself a church by an effort of thought; I needed not to make an act of faith in her; I had not painfully to force myself into a position, but my mind fell back upon itself in relaxation and in peace, and I gazed at her almost passively as a great objective fact." *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

"ALONG THE TRACK."

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

> " I would fain go back to the old gray river
> To the old bush days when our hearts were light ;
> But, alas ! those days have fled forever
> They are like the swans that have swept from sight."

AWAY off in the Back Country of Australia there are as yet no fences and few laws. From the settled sea-board of the east coast the white man has pushed inland ; bit by bit he has taken possession of the black fellow's country ; year by year he drives the native further out. Soon the arid spaces of the interior will be all that is left to the wandering tribes. It is but another instance of the survival of the fittest ; of the weaker race going down before the strong.

That the Australian native is a degenerate is undisputed. Indeed, with the exception of his Tasmanian brother, he stands lowest of all in the human scale. Physically a weakling, his constitution has been further impaired by the inroads of civilization. Now he wears clothes ; and when he doesn't die of drink, he dies of lung disease. These three things have come in the wake of the white man.

As regards the ethical side of things, the black fellow's beliefs are few, and those mostly negative. He worships no god ; he offers no sacrifice. The future to him is a blank. The after world is a great empty space. It contains nothing ; yet it is full of dread. There is no spirit save one, and that, the great spirit of evil. It is summed up in the word Devil-devil. This is the Alpha and the Omega of native theology. It is a belief that takes to itself the intangible form of some terrible wrath to come.

Where the dead go, none may follow.

And when a black fellow dies in the mi-mi by the creek he is buried by the tribe without rite or ceremony. A hollow place is scooped out in the sand where the body is laid. Over this is erected a pile of logs to the height of eight or nine feet. This monument of trees has no religious significance, but during the night watches it forms a solace to the living, when the dingos howl around the lonely grave.

Once buried, the name of the dead man may never more be uttered. To speak of him is to disturb his spirit, besides unloosing the chains that bind him in the nether world. So the black fellow shuts his lips in fear as he passes by the grave in the sand. It is best to forget the dead; otherwise the shade will return and walk the earth—and no dead man ever returns without some harm befalling the living. Nor is this power of working ill confined to the departed. For the belief that obtains among the island tribes of the South Seas, is current also in Australia: *viz.*, of the power of the human will to wreak vengeance on a foe by merely wishing him ill. Thus a black fellow falls sick; and the native doctor is accordingly summoned. But if the sick man does not respond to medical treatment, as understood by the native doctor, then it may safely be assumed that an enemy is "pointing the bone" at his victim. It may be that the other tribe, to which his enemy belongs, is distant a hundred miles or more. What matter? Is not the power of thought mightier than a stretch of scrub? His enemy, therefore, is willing him to die; by his pointing the bone he insures the desired result. Convinced of this the doomed man will not eat; he sits and ponders on the will power of his enemy, until he is numbered among the greater tribe who lie asleep beneath the logs.

In parts of the Northern territory cannibalism still exists among some of the more savage tribes. There the custom of cracking a skull with a "waddy" lacks finality. Hitherto a man had not only to be killed, but eaten whole and entire before his doom was adequately sealed. But even by the shores of Carpentaria it is possible to get evolutions of thought, and to-day the cannibal conforms, however distantly, to the more fastidious tastes of modern times. No longer will he consume his enemy as of your; to-day he partakes only of the "caul-fat," by which he ensures to himself the dead man's virtues—if he has any—failing which, he obtains the right of succession to his adversary's skill with the spear.

Intellectually it may be said that the black fellow does not count. He makes no tracks through the wilderness; and, as

Robert Louis Stevenson says, they who make no roads, are thereby "ruled out from intelligent participation in the world's brotherhood." When the native Australian walks, he throws his weight on to the ball of his foot, spreading out his toes after the manner of the cloven footed animals. Like all shoeless savages his feet pass over the dried leaves without sound; and as he goes his eyes see everything—the cleft in a rock; the exact position of a fallen twig; the shape of a tree beside any particular water-hole—these things he will remember as he moves along in the open.

It is about a hundred years now since the first pioneer struck out for the waste places of the Northwest. And as he advanced through the country, riding on horseback, the blacks fled in fear to hide in the scrub. For did not the white man come as a new and strange creation; as a centaur; as a god? To the blacks horse and man were but one, as they leaped across the scrub in mighty bounds. So the natives crouched behind the patches of trees, waiting for these beings to pass.

But it so happened that the white man had come to stay. Accordingly he selected a suitable territory, and, as the black man holds no title-deeds, the transfer of the land was effected without any waste of red tape. The method of taking over the country had the advantage of simplicity. No sooner had the pioneer seen a likely stretch of country, than he applied to the Government for a lease of it. Sometimes he rented it at a farthing an acre; sometimes he bought it outright for a nominal sum. The boundary of the newly-acquired property had to be fenced in; this was the one condition required by the authorities. Soon other pioneers came. They too selected their land, and so the fences spread themselves out into the silent places of the interior. Now, it is only in the far Northwest that the country lies open, as it did before the white man came. Thus for thousands of miles there is not a square acre of unappropriated territory. Every mile, every acre, nay! every foot has been swallowed up by this hungry, omniverous white man.

To-day there are railway routes from various points along the sea-board; railways that begin at the east side of the range country and finish up in the western scrub. Where the railways end, the coach roads begin. Further out the stock routes lie open, and along this line of route are Government tanks where the traveling stock may drink. For in the vast stretches of the Northwest there are no rivers, and the creeks run dry in the drought. But, besides these easily discernible tracks, there are other tracks to follow which need a trained eye. These are mere pads leading in and out of the wilderness; just the track of the mail; hoof marks and no more, which lead to the distant homesteads. In the back country the mail passes but once in every few weeks, and the letters are then carried on horseback.

For when a letter drifts to the great Northwest—"where all the rovers go"—its transport takes on a romance of its own.

And now by coach and mailman's bag it goes from town to
town,
And Conroy's Gap and Conroy's Creek have marked it "further down."
Beneath a sky of deepest blue where never cloud abides,
A speck upon the waste of plain, the lonely mailman rides.

. . .

By big lagoons where wild fowl play, and crested pigeons
flock,
By camp-fires, where the drovers ride around their restless
stock. . . .

So the mail bag travels on through the country, until the letter is handed in at the bush homestead that lies beyond the sky line of the scrub.

Unlike the homesteads of the South, which rival in size and architecture the mansions of the various capitals, these back-block homesteads are mostly bungalows—just wooden buildings, having an outer coating of mud and a roof of thatch. Round two or three sides run wide verandas, and grouped about the garden are clumps of silver myalls and eucalyptus trees. Close to the homestead is the overseer's house, then comes the quarters of the married couples, and finally the men's hut. This group of buildings represents the "head homestead" on every sheep or cattle run in the back country.

The settlement of the Northwest, though of comparatively recent growth, has advanced so steadily, yet so quietly, that the blacks have long since become accustomed to the presence of the new race of settlers. And instead of regarding the white man with fear, the feeling of the natives soon changed into one of curiosity which is now merged into a fixed sentiment of awe and wonderment at the superior power and cunning of the white pioneers.

Surely, say the aborigines, this "big-feller" white man is a god. For does he not hold in his hand the secrets of the earth? And has not his voice power over all things? As it was in the beginning, so to-day in the waste places, the overlord of creation speaks and the beasts of the earth do his bidding. The horse is his servant, and the dog his slave. And the great flocks of sheep and the vast mobs of cattle, do they not journey hither and thither as the white man wills? Does he not stay with his hand the bird on the wing; and the bush fire, does it not acknowledge his cunning? Nay more; of all the elements, is not the water the mightiest, as it is the most precious? Yet the water, no less than the fire, obeys the will of the white man. The underground lake lies fathoms deep. In the heart of the earth it sleeps, clasped round with living fire. For centuries untold it has slumbered there, and none has been its master. Then the white man comes, and he probes its depths. He whispers down through the earth four thousand feet. "I have need of thee," he says. And the sleeping lake rises up at his call; boiling and seething it comes, as if in anger at his summons. Yet it comes nevertheless, spreading itself out in homage at the feet of its lord.

"Big-feller white man, him god." Such is the verdict of the black fellow, given in the rudimentary jargon of the station settlements.

Thus the Australian aborigines have acquiesced in the acquisition of the territory which was hitherto their own. For the same reason, also, they render service to the more enlightened race. In return for this, the native camps are entitled to receive the necessaries of life. But, as everything in this world is comparative, it is only to be expected that each pioneer should judge for himself what these necessaries consist in. Yet, by some mysterious unanimity, the generally received idea takes the shape of blankets and "grog." The blanket no doubt is the outcome of a flickering Christian instinct; the whisky—well, the whisky is unusually under proof. Sometimes it is not whisky at all; only kerosene and blue-stone; for the native's palate is considered to be undiscerning. The native only asks to drink of the white man's drink. And after all—so the pioneer argues—the results are much the same.

So the black fellow drinks his grog and wraps his blanket round him. Why? He knows not why. He only knows that the wearing of a blanket is the white man's decree; and with his pipe and a plug of tobacco he staggers back to his camp.

To eat, to sleep, and to get drunk again—these are the only privileges that the native requires. Sometimes he works, but only for as long as the white man sees.

Once the Australian native made his own fire by rubbing two sticks together; now he asks for the white man's light.

"Wee mah." Give me a match (*i. e.*, fire give). This is the demand of every black fellow that hits the white man's track. By degrees they are losing their grip of life in the open. Even now, the blacks as a people have ceased to be. Soon the individual black will have died out.

In the settled districts of the country there are to day various Government Settlements where the remnants of a tribe are cared for at the public expense. These native camps are in the charge of a public official who is responsible for their physical and moral well-being. But it is not unknown for this white overseer to set an example of evil living in the camp. This, together with dishonest practices in selling for his own profit Government goods intended for gratuitous distribution, is not calculated to maintain the white man's reputation as a being of higher grade.

Indeed, with such examples before him, it becomes a matter of difficulty to pursuade the native of the ethical advantages of Christianity.

Nevertheless, attempts continue to be made in various mission settlements to convert the blacks to the white man's creed. With this end in view, the black boy is clothed and fed and educated. It is a fairly liberal education, comprising, as it does, not only the doctrines of religion, but certain social axioms which are illustrative of the common rights of man. Among these he is taught that there is neither black nor white in the kingdom of heaven; that all, irrespective of race or color, are classmates in the school for saints. Besides this, he learns that a laborer is worthy of his hire; that for a month's work he is entitled to a month's pay. These and other social truths he hears, and some of them he remembers.

It may be that religious truths are beyond his comprehension, but this social "jabber-jabber," as expounded by the missionary, of the relations between capital and labor—these are doctrines which may be translated into the concrete of visible things. Accordingly it is these teachings which receive his intelligent support.

To the settlers in the back blocks the Christianized black boy is a black boy spoiled. He is regarded by them as a mischievous element; as one who incites to rebellion, spreading disaffection in the camp. He knows too much. He is not wanted in the Northwest.

In this way it sometimes happens that "the boss" and "a boy" start off at daybreak to muster along the boundary. They are away all day; and at sundown a solitary horseman returns, his gun across his saddle bow. "The boy" is lost, he says; lost in the scrub. Next morning a riderless horse whinnies its way back to the homestead with its bridle trailing. There the matter ends. A black boy more or less does not matter in the back country.

Possibly at the native camp he is missed and mourned. But who shall dare speak of the dead? Perchance the old men may shake their heads as they sit round the open fire, or the wail of the gins may be heard: wah! wah! in long-drawn tones of grief. But the name of the dead man is blotted out to-day and forever from the speech of the living tribe.

Far along the track the white man is autocratic. Perhaps this is inevitable in the rough and tumble life of the pioneering days, when he sketches in his own policy and dictates his own terms. He is beyond the arm of the law. Intercourse is difficult between him and his fellows. Many hundreds of miles cut him off from the more settled districts. And in the stretches of unfenced scrub that lie out in the glare of the torrid zone, a man is apt to cast his conscience, like a worn out shoe. Here the Ten Commandments are no longer current. Like the rabbit-proof fences, the Decalogue falls short in the scrub. But just as it is a question of time when the restraining fences will creep out into the open spaces, so with the succeeding years comes a stricter sense of personal responsibility; and, by degrees, the mode of life in the back country is being brought into line with that which obtains further east.

To-day the mail and the teamster are the only regular wayfarers in the far districts. The former represents a luxury; the latter a necessity; for the teamster is the accredited carrier of provisions throughout the Northwest. To the cattle stations he goes but once a year, when he brings a year's rations: flour, sugar, tea, and other household requisites, to the weight of four or five tons. But to the sheep stations he makes more frequent journeys, in view of the greater opportunities for "back-stuff." Here he is more or less sure of a return load: skins and bales of wool left over from last shearing, which still await transport to the seaboard. For this cartage the squatter pays well. And for the rest, the teamster's life is a pleasant one. Six miles a day is the average rate of progress for a bullock team. But this presupposes a good season. In bad times, when the herbage is poor, the teamster must cover eight or ten miles a day if he is to obtain a sufficiency of pasture for his cattle.

Two bullock carts usually travel together; one for the goods; another for the teamster and his requirements. Among the latter are to be reckoned the teamster's wife and family. At the tail of the domestic cart straggle various hens and chickens, who pick up what they may along the track. After them come the four or five tame goats which complete the teamster's household.

At sundown the bullocks are unhitched and the party camp for the night. And after supper, which is partaken of round the camp-fire, the teamster and his men lie themselves down on the warm, dry ground, with only a blanket for covering; the bullock wagon being reserved for the teamster's wife and his children. But usually the cart contains only the girl children—for every son of a teamster believes in scratching for himself.

As regards the bullocks, they, too, find their own feed, straying out into the open. Perhaps there are in all forty bullocks: twenty to the team. This means that each may roam off at will in forty different directions. To prevent this, one particular bullock is picked out—a beast that is known as a strayer—and to the neck of this strayer is tied a bell. And as cattle are lonesome things, and fearful of being alone in the night, the rest of the mob will keep close to the bell for greater company.

The Australian bullock bell is about twelve inches long. It gives out no tinkling sound. There is no music in it—nothing but a dull knock, knock. Throughout the night it breaks upon the stillness: this sullen, clanging note. It reaches across the level country like the sigh of a wandering soul; a soul that seeks for rest.

On the open plains the sound of the bullock bell can be heard miles off. Sometimes when the ranges lie behind, and the wind is favorable, the sound may be thrown back to a distance of seven miles. But to hear it one must have a trained ear and the sheltering night. For at dawn the foreground pulsates with the music of the new-born day; the buzz of insect life; the cry of the bell-bird; the chirping of the feathered tribes awakening in the Mulga trees—all of which voices shut out the whispers from beyond.

Once the sun gets up it needs a black boy to trace the straying bullocks, as, with ear pressed close to the earth, he tells of the passing of cattle; though even the acute hearing of the black boy will not serve outside an area of two or three miles.

But with the first streak of dawn the wayfarers are astir in these waste places. For, while the men are rounding up the cattle, the fire must be made and the breakfast prepared. Besides this, the bullocks must be yoked, an operation which takes time. First they must be driven in to camp. Then the mates must be got together, for every bullock requires to be yoked with his own mate. Otherwise he declines to be yoked at all. The yoking of a bullock team is simple enough in theory—the tackle being merely a wooden log which passes over the shoulders of every pair of bullocks, and a bow, or iron collar, which circles the neck of each. This iron collar is affixed by pins to the yoke. From this it follows that the difficulty of the teamster lies in the simultaneous yoking of the two animals—for the log must be kept horizontal. Therefore it takes two men to hitch up the bullocks; meanwhile the rest of the mob may be off again across the plain.

It is here, however, that the teamster's wife lends a hand, as a helpmate should. The breakfast is now left to cook itself, as with whip in hand she circles round the cattle and prevents them breaking camp. To the uninitiated one bullock is hardly distinguishable from the other. But not so to the teamster's wife, for, like the cattle-dog, she knows each of the forty bullocks by name. Deft of hand and quick of eye, it is seldom that the daughter of the scrub is beaten by the mob. Just a sudden movement—and the long, sinuous lash flies out and orders the restless one to be still. Or perhaps a bullock has broken away from the men and got mixed up with the mob. In an instant she has given the word of command; the lash of the cattle-whip has followed her eye, the cattle dog springs forward, and the required bullock, signalled by name, is successfully cut out from the mob.

So the team is yoked; but the sun is already high in the heavens before the travelers are on their way.

At first the creaking of the wagons fills the air, as they jolt away over the rough ground. For a while, too, the voices of the men are borne back along the track. Then the echoes drop lower, getting fainter and fainter by degrees as the distance widens. Finally all human sounds cease, as the bullock teams pass on into the silence; and the boree scrub, filled with a sense of untold desolation, stretches out its empty hands in vain entreaty to the far horizon. From sky line to sky line the vast world of the Northwest lies open, flat—a sea of gray-green against the blue.

THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

VII.—SPIRITISM (CONTINUED).

THE "subliminal" theory, mentioned in our last article, is, we may say, mainly due to Mr. F. W. H. Myers. It was elaborated by him in a series of articles which he published in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for 1892 and 1893. It maintains that, besides our ordinary conscious mental operation, there is a constant stream of consciousness, flowing on within us, as he says, "at a level beneath the threshold of the ordinary waking life." These words "beneath the threshold" explain the term "subliminal," of which they are an English translation. Our ordinary consciousness he acaccordingly calls "supraliminal," or "above the threshold." "Above ground" and "underground" would convey about the same ideas.

Our supraliminal consciousness is that by which we usually become aware of the phenomena of the objective world, and by means of them, of the mental operations of others; and also of our own, by ordinary introspection. The subliminal, however, has a much wider field, obtaining information by means beyond the reach of the supraliminal, not only concerning material things, but also as to the mental world outside of ourselves, not needing for either the physical senses required by the supraliminal. It is considered, as noted above, to be a stream, that is, to be in *constant* operation; acting like a personality distinct from our ordinary or supraliminal one. It is, however, only occasionally that the latter is aware of its action, and then rather by memory, or by subsequent indication, than actually at the time. But it may have its effect on our ordinary mental processes, as, for instance, in what are called the "inspirations" of genius, in the reception of telepathic messages, and in veridical dreams. In the hypnotized subject it appears to be specially active; and even after the hypnotic trance is over, it may have its effect on our supraliminal life, as in the case of suggestion given to a hypnotized person as to future action. And it may be held that what seem to be communications from some entirely external intelligence, are really originated simply by itself, and that automatic writing and such phantasms as appear to be telepathic are largely, if not entirely, due to it. It seems to work best, (*ad extra* at any rate), when the supraliminal is in abeyance, as in hypnotic, or even ordinary sleep; but even at other times, or in usual conditions, it may be capable of giving information, unperceived by the supraliminal, to some other entirely distinct mind, thus being able to supply such a mind or spirit with the facts necessary for beginning an impersonation of some living or deceased human being about whom the spirit may as yet know little or nothing.

This "subliminal" theory, simply by itself, serves to account for a considerable part of the communications which may be received, even at a seance, and when the medium as well as the visitors are in a normal state, and which purport to come from the deceased relatives of some one or more of the circle. These communications may come simply from the subliminal of the medium acting together with those concerned in the circle, and thus obtaining information not intended to be given by them, and which may even have been (supraliminally) forgotten. Such a result seems to them to constitute a very good "proof of identity"; that is, to show plainly enough that it is produced by the deceased person from whom it purports to come. Indeed this explanation holds good even if the supraliminal fails to remember the fact communicated, and has to verify it by consultation with friends afterward; for it may well be that the subliminal is in possession of many facts which the supraliminal has never made its own.

The subliminal theory has obtained, to a certain extent, a general acceptance, and often seems to be taken for granted. It fits in very well with the facts of hypnotism and of clairvoyance, and explains the cases of telepathy in which there has been no conscious effort on the part of the agent to make an impression on the percipient ; and applies also quite satisfactorily to the matter of dreams, though the great majority of these can be accounted for well enough without it. It finds favor, of course, with those who are incredulous as to the existence of other spirits than our own, or of our own after death; and if it could be shown to account for *all* the phenomena of apparitions (specially of those which seem to have a local entity) and of spiritism, it would deserve exclusive adoption on the principle of not supposing more causes than are needed to account for the observed facts. But in the judgment of those who have most deeply studied these facts, a few of which we have given, it does not suffice to explain all these.

Clairvoyance, with the allied matters of crystal-gazing, shell-hearing, and the like, is perhaps to the general student its best argument. How far it is necessary or convenient in hypnotism, experts can best determine.

But it seems quite plain that it has to be strained almost, if not quite, to the breaking point in accounting for all that is to be found even in the actual communications of spiritism. Dr. Hyslop describes at great length the objections to it in the third chapter of a long discussion, entitled "A Further Record of Observations of Certain Trance Phenomena," which constitutes of itself Part XLI. of the Proceedings of the Society.

And if we pass from the matter of the communications themselves to the astounding phenomena produced in attestation of them, the subliminal explanation seems simply to disappear. How can it be conceived possible that the subliminal mind, any more than the supraliminal, can lift heavy objects from the floor, elevate the medium in the air, write without the medium's contact on paper or a slate, and, above all, produce materializations such as we have described? Of course it may be said that these marvels are accomplished by some unknown powers of which we are all, more or less, possessed; but there seems to be no reason why a subliminal mind should have them, any more than a supraliminal.

The only reasonable explanation of these phenomena (the reality of which seems, as we have said, to have been practically settled by recent photographic tests, and which is certainly generally admitted by those familiar with the facts), is that they are due not to a mysterious part of our own personality, but to some personality or personalities entirely independent of our own. And the trend of belief among investigators is, we think, practically unanimous in that sense. And if we admit the operation of such personalities in producing these attestations to spiritist communications, there is, of course, no reason whatever for denying their authorship in the communications themselves. It is not, of course, necessary to exclude entirely the subliminal operation in them; this, as has been said, may be a convenient explanation of their initial stages at any rate.

But after all, at least in the matter of spiritism, the subliminal theory seems to be something like the fifth wheel to a coach. It is not necessary to exclude it, but there is no need to admit it. And, indeed, in other matters, if the existence of other spirits than those of living human beings is once admitted, as of course it is by all Christians, the subliminal idea becomes rather superfluous. It loses the recommendation which it would otherwise have of not bringing in unnecessary causes. It becomes an unnecessary cause itself. Its stream of consciousness may just as well be that of an independent set of beings (or even a single being), associated with us, and familiar with the events of our lives, and of those of others, as that of a mysterious adjunct to ourselves. And though the objection is not a scientific one, it is a strong moral one, against the whole subliminal hypothesis, that it confuses our idea of our personality and personal responsibility, to believe in such a partner to our lives, on whom as a "wicked partner," our responsibility can be thrown.

Even if we grant that the subliminal theory can be explained in a way to make it consistent with true ideas of philosophy or religion, still it is, on the whole, a dangerous one to most of those who may accept it, and it is better and safer to get along without it, or to minimize its sphere as far as we can, consistently with observed fact.

Let us, then, now turn to the spiritistic theory, which is constantly becoming more and more indicated by facts. In general, this is that the communications coming through mediums, as well as the remarkable phenomena attending them, require, at least for their complete explanation, the action of some agency other than that of living human beings; and furthermore that this agency is (as is evident) not one working by regular physical law, but one of intelligences and wills like our own; in short, that "spiritism" is the true and appropriate name for the whole matter; that, so far at least, the spiritists are right in their belief.

But they do not stop with this. They maintain that the spirits who make the communications, and give such extraordinary attestations of them, are indeed what they pretend to be, departed human souls.

It is of course very natural that this idea should be entertained. We very rightly presume that any one with whom we communicate is telling the truth, unless we have learned, by experience with some particular person, to distrust his veracity, or the circumstances of the case itself would make departure from the truth probable. If, then, the spirits communicating are found to be telling lies, we should soon cease to believe them; but, on the contrary, we usually find, so far as we have means of testing it, that the information which they give is correct. And we see no particular reason from the circumstances of the case why they should not tell the truth. So the first presumption is that they are, indeed, what they claim to be.

And besides, they give "proofs of identity," such as we should usually be satisfied with, even in important practical matters of business. Suppose that a claimant to property under a will should appear, representing himself as the legatee named in it; even though there be no one to identify him, and the circumstances (such as a prolonged absence) make such identification impossible, we should be inclined to believe in his claim, if he strongly resembled photographs formerly taken of the legatee, if his handwriting was the same, and especially if he was familiar with such details of the early life of the one whom he asserts himself to be, as could not be supposed to be known by a stranger. And such proofs as these are given in abundance by the spirits, particularly of the latter variety. If I adopt the belief that it is really a spirit external to my own that is sending a message to me, even one incident, which I feel sure was known only to one person beside myself, may seem quite enough to show that the message comes from that person. But we do not have to depend on one such incident; many may very probably be given. Then his whole turn and peculiarities of mind may seem to be reproduced in the message, or in the conversation which may follow. As to handwriting, there will be no trouble, probably, about that; and if a materialization occurs, his features will, perhaps, be recognized. "Why, then," we may quite plausibly ask, "should not the spirit communicating be the one whom we suppose it to be, and for whom we have asked?"

It must be acknowledged that for those who have no belief, and see no special reason for any belief, in any spirits except human ones, the evidence or proof of identity given by such occurrences is good enough, unless something supervenes to disturb it. There is no doubt that the supposition that the person we wish to communicate with us is really doing so is a sufficient and satisfactory explanation of what occurs, and is moreover the simplest one that can be given.

We say, "unless something supervenes to disturb it." In some particular case, nothing may so supervene. But one must judge, not by one case, or merely by one's own personal experience, but by the general experience of all who have had any.

One very curious and suspicious circumstance is the inability or reluctance to give the *names* borne on earth by the spirits supposed to be communicating. If there is anything that a real departed soul would seem to be sure to know, it would be his or her name. We may easily forget the names of other people, but very seldom our own. And there seems to be no reason why memory should fail after death on this particular point, or should give a false name instead of the true one.

A very notable instance of this last failure is recorded in the case of a spirit or "control," frequently manifesting himself through the celebrated Boston medium, Mrs. Piper. He called himself "Dr. Phinuit," and claimed to have been a physician residing at Marseilles. No record has been found of any such physician; moreover, the supposed Dr. Phinuit was unable to communicate in French. For this he gave the paltry excuse that he had in the later part of his life lived in Metz, among many English, and had forgotten his own language; but was quite willing to substitute for this excuse one proposed by the sitter, Dr. Hodgson, that he had to use the brain of the medium, who was not familiar with French. This may be considered as rather "thin," as mediums or sensitives often use languages unknown to them.

In this case, it seems evident that this "Dr. Phinuit" gave a false name. But if really a departed human soul, he must have had a true one. What reason can be alleged for not giving it? None that is at all apparent, as to have forgotten it seems absurd. But if he was not a departed soul, but a spirit of some other kind, a reason at once appears, in his not having one to give, but being obliged to make up one; and a French one might appear advisable, as being harder for Americans to look up.

If we once admit the possibility that these spirit communications come from spirits of some other kind than our own, their whole behavior will, perhaps, become more accountable, in other cases as well as in this.

This is strongly indicated by the following general experience. The spirits communicating, even when venturing to commit themselves to a definite name and personality, seem indeed to know many events in the lives of those whom they claim to be, but to be unable to give a complete, connected, and thorough account of them. They omit many things which they ought, it would seem, to remember, and indeed to regard as important. It is, of course, hard to detect these omissions by inquiry, without leading up to the very points which they omit. If one should ask: "Do you remember such and such an event?" of course they would probably say they did. And they might be able, even if not what they pretend to be, to distinguish between true and false events by a telepathic (or, if you like, subliminal) communication from the inquirer. It may, therefore, be hard to catch them in ignorance of what they ought to know; but it is a strong evidence against their claims that they omit so many matters which they ought to state without being asked, if only to dispel doubts perhaps remaining. And though it may be hard to catch them, still they are sometimes caught. They may excuse this by saying that the conditions are not good, or that the spirit in communication has gone away; but these excuses ought not to satisfy any except those determined and anxious to believe.

Further information, not forthcoming at one sitting, may be given at another, when "the conditions are more favorable," or the spirit is on hand again. This will probably satisfy those willing and anxious to believe; but the following explanation really seems more reasonable.

Let us suppose, then, that it is not the supposed departed soul that is communicating, but some other spirit of a nature different from ours. Of course such a spirit may have knowledge of many things in the life of the deceased individual whom it has undertaken to personate, but it is not at all likely to know them all, and may easily be ignorant even of many important ones. Those which it does happen to know it will communicate at once; such additional ones as it may be able to find out it will produce later. This is the simplest explanation of the "unfavorable" and "favorable" conditions alleged;

the former are simply ignorance, the latter subsequently acquired knowledge. As to the spirit which is being interrogated going away, there seems to be no reason why it should do so. As to the favorable or unfavorable conditions, there may be something in that, even on the theory we are now proposing; for the mind of the sitter, which could usually give the information required, may be more or less ready to communicate it, either telepathically or by the more practical process of "pumping," which is more or less available to the ordinary fortune-teller.

Of course, if the above be the true explanation of the phenomena of supposed communication from departed souls, it will be inconvenient to the spirits personating them to be pinned down to the representation of some deceased person, the details of whose life are well known to the inquiring sitter. They will prefer to present themselves under some general or vague name, and to give information rather as to their present state than as to their supposed former life on earth, and this will specially be likely to be the case if they take the position or office of regular and habitual guides or "controls" to the medium. A very well-known instance of this is to be found in the experiences of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, which have been described in a previous article. His chief "controls" called themselves "Imperator," "Rector," and "Doctor." Of course they purported to be real deceased human beings, and it may be presumed that they passed themselves off as eminent sages of the past, to give still greater weight to their teachings. Mr. Moses naturally desired to know who they were, and had before his death succeeded in getting them to give the names by which they were known on earth; and he communicated these names to Mr. Myers.

A spirit representing itself as that of Mr. Moses began, soon after his death, to communicate through Mrs. Piper. A description of Mr. Moses' former appearance was given by other spirits, who vouched that this spirit was really the genuine Mr. Moses.

It now fortunately occurred to his sitters to ask "Mr. Moses," thus duly attested, to give them the names he had given to Mr. Myers, of Imperator, Rector, and Doctor. "After a good deal of shuffling and delay," as Dr. Raupert tells us, "three names were actually given, but, much to the disappointment of those interested in the experiment, none of these three names was found to correspond with those disclosed to Mr. Myers by Mr. Stainton Moses during his life time."

It hardly needs to be shown that the spirit calling himself Moses was a fraud; certainly the real man would not have forgotten the names communicated to him. And it is quite probable that Imperator & Co. were even bigger frauds than he. It does seem a little strange that they could not have been kind enough to tell the so-called Mr. Moses what the names were that they had given to the real man when on earth; but some at least, of these spirits seem to be so built that they rather enjoy lying and deception, even when it does not pay.

A similar story is true, we believe, of Mr. Myers himself, and a post-mortem representative.

Mr. Myers had prepared a document containing some views of his on spiritistic (or, at any rate, psychical) matters, and entrusted it to the keeping of a friend, promising to communicate after death with this friend if possible, and tell him in what points, if any, he saw reason to modify his views. After Mr. Myers' death, a spiritual Mr. Myers came by a medium to the front, and gave some interesting communications; but on being asked how far his present knowledge confirmed what he had written in the document, he was unable to understand what document was referred to. Evidently this post-mortem Myers was a fraud; the real one simply could not have forgotten a matter of such importance.

Instances like these seem to show very clearly that the spirits from whom communications are received, even granting them to be those of deceased human beings, are not always the spirits that they pretend to be. Some of them at any rate, are, therefore, liars, and it is vain to look for any trustworthy information from such. And it must furthermore be remembered that the Imperator, etc., of Mr. Moses were among the most respectable, as it would seem, of any of the spirits who have made communications; they took a lofty tone, as of a high order of spirituality, and seemingly were anxious to teach the world, through Mr. Moses, truths of great importance. It is, of course, quite possible to maintain that they had nothing to do with the so-called Stainton Moses who communicated through Mrs. Piper; but surely, if they were really in earnest in their work through Mr. Moses, it was their business to expose the fraud committed by this impostor, especially as "Imperator" and "Rector" (or spirits calling themselves by these names) were frequent controls of Mrs. Piper herself. Perhaps these latter were also frauds; why, then, were they not exposed by the genuine ones controlling Mr. Moses; and why was not the real Mr. Moses himself produced? That they should not have the power to accomplish these very desirable ends, seems hardly credible, if they were of the high spiritual order to which they claimed to belong.

There seems to be but one reasonable explanation, on the spiritistic theory, of these difficulties; namely, that none of the spirits concerned in this Moses affair were really in earnest, but trifling with their sitters, and trusting to luck not to be found out. The real Mr. Moses was not, it would seem, available to them, and the pretended one probably acted without due consultation. But this way of going on is entirely irreconcilable with the idea of their being departed human souls, elevated above the plane which they occupied in this world, enlightened by a more perfect knowledge of the truth, and anxious to share this increased knowledge with us. If these spirits who claim to have so much to reveal to us are departed human souls at all, they must be souls of a very low character for truth and honesty; such that if we had met them in their life on earth, we would not trust to them for information on any matter of importance. And yet these very ones, Imperator, etc., in their communications through Mr. Moses while he was on earth, are, as we have said, among the most respectable of any who have worked through any medium, if we can judge by the general tone of the messages which they gave to him.

Departing from particular instances, and looking over the ground generally, we find it impossible to construct any definite and harmonious revelation out of the communications made in modern spiritism. But if they were made by deceased human beings, surely there would be some sort of agreement, unless they were animated by a deliberate intention to deceive. We find, however, no sort of agreement, even on the most important matters. Dr. William Potter, formerly himself a spiritist, testifies as follows in his book, *Spiritism as It Is*. He says with regard to their teachings:

> We are taught that God is a person; that he is omnipotent; that he is governed by nature's laws; that everything is God; that there is no God; that we are gods. We are taught that the soul is eternal; that it commences its existence at conception, at birth, at maturity, at old age. That all are immortal, that some are immortal, that none are immortal. . . . That spirits never live again in the flesh;

> that they do return, and enter infant bodies, and live many lives in the flesh. . . . That there is no high, no low, no good, no bad. That murder is right, lying is right, slavery is right, adultery is right. That nothing we can know can injure the soul or retard its progress.

"All the above teachings" (and many others which we have omitted), the author tells us, "we been heard given by media or from communications."

We cannot wonder that, on recognizing the hopeless contradictions in spiritist statements, investigators are driven back to the "subliminal" theory, as that readily accounts for the mingling of human opinions, existing in the medium or the sitters, with any genuine information which may be received, or makes the whole structure of spiritism merely a reflection of human notions. And of course a tenable system, as far as this matter of communications is concerned, may be made by combining the subliminal theory with that of real messages from the departed. Some will prefer to hold to the former alone, as the verification of any facts unknown to the sitters is certainly very rare. But, as we have said, it can hardly be made to account for the undeniable signs and wonders worked in attestation of the communications.

The "demonic" theory, which is irresistibly suggested by the fraud, lying, and deception which runs through the whole matter of spiritist communications, however free from any suspicion of common human trickery they may be, is, it would seem, the one which will best satisfy the impartial investigator of the whole business. By an impartial investigator of course we mean one who does not close his mind absolutely to the possibility of other spirits beside human ones. And by this "demonic" theory we mean that which regards the mass of the communications made in spiritism as the work of malevolent, unembodied (not disembodied) spirits, such as every Catholic, and indeed every believer in the Bible, is sure actually exist. And it attributes the signs and wonders, mainly or entirely, to their operation. It does not necessarily altogether exclude the subliminal, or even the occasional appearance of the departed soul; but the latter is in no way required by it, and is rather useless as an appendage to it. We propose to proceed to examine this theory more fully in our next article.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN INTERNATIONAL ARRANGEMENT.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE Hon. Charles Browne Latimer, dying without an heir, had left all he died possessed of to his late wife's young niece, Mary Glynn, with an express stipulation that she should reside at least six months out of every year on her Irish estates.

He had not been an absentee landlord himself, and he was not minded that one should follow him. He had been a good landlord, too; and in the enlightenment which gradually came to his niece regarding the attitude of the people towards herself and her predecessors, her thoughts were often hot concerning his generosity towards these people and their scant repayment of it.

Miss Glynn had been brought up in the secure, friendly life of one of the English Home Counties. She and hers had held a position in the minds of the people from which it seemed no chances of time or change could dispossess them. The Glynns had always been to their tenants and humbler neighbors the great family, hardly less than royalty itself, perhaps more, since the good people of Greenings were not likely to come in contact with royalty, which had a somewhat mythical suggestion for them by reason of its distance. Whereas there had been Glynns at the Manor House time out of mind, beyond tradition even. There was nothing to suggest that there would not be Glynns there till the solid earth should fall in ashes.

At first Mary had expected the same attitude of mind from the people of Lismoyne; but she was very soon undeceived. The Latimers had been at Lismoyne nearly a century, and that, to Mary's mind had given them time to take root in the place.

Now she discovered, to her amazement, that she and hers were creatures of yesterday. The O'Donnells had been O'Donnells of Lismoyne "before the mountains were made," according to the people. They were O'Donnells of Lismoyne still.

The Latimers and the Glynns were merely episodic birds of passage; they had no real place in the thoughts of the people.

The feeling was expressed with great frankness, even by those whose interest one would have supposed it to be to hide it.

Mary had been a Lady Bountiful at Greenings. She had been accustomed to feed and clothe and keep warm the whole village in a hard winter; and the village, being a village of the most patient people on earth, had never thought of grumbling because a hard winter would have meant starvation and cold if there had not been a Lady Bountiful at the Manor House.

She was a well-endowed young woman, and she was prepared to do as much for Lismoyne as she had done for Greenings. She had been shocked, on her first arrival, at the raggedness and dirt of Lismoyne. Her English conscience had been awakened, and she had vowed to make the village look like an English village as soon as the work could be accomplished.

Her nearest neighbor, Lord Dunfanaghy, a pleasant, cynical, middle aged bachelor, had laughed at her enthusiasm.

"My dear young lady," he had said, looking with admiration at the fresh, honest face of the English girl, handsomer because of the excitement of her thoughts, "let me tell you what Charlie Latimer would have told you if he had lived. Do what you can to make them comfortable in their own way, if you must—I don't say you'll succeed, I've seen too many philanthropic efforts go to seed—but don't try to benefit them in your way. If you give them English model cottages, they'll break your heart in no time to see them. They won't make use of any of your appliances for their comfort. You'll find the hens in the bath-room, the potatoes in the parlor—"

He did not conclude the picture, but his face wrinkled in innumerable fine lines of laughter.

Things had failed quite as dismally as Lord Dunfanaghy had prophesied. Nor did Mary's efforts on their behalf endear her to the people. When she discovered that her first model cottages had been put to strange uses she showed open indignation. But what was the use of it? "Sure, we never had any comfort since the thatch was taken off, and them ould kitcheners is terrible cowld, let alone being more than any crature could manage," the matrons had answered Mary.

Some of them even abandoned the kitchener to rust and to be a place for the hatching hen, and had dug out the parlor grate, so that they could light a fire on the hearth. The last use the bath-rooms were put to was to wash anybody. The scullery coppers remained unpolluted by soap and water. If anything, the model cottages were in a short time a worse eyesore than their neighbors, which, crouching under their weight of thatch, seemed somehow to belong to the barren, beautiful landscape, with its miles of brown bog and its background of mountains darkly purple.

"They really behave as though I had done them an injury," Mary acknowledged ruefully to Lord Dunfanaghy.

"That's how they feel it," he replied. "District visiting is not for the Irish. We are a less patient people than the English. We don't take kindly to having our business minded for us."

"I have spent more on this village in six months than I should need to do in Greenings in six years," Mary complained. She had discovered by this time that her neighbor's cynical utterances covered such a deal of generosity and helpfulness that she had learned to let them go. "I am really keeping the whole village. Lismoyne House might be a mediæval monastery for the crowds of pensioners it sends away full and overflowing every day. I have discovered that my kitchens are crowded every morning. They all think that they ought to sit down for a chat, and they do sit down."

"To be sure they do. Haven't you Irish servants?" interjected Lord Dunfanaghy.

"And they are so particular about what they take. I believe I am feeding the village dogs as well as the village people. They even leave the food about outside sometimes. There is more wasted than would keep Greenings going for a week. And the worst of it is I get no thanks."

She ended with a laugh. The sense of humor—an odd, irresponsible kind of humor, without which Lord Dunfanaghy assured her life in Ireland was impossible—had been developing of late. Life at Greenings had given no opportunities for this particular kind of laughter.

"To be sure you don't," Lord Dunfanaghy assented cheerfully. "Aren't you only one of the new people, Englishers, sprung from nobody knows where? They don't even think you good and charitable; not they. Aren't you sitting in the seat of the old family, giving what they ought to give? A crust from an O'Donnell would be received with passionate gratitude, where you might beggar yourself for them and receive no thanks. You are just beginning to discover the Irish problem."

It was all true. Old Katty Whelan, the beggar-woman, had put it with crude sincerity a day or two before on receiving an alms from the young lady.

"I do be often thinking," she had said, "of the time the old family was in it"; and she had looked up regretfully at the long house front, with the turrets at each corner. "Great doings there was in it, the people do be saying, and open house for everybody but the bailiffs. Och, sure, the old times was always the best."

Even the beggars had not the professional gratitude towards her, Mary considered, with the half-bitter humor which she was fast learning in this mad country; and then she remembered how Lord Dunfanaghy had said to her once that the people felt she was giving away things not rightly hers, but the O'Donnells'.

Oddly enough there sprang up in her heart a desire that she might have stood with this ungrateful people as the old family stood. She knew that there was not a man, woman, or child in the country round who would not have done anything for Madam O'Donnell, or Cecilia, the pale girl with the beautiful oval face framed in bands of dark brown hair whom she had passed on the road; or for Sir Teig O'Donnell, whom she knew nothing about except what was to his discredit.

"You won't have any game and you won't have any salmon," Lord Dunfanaghy had assured her quietly, when she had talked of shooting and fishing parties at Lismoyne. "Everything has been poached so long. Teig takes what he wants for himself and sends the surplus to Dublin. The people follow his example, and think it very handsome of Teig to permit it. His laxity about his property makes him, if possible, a little dearer to the people."

"But it is *my* property," cried Mary, aghast.

"Pooh! You think it is. The people don't think so, and Teig doesn't think so. You know the property came to the Latimers by marriage. The O'Donnells lost it originally by a game at cards. Teig would put a debt of honor before any other debt, being Teig. But they say that Walter Burke, whose daughter married Hugh Latimer, cheated at the cards. It is even said that he wanted to make restitution on his death-bed. Peasants' stories. I don't attach any importance to them; but the people do, and Teig does, and Cecilia and Madam look on them as gospel truth. So Teig poaches your game and salmon; and the whole countryside follows his excellent example."

"I am going to stop it," said Mary, setting her teeth.

"Better be like Charlie Latimer, and let it go," counselled her friend. "You'll only make the country too hot to hold you."

"We'll see. Why doesn't Sir Teig O'Donnell do something to earn an honest living instead of poaching?"

"Faith, my dear, the poor chap never got a chance. His mother can't bear him out of her sight. She hasn't been well this many a year. He's had no education except what he scraped up from Madam's old chaplain, Father Roche. He's full of learning, and he's given what he could to Teig. Cecilia too stays with her mother, although she's wedded to the convent since she could think for herself. Teig would have made a fine soldier. Perhaps he'd never have done as brave a thing as staying by his sick mother and leaving it to people to ask the question you've just asked."

Unfortunately the Laughing Philosopher, as Mary had come to call Lord Dunfanaghy, was away, and likely to be away for some time, when the events occurred which embroiled Miss Glynn with the O'Donnells.

It was a perplexity and a vexation to herself that the country and the people, and the old family, had come to interest her to a disproportionate extent. She had a profound interest in things that baffled her; and the more unsatisfactory the people were, from her point of view, the more interesting they became. Why could she not dispossess the O'Donnells in their affections? Why must they always look at her as though she were a stranger? She had been oddly fascinated by Cecilia O'Donnell's spiritual, pale face, and had made overtures to her with a generous impulsiveness when she had met her by accident at the bedside of a sick woman. The nun like creature had looked at her with a startled gaze. Mary had seen that when they met Cecilia's thought had been for flight. She had always acted on impulse and had rarely had cause to regret it. Now she spoke and acted impulsively.

"I am so sorry to hear that Madam O'Donnell is not so well," she had said. "Is there nothing I can do? May I call to inquire how she is?"

"She is better, thank you," Cecilia had replied, with an alarmed look. "There is nothing you could do, thank you. And we live so quietly. My mother sees no one but old friends."

It was while smarting from the rebuff that Mary gave orders about mending the gaps in the stone walls which enclosed Lismoyne. She had wondered when she first came what the gray, buttressed stone walls were needed for. At Greenings the woods were open wherever they skirted a public road; and nothing was the worse for it.

But here it was different. She supposed the people were more destructive, less law-abiding than the English. Anyhow, gaps had been broken everywhere in the wall. The people had helped themselves to whatever they could carry away. The plantations had been destroyed for firewood; the people's sheep and goats and lean cattle wandered and fed where they would. On the day Mary gave the order she had found a whole encampment of tinkers, *i. e.*, gypsies, settled down comfortably within sight of her front windows.

Masons had to be brought from a distance to rebuild the walls. Mary's farm bailiff, a young Yorkshireman, very amiable till the bull-dog fit fell on him, thoroughly devoted to his young mistress, was very much interested in the mending of the walls. Within the walls Harding was going to establish English order, English law-abidingness. He was in favor of English gamekeepers too. If he had dared, he would have suggested English servants. He had his way so far as the head-gamekeeper was concerned.

The first breach in the wall was repaired, made good. Harding saw and approved, and reported well of the mason's progress to his mistress. It happened to be at the nearest point of the wall to where the bare stone-keep and the little dwelling-house abjoining housed the O'Donnells. The next morning the masonry was down; except for the new stones lying in all directions the gap was as it had been.

It made Mary very angry. It made Harding's face lose its amiable expression and assume one dark and dogged.

"There was one of the wild deer shot last night," he said to Mary. "If you'll give me orders, Miss, I'll stop it."

"Stop it," said Mary shortly. She was too furious to ask what Harding intended to do.

That day the gap was rebuilt, and the next morning the wall was down again. It happened two or three times. Mary drove over herself to the nearest police barracks to lay an information against Sir Teig O'Donnell. The red-faced sergeant was hypocritically sympathetic, but at the same time plainly anxious that she should not prosecute Sir Teig.

"Your Ladyship wouldn't be feeling the loss of the few birds," he said. "Sure, what would a young lady like yourself want with them? 'Tisn't as though your Ladyship was a gentleman."

"Sir Teig O'Donnell is a poacher," she said. "He shall go to jail like any other poacher."

"Go to jail!" cried the sergeant aghast. "Sir Teig O'Donnell go to jail! Now, look here, your Ladyship, your Ladyship's young. Don't go for to be destroying yourself talking that way. I wish Mr. Latimer was here to-day. Sir Teig in prison! Oh, Lord! Your Ladyship wouldn't be let live in the country if people was to hear you talking that way."

It made Mary angrier than ever. She answered the sergeant sharply that it was his duty to arrest Sir Teig O'Donnell like any other poacher. As she drove off, sitting behind her high-stepping horse, she was aware that the sergeant and his "subs" were looking after her in amazement. She had an idea that perhaps they, too, were among the poachers. She recalled some of Lord Dunfanaghy's humorous tales, over which she had laughed with a wry mouth, having too much of the English land-owner in her to be able to enjoy them thoroughly.

A few days later she was awake in the gray dawn, and she heard a shot fired in her woods. She was up in an instant. For a few nights all had been quiet; and she wondered if the head-gamekeeper and his men were on the watch.

She was broad awake and tingling with indignation. She dressed herself with what speed she might, and went down through the quiet house. Outside the dews lay heavy on the grass; and the east was troubled. She thought the clouds shook as though there were thunder behind them. Lines of rose trembled in the gray. The mountain peaks began to grow light while yet their flanks were in deepest shadow. The first birds were twittering in the nests. The wind came up from the sea with a delicious freshness.

She might have been Aurora walking through the dewy grasses, so fresh was she, so fair, with the roses in her cheeks and the proud, angry light in her eyes. She had not thought what was going to happen if she came upon the poachers. She had set the law in motion against them; and if they were inclined to be rough with her she was quite defenceless, quite unarmed. She had not thought even to bring a dog with her.

She walked some way through the woods before she came upon anything more formidable than the rabbits and the squirrels, and the birds that were all singing now since the sun was up, and warming the wood through and through. Not a sign of any human creature. If there had been poachers, they had apparently gone home to their beds. There was no sign of her own men either. She had walked a mile or two and had had the wood to herself.

Then—she came out in a clearing, and her heart leaped and dropped. The wide, grassy path stretched before her to a gap in the wall, *the* gap. Lying within the gap there was something huddled up, face downward on the grass. As she went up to it she saw a gun lying beside it.

Her heart was cold within her as she went up to the quiet figure. A low moan startled her and at the same time gave her an exquisite relief. Then he was not dead; but he must be very badly wounded. As she stooped down beside him she all but knelt on a wide patch of blood already becoming glazed in the sun.

The figure stirred under her hand. Then, to her immense relief, the golden head turned a little way about, and a pair of gray eyes, exhausted with pain and loss of blood, stared at her heavily.

"I thought no one would ever come," he said. "It was my own gun. There was barbed wire across the gap. I fell over it and the gun went off. It struck me on the leg. It's been pumping blood like mad. After the first I didn't dare stir. The bleeding ought to be stopped as soon as possible."

His eyes closed. It had been an obvious effort to him to speak.

Miss Glynn had always held it to be the duty of every man and woman to become as efficient as possible in as many directions as possible. One form her activity had taken was attending ambulance classes. She could make a tourniquet and a bandage with any, well, shall we say, medical orderly?

She disappeared for a second or two and then came back, tearing something white and dainty and much be-frilled into strips as she came. She had found a stick which was suitable for her purpose.

She never looked at the man while she bandaged the leg above the wound and twisted it tightly by means of the stick. Then she dipped some of her strips in the water which ran in a little hollow close by, and washed the wound itself before binding it up.

The man lay with his eyes closed. He was extremely handsome, with strong features under the mass of roughened, golden hair. The mouth, unhidden by any mustache, was beautifully moulded; the throat was splendid.

Despite her perturbation of mind, Mary noticed the rough country clothes he wore, evidently made by a village tailor. Yet he was a gentleman—quite obviously and distinctly a gentleman. A big fellow, too. As he lay stretched out now on the sod his limbs were enormous.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and asked for water. She brought it to him in the hollow of her hands, and he drank. Then he smiled at her. The smile transformed his face, gave it an innocence, a good-will which were very alluring.

"Now, you will be pretty easy," she said. "It won't bleed any more. Will you lie quite quietly while I go for help?"

"Where?" He caught at her dress and fingered it, as though he were unwilling to let her go.

"To the gamekeeper's cottage close by in the first instance. We must have the doctor first. Then I shall have you carried to Lismoyne House."

"But why?" he asked. "Why not to my own house? It is nearer. I am—"

"I know," she said quietly. "You are Sir Teig O'Donnell. What would happen to your mother if you were brought home like this?"

"Why," he said, "the shock might kill her."

The color was returning to his cheeks. For the life of her Mary Glynn could not but find him pleasant. She did not draw away the fold of her skirt from his fingers.

"So you see," she said, as though she were speaking to a child, young and dear, "it will be better for you to be taken to Lismoyne. We shall nurse you, Aunt Marcella and I. Aunt Marcella is a quiet mouse, who sits in the chimney corner till she is needed, and then she is invaluable. Your mother must be told, quietly, so as not to frighten her. She can come to you if she will. Lismoyne is big enough."

When she had spoken she had a ridiculous feeling that she ought not to have said it. Was she getting to be as mad as he rest of them?

"I know," he said. "You are very good to me. You are Miss Glynn, of course? I have seen you when you have not seen me. How good you are to me! You were going to put me in prison, weren't you?"

"There," she said, "you've talked enough. We shall have plenty of time to talk over those things. They should not have put up the barbed wire. It wasn't playing the game. Now keep very still while I am away."

She ran to the gamekeeper's cottage as swiftly as Atalanta. One messenger was despatched for a doctor, while another went to the house for materials to form a litter. She saw to every detail of the removal herself. It was the oddest piece of topsy-turveydom. Harding, who had been summoned to help, being a man and logical, whistled to himself over the illogicality of women. Miss Glynn had spoken harshly to him about the barbed wire; but she was unjust. She would remember later that she had given him a free hand, and would make the injustice good.

It was Mary's own idea to convey the news of her son's accident to Madam O'Donnell through Father Roche, who was a man of the world, and had a way of regarding the O'Donnells, and for the matter of that, Miss Glynn, with a pleased, humorous smile, as though they were children. After the interview with Mary, and having seen the invalid lying on a big bed in a room, the comfort of which was in odd contrast to the bareness of everything at Spook Castle, the priest went away, twinkling to himself at his own thoughts.

An hour or two later Madam O'Donnell appeared, leaning on his arm. She was a little, delicate, black-browed, oval-faced lady, with a sense of her own importance which would have been ridiculous if it had not been so obviously sincere.

She was, at first, all for removing Sir Teig to the Castle, and when she was dissuaded, she gave in with an air as though the Queen yielded the Heir-Apparent to a subject's care.

"Faith, he'd be twice as long getting well with us as he'll be there, ma'am," said Father Roche to her afterwards. "I see nothing but short commons ahead of us, now the boy's not able to forage for us."

Other thoughts he kept to himself, although he used to smile so much, as though enjoying a very delicious joke, that it made Madam and Cecilia wonder what it could be about.

There was plenty of time for Sir Teig and Mary to discuss the question of the poaching before Sir Teig was well enough to be moved from Lismoyne to Spook Castle. Meanwhile the friendship between Madam and Cecilia and Mary grew, so that it was quite simple and easy for the larder at Spook Castle to be better stocked than it had ever been before, without anybody poaching the game. Mary's sense of humor was certainly developing in the right way when she smiled to herself over Madam's acknowledgments of her gifts, which were as though she did the giver great honor by her acceptance.

Even when Sir Teig was downstairs on a sofa, and might have been transferred to Spook Castle, he seemed in no great hurry to go.

"When you are able to get about again," Mary said to him one day, "will you still poach on my preserves?"

"It would be within my rights," he said. "But, gratitude forbids."

He had a couple of puzzled lines down the centre of his young, white forehead, just where the tan left off with a startling suddenness. The tan was still there, despite his illness and his immurement. He was wondering where the supplies were to come from, since pretty well all the game of the countryside must be counted as of the preserves of Lismoyne.

There had been a good deal said between them which ought to have led up to a solution of the difficulty, but always, at the psychological moment, the young man had pulled himself up short, the girl had changed the subject quickly.

"There is no question of gratitude," she said with her eyes down. "You got hurt through me, and Aunt Marcella and I have nursed you back to health again. The poaching is nothing; it is the point of view. If you still believe you have the right to the things, your refraining from taking them will be nothing."

"Of course we have the right," he said with a flash.

"Then of course you have the right to everything here?" she said, looking at him from under her long eyelashes.

"In equity, yes"; he answered. Then he burst out passionately: "If it was mine, if it was mine in law, I know what I should say, Mary."

"And why not say it?" she said sweetly. "Why not let it be yours in law as it is in equity—? There, there, be quiet. Your are not strong enough— Ah, yes; I loved you from that morning—"

"Teig would have been a poacher to the end, if Mary hadn't married him," Lord Dunfanaghy said later on with a chuckle to Father Roche. "Now—by Jove, I shouldn't be surprised if you found him one of these days preaching the Game Laws. He's building the wall, and the people won't mind it from him. And he's putting floors in the cabins and new thatch on them, and building sties for the pigs. To be sure the people say: 'His Honor knows what's best.' It's an idyll to be sure; but by and by, when they've settled down, you'll find Teig turning into a very good sort of Squire. Mary is learning from him, and he's learning from Mary. A very good sort of an international arrangement, I call it."

ATTITUDES TOWARD SOCIALISM.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

FROM time immemorial relations between names and things have occasioned much discussion, and failure to take account of these relations has often resulted in confusion. Some mistake the name for the thing; many fail to recognize the thing without the name; others are unable to free themselves from their attitudes toward the name, long after the course of life has changed the thing. We are anchored to our likes and dislikes by names, vocabulary, attitudes, and interests, and the fourfold emancipation of thought, which truthseekers should aim at, is a work of tedious care and long waiting.

Modern civilization dislikes the name and the thing Socialism. If a non-socialistic measure be called socialistic, many who dislike the word, are won to opposition because of it. If a measure that is socialistic escape the opprobrium of the name, it escapes opposition that would be aroused were the name used. The case is much the same with liberty and private property. We love the names and fail too often to see wherein the reality is gone. Let no man attack liberty or private property by name! Yet we are incredibly patient of social processes which tend to rob the one of its real meaning and the other of its justification.

It is true that in Socialism, as in all popular movements and in all defense of actual institutions, there is much confusion. If believers in Socialism disagree radically in their statements of principle and in their interpretations, they should be patient with us who, not of their fold, seem to be unable to make a statement of our views of Socialism which its advocates will admit as fair. A Catholic bishop stated some time since that Socialism is hatred of man, of society, of God, hate deep, vile, bitter. A formal reply by a socialist gathering resented the charge. While one may not care to see the matter stated in that way, there is no doubt that what was charged against Socialism had been actually seen in it. From another Catholic source we learn that Socialism threatens the home, abolishes private property. Again, one or another may not care to see the attack made in that way, yet some facts really seem to warrant it. Another Catholic source, speaking under high authority, admits that there is no objection to economic Socialism, provided safe guarantees are given to the Church. A learned Catholic lecturer lectures under the title: "Can a Catholic be a Socialist?" While the report at hand does not show that the question was directly answered, the inference is that only a negative reply was intended. One meets, at times, students of Socialism who appear not to understand why Catholic prelates oppose Socialism. And they ask if declarations by them are merely personal opinions or authoritative edicts. A reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD sent recently to the editor a four-column article from a German Socialist paper, signed "Catholic Socialist." It contained a protest against the Church's condemnation of Socialism, making some points that merit respectful hearing. The article had made a deep impression on the gentleman. What, then, may be said to a Catholic who is strongly inclined toward Socialism and feels that churchmen and the Catholic press are ill-informed and unfair in their opposition to a movement which carries among its contentions many which do appear to be in full sympathy with the spirit and letter of the Gospel.

I.

The Church has taken an attitude of direct specific condemnation of Socialism. This attitude has come to expression in documents issued by the Holy See and Bishops the world over; in Catholic press, in conventions, and in an abundant and varied literature against whose authors the charge of ignorance is preposterous as the intimation of bad faith is incredible. These men have, by every right, their own Catholic point of view. They see the Church as their dearest interest in life, and faith as a treasure, the defense of which calls for far-looking vigilance and jealous anticipation of harm. To ask of our leaders that they be infallible in every policy, wise beyond Solomon in every anticipation, and quick as revolution in correcting such errors of emphasis or of estimate of fact as they may make, is quite unreasonable from any standpoint. One cannot fail of deep sympathy with the mental distress of a believer who drifts into the feeling that in this supreme question of reform, he may not safely trust his leaders. Cannot the general Catholic attitude be justified in his eyes, in a way to win him back from doubt to loyalty, from impatience to trust? His capacity for both loyalty and trust are shown in his willingness to accept socialistic leadership almost without question. Is the warrant of his own Church less strong when it asks him for trust? One might rest the case here. If a believer allows his sympathies to drift away from faith, and himself, sets up the limits to the Church's authority over him, he has already lost an essential element in his Catholicity.

It is not easy to make a satisfactory concrete definition of a Catholic. In the report of the lecture above referred to, a Catholic is defined as one

> whose Catholicity determines his intellectual convictions regarding conduct and theories affecting conduct; one who does not assert his intellectual independence of the Church in that province of thought over which, by divine right, it claims either infallible or magisterial authority; one, therefore, who gives intellectual assent not only to the definitions of the Church, and to those beliefs which are clearly articles of faith, but also permits his mind to be directed by the teaching power of the Church in the practical solution of questions which arise in his time and country, and which have a vital bearing on matters of faith and morals, even though the pronouncements of the Church on these subjects are neither explicitly nor implicitly contained in the deposit of revelation.

This definition, doctrinally accurate and comprehensive, is, of course, not used ordinarily in making an enumeration of Catholics; if applied rigidly, it would probably be as severe on the capitalist as on the Socialist, since capital tends to depart from the spirit of Catholicity quite as much in fact as Socialism does in theory. The Catholic who answers to that definition makes no difficulty concerning Socialism. But the Catholic less finished in his formation, less clear in his mental relation to the Church, held in the clutches of many social forces of which he is scarcely conscious, may be misled into rebellious discontent, if, being inclined to Socialism, he finds the anathema of his Church against it.

1. The Socialist of this type is usually driven to his theories by an intense emotional recoil from the social conditions about him; fierce competition leading directly to gross selfishness; disintegration of society; disestablishment of principles of Christian conduct in the business and industrial world. He finds no satisfactory explanation of the Church's patient toleration of these conditions. Unsettled in this manner, he looks to Socialism for relief and believes that he sees promise of it. He realizes, then, that the Church is set firmly against Socialism, and his mind is given over to distrust of the Church's leadership and wisdom. What may be said in justification of this attitude of the Church?

2. Socialism has bitterly opposed the Church, reviled religion, and scorned its expression. It has represented it as a shrewd piece of trading on ignorance and superstition, as a contrivance hypocritically engaged in servile defense of capital. Under the term Socialism as used, reference is made to the men who have loved and taught it, the literature they have produced, and the methods they have employed, the party spirit that they have developed. It is of course said every day that these are Socialists not Socialism, and that as Washington, who was a freemason, did not make our institutions an expression of freemasonry, so the atheistic Socialists cannot make Socialism atheistic.

To that it may in fairness be replied that the cases are scarcely alike. Socialist leaders have looked upon the Church as an obstacle to them; the virtues she attempts to develop are not of the kind that Socialists welcome; and they have spoken and written against her in an openly hostile way. That Socialism is something else, that many Socialists do not share this spirit, simply makes it necessary to exercise care in speaking of them, but it does not hide the fact that accepted leaders have made their attacks on the Church or Christianity, part of their active propaganda. Let us say only, then, that this is true of many Socialists and of much Socialism, not of all Socialists and all Socialism; true only as far as it goes.

(3) But in addition to this personal hostility to the Church, we find that the essential economic tenet of Socialism, collective ownership of capital with its implications, reaches its strongest setting in a systematic philosophy which includes atheism, materialism, determinism, repudiating the basic doctrines of the

Christian view of life. This does not mean that collectivism is not or cannot be otherwise expressed. It can be otherwise expressed. But, in fact, it has come to its strongest expression as part of a materialistic philosophy, which the Church necessarily repudiates. In as far then as Socialism does actually appear in such a system of thought and interpretation of history, the Church is compelled to condemn and oppose it at whatever cost. Representative Socialists have found it wise to go beyond their economics into philosophy and theology, to teach a new concept of life. It is surely fair to charge Socialism with such doctrines in as far as they are identified with it. But this does not refer to all Socialism nor all Socialists.

4. There are others, let us say, who are Socialists and have nothing to say on philosophy or theology; who advocate the collective ownership of capital and governed distribution of product, and confine themselves to that. The reading of any average treatise on economics or politics will furnish illustration. The proposal involves so many and such radical changes, advocated with such intemperate energy, that no great institution, gifted with the sense of established facts, can easily accord a welcome to it, no matter by what process of reasoning it is defended, or by what apparent facts it is invited.

It is not easy to realize how the mind of the Church hears the talk of Socialism. She has lived all these centuries, aiming to overcome the forces of sin and social evil; fighting with elaborate and impressive ritual to force man to believe in his own responsibility; struggling against the varied and subtle passions of man, in the endeavor to make real to him the life beyond. She has watched the fairest and purest among her children consecrate themselves to religious life, and has seen, only too often, whole communities fall from their original zeal, because they failed to conquer human nature. She has fought against those who have taught that human nature is entirely depraved, and yet she has not been able to abandon herself to unquestioning trust in it. Her moral system, her concept of justice, the whole fibre of her judgments, have become inextricably identified with property institutions as history has seen them develop. She has tried, in season and out of season, to convince man of the facts and processes of the supernatural life. All of this is in and of her life and thought and attitudes and vocabulary, and the Socialist presents himself to her, one of her own children, let us say, and tells his story. She finds the names and thoughts that he uses strange to her ears and unwelcome to her mind. A cure-all is offered when she has looked the centuries through for even hopeful progress. She has fought for justice and has been reviled for it—and here is justice guaranteed in one phrase. Atmosphere, emphasis, tone, analysis of evil, force for reconstruction, brought to her notice by Socialism, are so unlike her own atmosphere, emphasis, and tone, that it is incredible that she would be friendly to it at once. The Church's inability to overturn her own psychology and to adopt an entirely new one in a moment, would seem to explain, in part, her aversion to the new doctrine, even taking it at its best, and not blaming to it the shocking accessory doctrines on love and marriage and religion which many among its believers hold.

A fear seems to assert itself, naturally enough, that there are well-defined dangers in the psychology of revolt; that the mind which frankly accepts this economic scheme as now proposed, may find it easier to become more and more radical than to become less and less so, and that, when this and that stubborn obstacle get in the way, the fiery temper that bodes disaster supplants the caution that good sense suggests. There is some danger that the story of Troy and the wooden horse is repeated in the cases of many, who, accepting the socialistic principle, failed to foresee the germs of further revolt that it contains. In plainer words, there is among churchmen an explicit feeling that the Catholic who becomes a Socialist in the supposedly innocent way of advocating only collectivism, runs risk of going much farther, to the detriment of his faith and loyalty to the Church.

On the question of fact, there is some confirmation. It is stated that in Germany, Catholics who have become Socialists tend to abandon Catholic worship and sacraments, and they have been known, when dying, to refuse the services of a priest, saying: "I shall remain consistent."

We have seen here in the United States, at least two priests abandon their faith and Church and enter among those who scoff at her, after becoming Socialists in the supposedly harmless sense of the term. It is stated that not a prominent member of the Socialist parties in the United States, who was once a Catholic, has remained so. A Catholic Socialist in a western city, delegate at the time to a labor convention, left the Church during a sermon on Socialism, because the preacher, a scholarly and fair-minded man, who had studied Socialism many years, accused the movement of being materialistic. An investigation of a small number of alleged Catholic Socialists in a western city showed that not one of them was a practical Catholic. Some who have been in the movement, and have left it, give assurance that its spirit is directly sceptical and irreligious.

There is no desire in these statements of fact to force their meaning in any way. The suggestion may be of service to some who are at a loss to know why the Church seems to oppose Socialism under whatever form it presents itself. If others find no value in the thought presented, they may pass it by.

II.

Another point remains to be considered, one on which it is not easy to get an explanation that is entirely satisfactory to the class now held in mind, Catholics who might be inclined to believe in economic Socialism; that is, whether or not, in fact, Socialism does actually aim at the abolition of private property in such a way to run counter to the divinely sanctioned natural right of property. No effort is made in these pages to account for the attitude of churchmen who maintain that it does. The main desire is to state the problem as it appears to the hypothetical Socialist that we have in mind.

From one prominent Catholic source we learn that Socialism aims at the confiscation of wealth; that it is advocated by hoodlums and rabble; and that it is in violation of the divine command: "Thou shalt not steal." From another Catholic source we learn that an official organ of one of our socialist parties "boldly attacks the divinely recognized right of private property." An English priest published recently a sermon on Socialism under the text: "Thou shalt not steal."

Let us make full allowance for all such charges against Socialism, and assent fully to the condemnation of the Socialism of which they are true. But if we meet a type of Socialism of which this is not true, what are we to do? If we meet a kind of Socialism which aims to defend and extend concretely and directly the enjoyment of private property in its natural personal functions; if we meet a kind which believes fully in private ownership of what is economically called wealth, and which is accurate in its analysis of property and sure in its aims concerning it, how are we to meet it?

We might claim that such a distinction is useless and it evades the issue. Yet our economists recognize the distinction between capital and wealth as fundamental, and they have no difficulty whatever in treating the two as involved in distinct economic processes. We might say that in last analysis it is only the wealth function of things, and not the capital function, that justifies property. Again, we might claim that those who make the distinction between capital and wealth, and believe in the sanctity of private ownership of wealth, are not Socialists. But that would involve contradiction with palpable facts, although we do meet at times in socialistic literature the phrase "abolition of private property." Or we might admit that there is value in the distinction, but claim that a Socialist who embraces this form of doctrine will surely tend to become more radical and endanger his faith in the process. This appears to be a well-warranted position, but it has no value for many of those whom we have in mind. For them it is merely a prophecy, and as such it has no value as an argument.

Let us, then, assume that we may have a type of Socialist and Socialism in which no "confiscation of wealth" is proposed; in which the "divinely sanctioned right of private property" is not attacked. We may then endeavor to outline the processes through which our hypothetical Socialist's mind works, and see the questions which present themselves to him.

1. Looking at the facts of property, he finds that the present system, as it has worked out, contains no normal guarantee to the individual that he shall own such wealth as will best enable him to attain to full development. Distinguishing between hoodlum and vicious, lazy, and idle on one hand, and willing, industrious, and deserving on the other, he finds that by hundreds of thousands these latter are shut out from enjoyment of any property beyond owning precarious and insufficient incomes. He finds degradation, arrested development, misery resulting. He sees, furthermore, that among those who accumulate quantities of property, perversion of aim, disorder in motive, false ambitions blight their lives and rob them only too

often of healthy understanding of life and its meaning. He finds also that the middle class, historically the safest and noblest, appears to be in process of disintegration and lives in more or less fear. This is so true that practically all intelligent members of the middle class realize and frankly admit that their earning capacity now is far short of the obligations which they feel toward their families, and they resort to accident insurance, life insurance, and mutual benefit societies of all kinds to protect those dependent on them. For them insurance is a necessity and mercy, though the rich take advantage of it also with different motives.

At any rate, the struggle to maintain ourselves, and make such progress as the average course of life demands, costs so much energy, that nearly everywhere the emphasis on the property motive is excessive, with doubtful results in men's lives. We find that property has undergone tremendous development; that to property in actual things have been added symbols in money and in credits; that future things, things yet to be produced in coming decades, are now owned, bought, accumulated, and sold in the credit symbols—bonds, stocks, mortgages; that the present generation already owns and traffics in the earnings of men and women who will live twenty and forty years hence. In this way, the apparent volume of property is expanded to incredible proportions, and these valid claims on future products may, at any moment, be converted into claims on actual products now on hand in society. Thus the passion for indefinite accumulation and chance for it are found everywhere; the forms of credit which may be owned remove all or nearly all the natural obstacles to possession; new and unnatural uses for property, quite foreign to its primary natural function as wealth, appear and affect its distribution extensively.

Our hypothetical Socialist finds, furthermore, that capital or property has become a special interest in society, affecting legislation and administration, and that the intensity of the property motive has so far undermined character that we tend to suspect our courts, legislators, executives, and our leaders, of basely selling themselves into the service of any one who wishes to enrich himself at the expense of the public. The money motive is like blood-poisoning in the social body, as our Socialist sees it.

2. It may now be clear that the divinely sanctioned natural

right of private property will give us one set of results in a society living on a basis of property in things only, without money and credits. It will give us another set of results when the money symbol is devised and sanctioned, for money permits one to accumulate claims rather than things. It will give us still another set of results when society devises credits, drawing back into actual life and transaction products of years and years to come. Money is not wealth economically, nor is it capital, unless for a banker or money changer; credits are not wealth, nor are they capital except for the broker or trader. There is no wealth but life, and industrially capital is in things that grow or develop into uses for life and living.

3. Let us assume that divine and natural laws have sanctioned this evolution of property through money and credits. Overlooking the teaching and activity of the Church against credits and interest in centuries which have no modern counterpart, and, as well, her doctrine on the nature of money, let us find profits, interest, massive accumulation, competition, inequalities of fortune, legitimate and sanctioned, but surely not specifically imposed by natural and divine law. Let us protect every holder of property to the fullest, and ask, with our reformer, if natural and divine law forbid one to work for reorganization of property. There is no need now to question how far the whole business and industrial worlds have thrown off Christian ethics; how far factory owners, railroad presidents, stock jobbers, stock watering geniuses, competing grocers and meat packers, and steel manufacturers and bankers, corporations generally, will welcome the Catholic theologian to their desks, and listen with proper docility while he exposes the Christian principles of just price, reasonable profit, and loyal methods on which business should be conducted. Nor need we inquire how an ideally living Catholic, or Catholic institution, may invest money in a way which will not involve contact with fraud; whether if one invest in railroad bonds, one must find out if the company's methods of earning are noble and fair and merciful. And if one may invest only where such methods are employed, where is one to find such corporations and how may one know them? We may leave aside all such direct and somewhat embarrassing questions, and allow that our supposed Socialist recognizes and sanctions all prop-

erty holdings now found. Is society prevented by natural and divine law from commencing to-morrow to bring about a total reorganization of property that concerns only the future?

If, for instance, legal sanction were withheld hereafter from all forms of industrial credits in a way to hinder individuals in the future from creating, selling, or owning them, or deriving revenue from them, we might see a first step toward accumulation by society, of the ownership of, and control of, all credits. Society might thus enter industry as a competitor with individuals, and by use of ordinary competitive methods drive them out of business, or, more mercifully, wait for a generation when the transfer would accomplish itself.

With this stroke, speculation might be wiped out, it is thought; individuals who made a living by handling credits, or lived on income from them, would be compelled to go into productive activity. This change would reduce the social valuation of property enormously, and society would revert to a basis where wealth resumes its natural function and the individual owns what he earns, having neither opportunity to accumulate beyond, nor incentive for it, nor need of it. On the whole, the main contention of our hypothetical Socialist might be realized —in his mind—by such a step. He asks then if in method or alleged results any violation of natural or divine law is found.

III.

In speaking in this manner, an effort was made to hint at the course that our Socialist's mind is apt to take. The outline, true to what may be assumed to be his mental process, follows the thought out unrelated, and passes, unnoticed for the moment, the conflicts of principle and relations of other factors involved. The reader may feel that this is all fiction, theory, yet the class that asks the question concerning Socialism and the Church will grow, and it may be worth while to study the attitude of mind and sympathy which prompts the question. This type of inquirer refuses to be satisfied if informed that Socialism attacks the natural and divine right of property. He claims stoutly that his kind does not.

The point held in mind is not whether or not the Church is to take a stand against Socialism. She has done so. But in taking that position, now and then come to expression, reasons for it. The individual who is inclined toward Socialism, if dissatisfied with churchmen's position, is doubly dissatisfied if he find any inaccuracy or false assumption underlying it. Were this type of individual merely an individual it might be well to suffer that he remain as he is, for no great institution can in her world work stop to settle the temperamental difficulties of each one whom she meets. But it seems probable that men of this type will increase in number and in intensity of feeling. Hence the matter of retaining influence over them is one of importance. It is probable that Socialism will become less radical, or better, that many, who are less radical than present leaders, will go into the movement. They will carry with them more sympathy with Christianity and less of the cruder emotions which have heretofore held sway. This increases the menace in Socialism by making it more plausible, and less obnoxious, without diminishing its fundamental mistakes. It is probable that we shall hear less and less of hate, of free love, of atheism, and materialism, and that the movement will centre around the essential project of making collective, the ownership of capital. The more that this is done, the more keen, direct, and accurate will be the understanding of property, of its social function and individual basis to be found among Socialists. If they develop, fully intending to protect and expand private and personal property in wealth, it will be useless to claim that they aim at confiscation of wealth, or that they attack the divinely sanctioned right of private property.

One does not become a Socialist, or incline toward Socialism, unless one lose, in proportion, confidence in the actual order of things. Now the number who tend to lose this confidence appears to increase. Men are appalled at the corruption due to the intensity of the money motive, distressed at being forced daily into dishonest and disloyal business practices; they are aroused at the long train of undeniable evils which follow property organization as we have it. And such impressions accumulate and reinforce one another, doing much more to make Socialists than the propaganda of Socialism's leaders. It is not the fashion nowadays to analyze social problems into terms of sin, it must be done in terms of institutions, social forces, and the like. Instead of turning back to religion and its forces, men who tend to lose confidence in the present order, merely go on and devise another set of institutions, call them Socialism, and look for happiness and a golden age.

As regards the Church, her position is viewed from two standpoints by those who find fault with her attitude toward Socialism. First they are at a loss to understand her spirit of toleration of conditions as they exist. They miss the volume and directness of protest constantly to be found where she is active, and they forget the limitations to her activity placed by circumstances of modern life. Second, they get from Socialists or from any other source a habit of quoting Scripture texts to show that the present order is in violent contradiction of Christ's teaching, and that the proposed socialistic order is the purest expression of it. A text, telling them to hear and obey the Church, does not impress them one-half as much as one condemning the rich man. It is legitimate, seemingly, to quote Ambrose, Basil, and Jerome as showing that purer Christianity is socialistic, but quite wrong to quote Marx and Engel and Kautsky and Bebel to show that Socialism is atheistic.

That the Church's position is wholly warranted will not be doubted by any who see the whole situation, but it must be worth while to endeavor so to develop her position and explain it, that the class held in mind now may be impressed by the accuracy of analysis, correctness of assumption, and reasonableness of view which she takes.

IV.

There is no pretense to satisfy, in these pages, all who are in any way inclined toward economic Socialism. Setting aside the Socialism that is hostile to the Church, the Socialism that is materialistic and deterministic, concerning which there need be no question, we find it alleged in Catholic circles that Socialism aims at confiscation of wealth, abolition of private property. If it does, it merits the worst said against it. As to Socialism which claims that it aims to protect, extend, secure private ownership of wealth, by giving to each practically all that he produces—and thereby distribute property naturally—

we appear to lack a literature which satisfies those who are inclined toward it.

One may not wisely pretend to anticipate the action of those in the Church to whom authority is committed. That, even in this form of Socialism, there may be menace to personal liberty, to the stability of institutions, to the developed doctrine of justice, a confusion in relations of individual to society, an entirely or largely false analysis of social wrongs, and a mistaken impression concerning the power of mere institutions to remedy them; a view of the nature of social laws and forces quite unlike that held traditionally in the Church; that all of this and much more may be found in Socialism's least objectionable form is, indeed, quite probable. That there are, consequently, abundant reasons warranting the Church's action against Socialism is willingly assumed by her children who trust her. All who are interested will naturally welcome a development of authoritative literature on the problem. If sincere Socialists tell us that they do not attack private property in wealth, it is well to believe them and to account for opposition on grounds other than this, that they do attack it.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

III.

AS we have seen[*] two articles of the law introduced by the government on December 15, 1906, were measures of active war against the clergy. But, through the influence of M. Briand, other clauses were inserted in the law to the end that Catholics might legally hold religious services, and also form organizations without having to submit to the law of *Associations Cultuelles* which had been condemned by the Holy See. The Minister of Public Worship offered them the benefit of the law of 1881 on public meetings, or that of the law of 1901 on the liberty of association. M. Briand thus explained this change of tactics:

> The significant importance of the fact that Catholics have refused to organize *Associations Cultuelles*, and that the ecclesiastical authorities have not taken advantage of the opportunity offered them to retain control of their properties, cannot be denied. So long as we felt certain that *Associations Cultuelles* would be established throughout the country and that religious worship would be continued, either in an organized way by means of them, or privately through individual initiative, no legal difficulty in the matter presented itself. But from the moment that the Catholic Church refused to accept the special legislation of 1905, and forbade the organization of *Associations Cultuelles* which would possess the power of administering ecclesiastical property, the government considered that the Catholic Church came under the jurisdiction of the common law and possessed the right of holding its religious worship and its services as an organized society under the law of July, 1901.[†]
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> We propose to have these things definitely stated in laws, and legislation will thus offer new facilities to those who wish

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[*] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1907.

[†] This law regulated the liberty of association.

to practise their religion freely and peacefully. Public worship may be celebrated either by *Associations Cultuelles*, retaining all the privileges of the law of 1905; or by common law associations, organized according to the law of 1901 ; or by public meetings, which may continue to be held through individual initiative, by virtue of the common law of June 30, 1881. Moreover, we propose to sanction, by a special clause, the interpretation already given to the law of December 9, 1905.

We give here the text of the two articles concerning the holding of public worship, according to the plan proposed by the government :

Article 4. The public exercise of a religion may be carried out, independently of the associations subject to the stipulations of Clause iv. of the law of December, 9, 1905, either by means of associations regulated by the law of July 1, 1901 ; or by means of assemblies, held by individual initiative, under the law of June 30, 1881 ; and according to the prescriptions of Article 25 of the law of December 9, 1905.

Article 5. In default of *Associations Cultuelles*, the edifices set apart for the exercise of public worship, with their furnishings, will continue, save in cases of disaffection as provided for by the law of December 9, 1905, to be placed at the disposal of the faithful and of the ministers of religion for the observance of their ceremonies.

This right of ownership may be accorded either to *Associaations Cultuelles*, instituted in compliance with the law of December 9, 1905 ; or to associations formed by virtue of the above-mentioned stipulations of the law of July 1, 1901 ; or to ministers of religion, whose names must be stated in the declarations prescribed by Article 25* of the law of December 9, 1905. The possession, as above provided for, of the said edifices and their furnishings—with an understanding of the obligations formulated by Article 13 of the law of December 9, 1905, will be accorded by means of a legal deed, drawn up by the Prefect, for the holdings placed in the hands of a sequestrator and those belonging to the State and to the departments ; and by the Mayor for those which are the property of the communes.

Although severely criticised by members of the opposition, and by M. Ribot in the name of the Progressive Republicans, and by M. Jacques Piou, President of the *Action Liberale Populaire*, this ministerial project was, nevertheless, voted by the Chamber and the Senate. On January 2, 1907, it was promulgated as law.

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* Article 25 imposes the obligation of making an annual declaration upon all who assemble together for religious worship.

A few days later, January 6, the Holy Father addressed an encyclical to the clergy and people of France, in which he again protested against these measures of persecution. In that encyclical the Holy Father wrote:

> History will relate that we have defended you, beloved sons, with all the strength of our great tenderness; that we have demanded and continue to demand for the Church, whose eldest daughter is the Church of France, recognition of the hierarchy, inviolability of ecclesiastical property, and religious liberty; that if our demands had been satisfied there would be no religious war in France; that on the day when they are satisfied, the much-desired peace will reign.

After the publication of this encyclical, the Bishops of France assembled for the purpose of discussing the most practical method of maintaining public worship. The assembly was held in the middle of January at the Chateau de la Muette. At the first session the Bishops unanimously signed an address to the Holy Father, expressing their gratitude and their filial obedience.* The Bishops further took emphatic exception to the calumny against the Holy See, that it was influenced by aims and purposes foreign to its religious mission; and to that against themselves, that they were following the Pope not so much from conviction as from discipline. The Bishops issued another document which came as something of a surprise to both Catholics and opponents. It is known as the "Declaration of the Bishops of France." Through it the Bishops again protested against the position in which the Church was placed; but—and this point is of considerable importance—they affirmed their willingness "to make a trial of an organization for public worship," provided the obscurities of certain texts of the law of 1907 were cleared away. This is, in part, their declaration:

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*The Bishops also drew up, on January 15, an address which was sent to many foreign bishops, in response to messages of sympathy which had been received. "On this subject," the address read in part," we bear witness to the spirit of Catholic solidarity which manifested itself in so many countries. We regret that its manifestation should have been occasionally accompanied by a resolution to boycott French merchandise. Such a resolution but thinly veils a spirit anything but religious."

> An administrative contract, agreed upon by Prefects on the one hand, and by Bishops and Rectors on the other, may by the terms of the law place the latter in possession of the churches. . . . In expressing ourselves as disposed to undertake a trial of agreements of this sort, we ask the right to introduce into such agreements any clauses not destructive of public order, but destined, rather, to give us two absolutely necessary guarantees—one concerning the permanence and protection of religious services in the churches thus given to us; and the other concerning the safeguarding of the principles of the hierarchy.

In order to offer a definite plan for the negotiations with the civil authorities, the Bishops added to this document a copy of a contract which they considered acceptable. By the terms of such a contract, to be entered into by the mayor of each commune and the rector of the parish, authorized by his bishop, the municipality would grant to the priest the possession of the church and all its furnishings for a period of eighteen years. But it was stipulated that if, during this period, the priest who signed the contract ceased (for any reason) to be rector of the parish in question, said possession was to go by right to his successor appointed by the bishop of the diocese. (Recognition was thus given to the hierarchy.) Under another clause the mayor was to refrain from all intervention with regard to either the administration of the parish or the occupation of the building. This declaration by the Bishops produced a most favorable impression upon all those who—Catholics or non-Catholics—really desired religious peace.

It came, moreover, at an opportune moment, for the spirit of bitterness and hostility had relaxed. The Abbé Lemire had succeeded in obtaining assurance from the government that the pension fund for aged and infirm priests would not be withdrawn. The government, doubtless through the influence of M. Briand, had abandoned the prosecution of ecclesiastics guilty of the "offence of the Mass," and on January 22, 1907, had by law done away with the obligation of a preliminary declaration for the holding of religious worship.

While protesting, as a matter of form, against the declaration of the Bishops, M. Briand expressed his willingness to enter into negotiations. The Minister of Public Worship published a circular, or rather a number of circulars, indicating how the prefects and mayors might come to an understanding with the bishops and rectors in drawing up the deeds concerning church property. As a result, it was felt on both sides that a compromise would be effected. The Prefect of the Seine and the archiepiscopal administration of Paris had consulted concerning the metropolitan Church of Notre Dame. The contract drawn up in this instance would, in the minds of many, serve as a type. In all the dioceses the municipalities, by a large majority, had signified their willingness to sign the contract. *L'Aquitaine*, the organ of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, declared that a speedy agreement between the Church and the Government was most probable.

But it was all too good to be true. M. Clemenceau, in the course of a debate in the chamber, practically attacked his colleague, M. Briand. As a result the Minister of Public Worship left the chamber and sent in his resignation. The news of this action caused such dissatisfaction among the greater part of the majority that M. Clemenceau, returning to the tribune, offered his apologies to M. Briand. The latter then withdrew his resignation. A few days later M. Briand, in a long speech, defended his policy of conciliation. M. Clemenceau refrained from protesting against any portion of the speech, and even affected to approve of his colleague's statements. But in reality the President of the Council was planning his revenge. He so manœuvred that the Bishops were unable to accept the conditions he laid down, and as a consequence negotiations were broken off. M. Clemenceau summoned the Prefect of the Seine, who was negotiating with the diocesan administration of Paris, and ordered him to declare that the contract, proposed by Cardinal Richard, did not please the Government, and that among other concessions the religious authorities would have to promise in writing not to place at the head of parishes foreigners, or former members of religious orders. In the face of such exactions the Archbishop concluded that it would be useless to present another form of contract, and once more the reign of religious peace was postponed.

One must not conclude, however, that all these efforts for the restoration of peace have been utterly useless. We are now nearer to a solution of the religious problem than we were in December, 1906. The solution may not give entire satisfaction;

it will at least give toleration. Passions are not so intense; the hierarchy has given every proof of an earnest desire for conciliation; the priests continue to celebrate freely the offices of religion; the faithful attend; the churches are open; and apparently nothing is changed.

But the problem of how the clergy is to be supported is soon to present itself in a most urgent and alarming manner. In every diocese the bishop has been compelled to organize the "pence for worship," in order to meet all the heavy burdens which formerly, in great part, were borne by the State, the departments, and the communes. To give some idea of the funds that will be required by each bishop, it will suffice to cite, according to Mgr. Péchenard, the newly-appointed bishop of Soissons, a list of expenses now imposed on each diocesan administration:

1. The salaries of all ecclesiastics officially connected with the diocese.
2. The general administration of the diocese.
3. The large and small seminaries now despoiled of their resources. The seminary buildings have been taken over by the State.
4. The maintenance of aged and infirm priests; the fund for whom is now under sequestration.
5. The help that must be extended to poor churches and to poor dioceses when in want and distress.

Where these necessary funds will come from no one can say. It will, at least, be absolutely necessary for the richer sections of the country to come generously to the aid of those poorer or less Catholic.

Yet, in spite of these innumerable difficulties, perhaps on account of them, one feels an awakening of zeal among the clergy and the faithful laity. Our priests have accepted, not only without murmur but with joy, the trials that have come and that are yet to come. For the most part they are without any personal means, yet they are determined to remain faithful to the Church, even though such fidelity should reduce them to extreme poverty.

Freed from the many obligations which the Concordat imposed upon them, our bishops are doing apostolic work among souls. In Paris the venerable Cardinal Richard is creating parishes in the crowded districts, which in that respect had been so poverty-stricken. At Versailles Mgr. Gibier has engaged the Abbé Gayraud to lecture—not in church, so little frequented by men, but in a theatre that is thronged with men eager to hear the Abbé's words. At Rheims the archbishop has called together his priests and the heads of the diocesan charities, in order to study and discuss the form of missionary work that would best meet the present conditions. The young men of the *Sillon* are carrying on an active propaganda in special congresses; in public discussions; in the press.

On all sides we are witnessing an awakening of religious life and zeal. The present hour is, therefore, not one of discouragement, but rather of hopeful effort. Perhaps, even with regard to those in power, there is no cause for absolute despair. I am fully aware that M. Briand has stated "that no government could dream of taking up again with Rome relations broken off by parliament," but I also recollect that the same M. Briand, in a moment of bitter feeling, said that the government did not deny to itself the right of learning from the events of the current year. I hope for a good outcome. I obstinately believe in a happy future for Catholicism in my country.

(THE END.)

New Books.

BRUNETIERE.

A spirited sketch* of the great French critic for whom, as M. Jules Lemaitre has said, France and the Church will long wear mourning, comes from the pen of a learned professor who, we should say, has drawn his knowledge of Brunetière less from personal communication than from a wide acquaintance with Brunetière's voluminous writings. He speaks of the man; the critic; the orator; the Catholic. The early struggles of the impecunious student, who scorned delights and lived laborious days, are slightly touched upon. His tireless energy, prodigious memory, combative disposition, and somewhat autocratic impatience with those who held opinions contrary to his own, are the features which stand out most prominent in M. Delmont's picture of the man The chapter devoted to the critic—the best of the book—contains, in extremely compressed form, the judgments of Brunetière on most of the great names in French literature.

Considerable space is consecrated to the Catholic. M. Delmont remarks that Brunetière came to Catholicism from afar. He points out, in disappointingly brief form, the milestones of that journey. He ascribes the conversion of Brunetière chiefly to the influence of Bossuet. A very pronounced conservative, M. Delmont places no bounds to his admiration for those opinions, tendencies, and statements in which Brunetière manifests his devotion to order and tradition; and he treats as illogical lapses from right thinking and right feeling, Brunetière's manifestations of approbation—neither few, nor insignificant—for modern ideas and individual initiative. He is disedified and provoked that the great man should have found any good in democracy. He reprimands him for having said a kind word for the French Republic, though in doing so, Brunetière only followed the instructions of Leo XIII., for whose statesmanlike genius and brilliant successes M. Delmont, incidentally, expresses profound admiration.

Above all, M. Delmont is scandalized that Brunetière should have found so much to admire in the United States. When adherents of the politico-religious school, to which this eminent professor of the Catholic faculties of Lyons seems to belong, turn to the United States for arguments against democracy, they usually exhibit a genuine talent for unintentional caricature, which is rendered all the more amusing by the profound conviction of the artist that he knows thoroughly what he is talking about. Within the limits of a page M. Delmont has shown that, in this particular line of intellectual effort, he need not fear any of his numerous competitors. After stating, in striking rhetorical form, that "the McKinleys and Roosevelts can, for four years, annul every vote of Congress, and, with impunity, steal the Philippines and Cuba from Spain, and Panama from Central America," he makes this wonderful announcement: "The United States is nothing but a plutocracy, with its electoral college of Tammany Hall, possessed of thousands of millions, and exercising an absolute dictatorship during four or eight years!" As if to complete the amazement of his readers, at his own wealth of information and the unspeakable degradation of the United States, he gravely appends a footnote to declare that "President Grant was compelled to restore 120 millions stolen by his friends and himself during his presidency." And: "It has just been discovered that the senators of the American Congress received 185 millions for declaring war against Spain and robbing her of Cuba and the Philippines!" What explanation is to be offered of the fact that the most resolute and extreme vilifiers and traducers of the United States in Europe are a certain section of our fellow-Catholics?

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* *Ferdinand Brunetière.* By Th. Delmont. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

ADVANCED CIVICS.
By Dr. Forman.

This is an admirable text-book,* meeting as it does every standard demand made of a text-book. The author has succeeded in describing, very clearly, a most complex government. Each chapter is followed by a series of suggestive questions and exercises, which will enable the student or reader to test, and to compare with life and literature about him, the theory exposed. This appeal for personal judgment of political conditions, and the direct concrete application forced on the reader, give Dr. Forman's volume an actual value distinct from its character as an exposition. The work completes admirably the course begun in the author's elementary treatise.

* *Advanced Civics. The Spirit, the Form, and the Functions of the American Government.* By S. E. Forman, Ph.D. New York: The Century Company.

MOTHER.
By M. Gorky.

The reviewer had the double advantage or disadvantage of knowing little about Gorky or his literary and political work when this new volume* was placed in his hands. The recent disastrous trip of the famous Russian to the United States, and his success in outraging American public opinion by his conduct, placed his name in prominence, but did little to commend his gospel.

Mother is a story of revolutionary Russia, in which a mother and her son appear as active characters. The son is the earlier convert and the mother, a sturdy, undeveloped woman, with slowly awakening perceptions, and greater capacity for feeling than power of expression, follows him by the force of situations in which she is placed. The whole tragedy of peasant life is brought before the reader with great force in the choppy dialogue and direct literal view of things with which the work abounds. The spirit and methods of revolution are well described, and the hopeless lot of the lower class is brought out impressively.

As it may be assumed that the average American would not hesitate a moment to join the revolutionists, were he transplanted from this land of free speech, free press, and democracy, to the domain of the Czar, where such essential blessings are denied to benighted and oppressed throngs, wholesale condemnation of many of the teachings of Gorky's book might, though merited, appear out of place.

The story gives a good insight into the Russian socialistic revolt; hence, as a document, it will have value for all students of Socialism.

IDEALS OF PEACE.
By Jane Addams.

Recently, when in the course of a conversation, the name of Miss Addams was mentioned, a professor of sociology, whose freedom from sentimentality is above suspicion, remarked, with emphasis: "Ah, that is the ablest woman in America!" Certainly, Miss Addams' preeminence among her sister-sociologists is undisputed. And why should not the professor of sociology assume that primacy in sociology is absolute primacy? Did not the fishmonger feel that he had exhausted the possibilities of panegyric when he testified that the illustrious departed nobleman had always been very fond of fish? With wide experience in work for the betterment of social conditions among the poor, Miss Addams has the gift of understanding the meaning of the facts and systems which have come under her sympathetic notice. She looks beneath the surface of individual character and present conditions for the causes of the evils that she bears witness to. Her calm and detached attitude towards the problems which she examines gives the impression that her conclusions are not merely the disguised postulates of a preconceived theory, but convictions obtained from a dispassionate observation and analysis of facts.

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* *Mother.* By Maxim Gorky. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The present volume* consists of a collection of studies, which, though not a logical, consecutive unity, are, nevertheless, correlated to a common central thought. This idea is that the strongest force available for the suppression of war is the development, through the influence of industrial life, of the consciousness of human brotherhood and solidarity.

The newer ideals of peace are active and dynamic, and if properly fostered would, in Miss Addams' judgment, do away with war. In contrast with them, the older ideals have been passive; they have been inculcated, for many years past, by two arguments. "The first has been the appeal to the higher imaginative pity, as it is found in the modern, moralized man. This line has been most effectively followed by two Russians, Count Tolstoi in his earlier writings, and by Verestchagin in his paintings." These men appeal to us, one by the pen, the other by his brush, by presenting the sordidness, the squalor, the measureless cruelty of war. "The second line followed by the advocates of peace in all countries has been the appeal to the sense of prudence; and this, again, has found its ablest exponent in a Russian subject, the economist and banker Jean de Bloch. He sets forth the cost of warfare with pitiless accuracy, and demonstrates that even the present armed peace is so costly that the burdens of it threaten social revolution in almost every country in Europe." Continue to make the best of these means, but employ a greater one to hand, which is to press into service "the ancient kindliness which sat beside the cradle of the race," and strengthen it to overcome ambition and greed and desire for achievement, which are the roots of the strife among nations and among classes—this is the gospel that Miss Addams preaches.

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* *Newer Ideals of Peace.* By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The survival of ideas proper to the age of militarism and strife, and the endeavor to regulate the industrial age of to-day by them, Miss Addams essays to show, are the prolific causes of the evils of city government in America. The same mistake results in a shortsighted, wasteful, and unjust handling of the immigration problem, of the problem of child labor in factories and elsewhere, and in the exclusion of women from municipal government, to the manifest disadvantage of civil administration.

On the question of child labor, Miss Addams arraigns American legislation for its short-sighted inconsistency, and administers a reproof to American self-complaisance. She argues that, compared with European countries, the United States is deficient in protective legislation; and

> We have made public education our great concern in America, and, perhaps, the public school system is our most distinctive achievement; but there is a certain lack of consistency in the relation of the State to the child after he leaves the public school. At great expense the State has provided school buildings and equipment in which to prepare professional teachers. It has spared no pains to make the system complete, and yet as rapidly as the children leave the school-room the State seems to lose all interest and responsibility in their welfare, and has, until quite recently, turned them over to the employer with no restrictions.

As a leader in the work of Hull House, Chicago, Miss Addams has come in close contact with the immigrant, and the sympathy which she has for him is one of the features which distinguish her writing from the dry ratiocinations of the merely academic theorist. One of her most characteristic chapters is that devoted to our failure to utilize immigrants in city government, chiefly through neglect to take advantage of "the great resevoirs of human ability and motive power" contained in the special abilities, habits, and qualities, industrial and moral, of the various races pouring into the country.

> Because of a military inheritance we, as a nation, strictly contend that all this varied and suggestive life has nothing to do with government nor patriotism, and that we perform

> the full duty of American citizens when the provisions of the status on naturalization are carried out. In the mean time, in the interests of our theory that commercial and governmental powers should have nothing to do with each other, we carefully ignore the one million false naturalization papers in the United States issued and concealed by commercialized politics. Although we have an uneasy knowledge that these powers are curiously allied, we profess that the latter has no connection with the former and no control over it. We steadily refuse to recognize the fact that our age is swayed by industrial forces.

This is a very suggestive book. Its one weakness is that, though it does not quite neglect the ethical and spiritual standards of life, it allows them to be overshadowed by the economic and the merely utilitarian.

ST. BENEDICT'S RULE.
By Blair.

If, in compliance with a fashion lately in vogue, old Dame Europa were to take us into her confidence on the subject of "Books that Have Helped Me," an honorable place would be assigned to the *Regula Sancti Benedicti*,* which more than any other printed record of thought, with one grand exception, contributed to evolve modern civilization out of northern barbarism. It was a mighty force a thousand years ago; and though the field of its direct influence is sadly restricted to-day, it is still a rich source of far-reaching spiritual endeavor. The present translation, which leaves scarcely any opening for criticism, though in characteristically Benedictine spirit, it is devotional rather than critical, appeared first in 1886. It is a cheering sign of the times that there is a growing demand for the works of other days, whose solid piety and robust spirituality contrast so strongly with the pretty sentimentalities which flourish too exuberantly in much of our distinctly modern devotional literature.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.
By Galsworthy.

In this novel † Mr. Galsworthy hits off, in a very piquant vein, the salient points of the life and the prejudices of the aristocratic "landed gentry" of England—the pheasant shooting, the racing stable,

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* *The Rule of St. Benedict.* Edited, with an English Translation and Explanatory Notes, by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Country House.* By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

London club life, the country magnate whose creed is: "I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate; and I believe in myself, and my son, and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country, and shall keep the country what it is. And I believe in the public schools, and especially in the public school that I was at. And I believe in my social equals, and the country house, and in things as they are, forever and ever. Amen." Mr. Galsworthy's forte lies in depicting traditional prejudices, and the types which represent them, rather than in the creation of individual characters. He treats them in a vein of tolerant, kindly cynicism, which absolves the men and women from the responsibility that belongs to the system which has created them as they are. A prospective divorce gives the author, through the mouth of a shrewd and kindly old lawyer, an opportunity of inveighing against the illogical and perverse principles embodied in the marriage-laws of England, as they are interpreted by public opinion and prejudice.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC MISSIONS.
By Kelly.

The scope of this neat, well-printed volume * is to furnish some details on the missions and churches that have been established, or revived in England since the Reformation. It might be called a compendious Historical Catholic Directory. The names of places are arranged in alphabetical order.

The author, it seems, did not, in a great many instances, receive the friendly assistance that he hoped for from persons in a position to supplement, or correct his own stock of information; and he was, to a great extent, obliged to rely "on Catholic magazines, newspapers, country histories, private memoirs, and letters of the last hundred years." The scanty and fragmentary character of the data at his disposal has convinced him that, notwithstanding all the care he has taken to avoid errors, he may not have entirely succeeded; and he intimates that he will be grateful for any corrections that may be brought to his notice. This appeal will, probably, evoke a much heartier response than did the one which he made for assistance in the preparation of the work. A correspondent of the *Tablet* furnishes him with a long list of misstatements and omissions; and assures him that the list is by no means exhaustive. Others are pointed out in the reviewing columns of the same journal. However imperfect the execution may be, Father Kelly deserves credit for the conception and undertaking of a useful work, a future edition of which will, doubtless, leave no room for criticism.

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* *Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions.* By Bernard W. Kelly. St. Louis: B. Herder.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.
By Luce.

Not only the man whose ambition is to see some of his thoughts in print, but all who are striving after a good English style, will find in this little hand-book* a wealth of helpful counsel and useful information. The book is worth its room, were it only for the copious lists of words and phrases—correct and incorrect—common mistakes, and trite expressions, which it contains. It gives a lot of useful hints for the newspaper writer and the author who hopes to have his stories accepted, besides much technical knowledge—useful to everybody, but especially to any one expecting to deal directly with the printer—concerning the various kinds of type, the correction of copy, the cost of printing and publication, etc., etc. One notes with satisfaction that the author has taken care to point out a number of terms relating to Catholic doctrine or discipline about which grave blunders are frequently made. He makes, however, a distinction between "christen" and "baptize" which neither theology nor philology will approve.

IN THY COURTS.
By Vignat.

The Roman historian tells us that when the enemy's general heard that the Italian soil upon which his victorious army was encamped had just been sold at a high price in Rome, the news gravely increased his apprehensions as to whether he was destined to conquer that resolute spirit. Somewhat similarly, French Jacobins might find food for reflection in the fact that the Superior of the Jesuit French House of Studies which, owing to the expulsion from France of the religious orders, is now established in England, has published for the benefit of his young countrymen and countrywomen a little book† intended to promote the growth of vocations to the religious life. The book is much more concise than St. Alphonsus' well-known work on the same subject. But it sets forth clearly the nature of the religious life, the notes which indicate a genuine vocation, and the course which duty dictates when obstacles to the adoption of a vocation present themselves. A page or two of appeal, towards the close, are written exclusively in view of French conditions. Yet, with excellent judgment, the translator has not altered them. The courage and zeal which glow in them transfigures all the book. Père Vignat writes:

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* *Writing for the Press.* A Manual by Robert Luce. Boston: Clipping Bureau Press.

† *In Thy Courts.* Translated from the French of Louis Vignat, S.J., by Matthew Fortier, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

> A certain thought, no doubt, has more than once presented itself to our readers. The religious in France are dispersed or in exile; the convents are, or are threatened with being, closed; the common talk is of expulsion, of secularization; the police are in pursuit of such as are suspected of leading community life. In these stormy days is it well-advised to come forth and speak to us of religious vocation? But remember that every nation in which Catholicity is still full of life bears, as it were, by necessity, the germ of religious life. My confidence in my country's religion is too strong to let me think that fetters and spoliations inflicted by law will suffice to check the soaring flight of Christian life and its full expansion in the practice of the evangelical counsels. Catholicity strikes its root deeply into the strata of our old French families. In spite of the wreckage that strews the ground after a day of violent storms, it will spring forth again steadier and more full of life than before.

The spirit which speaks here will survive Combes and Clemenceau.

LONGMANS' POCKET SERIES.

The booklover will welcome the dainty little editions of favorite works which are coming from the Longmans' press, as a pocket library. The quality of paper, print, and binding are excellent, and the price, withal, remarkably low. Of the numbers just issued the *Apologia** will, we have no doubt, become a favorite. It contains, besides the entire text, all the notes, appendices, and letters (including the correspondence that passed between Newman and Whately) that are found in the larger edition. An-

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**Apologia Pro Vita Sua.* Being a History of his Religious Opinions. By John Henry Cardinal Newman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

other, *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*,* consists of the text of the large collection of epigrams selected from the whole range of Greek poetry, that is published in the larger and much more expensive work of the editor, J. W. Mackail, Professor of Poetry in Oxford. Finally, we have a new edition of the piece of self-revelation which that strange genius—a mystic who lost his bearings, a soul made for God, which digged to itself in the wilderness cisterns that could hold no water—Richard Jefferies, called his autobiography.†

CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.
By Hildrup.

This book‡ is the latest addition to the now considerable literature on the subject of the Far West Missions.

It is a bright, popular treatment of the theme, very thoroughly and sympathetically done—and has this marked feature, full-page illustrations of the old mission churches.

It may be said in truth that the kindly spirit of Helen Hunt Jackson, who was the pioneer in this field, has been shared by all those who have followed her. And this is the more remarkable, since these writers as we recall them—Steele, Lummis, Wharton James, and Norman Dent—like Mrs. Jackson herself, are non-Catholics, and hence must have had prejudices to overcome.

We have grown so used to the notions and expressions of "Romish domination," "far-seeing Jesuitical plans," "priestcraft," that to find a consensus of Protestant writers unite in appreciation of the zeal, sanctity, and whole-souled devotion of these old padres is a matter more of surprise almost than of gratitude. It proves that noble lives possess a power to win recognition, though it come somewhat tardily.

This is the sort of a book that one loves to pick up and linger over. The profuse and well-executed illustrations catch the eye, the narrative is full of interest, and the historical chapters are brief and accurate, and evidence considerable study.

We note, however, a few errors of fact, and as they tend to deepen unduly the impression, only too well founded, that many of the missions are ruins, we think they should be corrected. Certainly it is true that the " missions " as such, meaning the whole aggregation of rectories, ranches, shops, enclosed lands and dwellings for the Indian neophytes, are gone, if we except Santa Barbara. But the author is mistaken in saying that San Juan Bautista and San Luis Obispo are in ruins; a wrong impression is conveyed about San Luis Rey mission. The picture of San Miguel Church fails to do justice to its present appearance. The work of restoring and transforming other missions is going on very encouragingly.

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* *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology.* Edited by J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Story of My Heart—My Autobiography.* By Richard Jefferies. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ *The Missions of California and the Old Southwest.* By Jesse S. Hildrup. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

FROM BULL RUN TO CHANCELLORSVILLE.

By General Curtis.

If one would know what war is in all its fearful reality, as well as in all its entrancing splendor, let him read this book.* It is written by a Congressman, who, being hardly at manhood's years when Fort Sumpter was fired on, raised a company of soldiers, sons of up-State farmers, and led them to the Virginia battlefields. The reader follows the young Union soldier as a confidential guide, and enjoys a kind of history that makes fiction useless. Ordinary war history is a narrative of great events, occasionally illustrated by personal incident. Here is a piece of war history, a book replete with personal experiences, and with occasional references to the larger conduct of battle and campaign. History as given here from the dying lips of heroes, from letters written by the light of camp-fires, witnessed by graves and by wounds, is unquestionable; and its fascination is of the highest kind. The historian's research into archives has been faithful and laborious; but it is more than rivalled by this loving quest of tear-bedewed letters from the front, and recollections of actual survivors.

The next thing to witnessing actual warfare, is to read such things as the following, narrated by eye-witnesses:

> When advancing on the enemy, who was in possession of our guns which he had turned and was firing on us, the colonel's order not to fire until the regiment was within short

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* *From Bull Run to Chancellorsville.* The Story of the Sixteenth New York Infantry, together with Personal Reminiscences. By Newton Martin Curtis, LL.D., Brevet Major-General U. S. Vols. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

> range, and he would give the word, was well observed except by Solomon Burr, Company D. He ran a few paces in front of the line, and with deliberate aim discharged his piece at a man in the act of sighting one of the guns. It was a telling shot, and the man was seen to fall. It is believed that this shot killed the Confederate Lieutenant-Colonel Faison. It was Burr's last shot, for, while reloading his musket, he was instantly killed by a ball which passed through his body and seriously wounded George Hill, of the same company. Eliakim H. Sprague, a recruit, aged forty-two years, stood in the ranks beside his son, Persho B. Sprague, nineteen years of age, an original member of the Sixteenth. Eliakim was almost the first to receive a mortal wound, and expired in the arms of his son. After closing his father's eyes, the son resumed his place in the firing line, faithfully discharged his duties, and by a second enlistment fought to the end of the war.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY.

By Mgr. Battifol.

The eminent rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse has marked the seven or eight years of his administration by the various articles and academic addresses which are here united in a volume.* All of them deal with educational matters, with the exception of two interesting critical studies, one on the meaning and limits of the history of dogma, the other on Margival's *Richard Simon.* The rest are occasional in character and contain much of merely local interest; still they afford scope to Mgr. Battifol to develop ideas of permanent and general importance. Despite the widely different subjects treated, which at first give one the impression, to speak familiarly, of mere odds and ends brought together to form a book, there is a unity of view and aim running through the volume We greatly regret, nevertheless, that the opinions of this alert and experienced educator have not found a more formal and systematic expression.

Two thoughts remain uppermost in our mind after laying down this volume. The first concerns what we may call post-graduate study. To Mgr. Battifol this is synonymous with thoroughness. The aim of the university professor, according to him, should be to get to the bottom of the questions he treats; it is not his province, in any particular course, to cover a wide field, but to dig deep in a limited area. In other words, he is an explorer himself and aims to teach his students the best method of exploring for themselves. Method, then, rather than matter, is his chief object. The narrowing influence of such specializing our author expects to see counteracted by the variety of subjects a student undertakes. It is characteristic, perhaps, of French education that he takes little account of the broadening influence of the student body upon the individual, a factor on which Newman, in his *Idea of a University*, lays so much stress.

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* *Questions d'Enseignement Supérieur Ecclésiastique.* By Pierre Battifol. Paris: Lecoffre.

The second thought, and it is a very important one, is the necessity for the Church to succeed in having a sufficient number of thoroughly equipped scholars. Many evils have resulted to the Church of France, in the opinion of Mgr. Battifol—and undoubtedly he is correct—from the absence or lack of real scholars, devoted to the interests of the Church; and this again results from the absence of Catholic Universities or faculties, at least, of advanced studies, which alone can raise up genuine scholars. In the eighteenth century we have the singular spectacle of an entire clergy—bishops and priests—blind to the signs of the times; owing to their supineness there is no Catholic intellectual life, and the entire intellect of the country is captured by an infidel philosophy. At the Revolution, the worthless Catholic faculties are swept away, and the Church is deprived by law of all organs of higher education. The educated intellect of France is allowed to develop without the concurrence or serious opposition of Catholic thought; the Church has orators and prophets and an innumerable host of ready scribes, but scarcely a genuine scholar. The natural result, as Battifol points out, is that each side becomes unintelligible to the other; there is no interchange of ideas; each moves in a world cut off from the other and widely different from it. Conflict was inevitable. This bitter experience seems to have been required to teach the leaders of the Church of France the need and value of Catholic Universities, which, accordingly, were established as soon as the liberty was granted by law. The lesson was learned and these institutions have already rendered most important service. Only recently did the Holy Father urge the bishops to preserve them, at any cost, as they are all but essential in modern times to the life of the Church. This lesson Mgr. Battifol insinuates in persuasive tones, which few readers of his book will resist; but the facts speak more powerfully than his eloquence, for history shows that a church whose leaders are indifferent to her intellectual needs is doomed to loss of prestige and influence.

ISRAEL'S LAWS.
By Dr. Kent.

The fourth volume of Dr. Kent's great work on the literature of the Old Testament deals with the laws and legal customs of Israel.* The plan followed by Dr. Kent, it will be remembered, is to place before us the literature of the Old Testament in chronological order. Accordingly, in this present volume he arranges the Hebrew legislation under the classification of 1. The primitive code; 2. The Deuteranomic code; 3. The Holiness code; 4. The Ezekiel code; and 5. The late priestly code. These various strata of Hebrew law are grouped under the headings proper to the subject-matter with which they deal—criminal law, judicial procedure, sacrificial law, and so on.

It is obvious from this that Dr. Kent accepts the customary critical analysis of the documents of the Old Testament. Let those find fault with him for this who will. But at all events Old Testament students of all shades of opinion must be grateful to him for an orderly and painstaking presentation of the complicated legal system of the ancient Jews. Moreover, his work is highly valuable as giving an insight into the methods of higher criticism, and as such should be welcomed by such students as desire to be acquainted with an intellectual position before they either support or condemn it.

In the preface and indexes of the book there is much subsidiary information, especially on the relation between the legal enactments of Babylon and Israel. In conclusion, we take pleasure in acknowledging that Dr. Kent is a reverent scholar whose main purpose is to edify and instruct.

AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY.
By Eliza Calvert Hall.

Admirers of the philosopher in homespun—or, more particularly, in "caliker"—may anticipate much pleasure in the acquaintance of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky*.† The white-haired Southern woman, with her comprehensive delight in horse races and "daffydils" and patch-work quilts, her endless reminiscences of the olden time, and her cheery joy in the present, is decidedly worth knowing. There are moments of real pathos in more than one of her narratives, but the prevailing tone is quietly humorous.

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* *Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents*. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Aunt Jane of Kentucky*. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

> "Nobody ever could see how it was that Amos Matthews and Marthy Crawford ever came to marry, unless it was jest as I said, to have somebody always handy to quarrel with about their religion," she comments dryly. "That day the baby was born I thought to myself: 'Well, here's somethin' that'll make Amos forgit his callin' and election for once, anyhow'; and I wrapped the little fellow up in his blanket and held him to the light, so his father could see him; and Amos looked at him like he was skeered for a minute, and then he says: 'O Lord! I hope it ain't a rebrobate!'"

The musings of Aunt Jane's anonymous listener are somewhat startlingly in contrast to the prevailing rusticity and simplicity of the anecdotes. Quotations from Austin Dobson's ballades, interpolations of a poetic and even mystic character, do not, in a book of this style, contribute toward unity of effect. Even a note of great beauty may produce discord; and discord, as the portrayers of New England life have so well realized, is even less desirable than monotony. With this possible exception, the book is one of the most creditable of its kind, and Aunt Jane's sympathetic optimism should win her many friends.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.
By Salter.

The Ethical Addresses Publishing Company has just issued a pamphlet* by Mr. William M. Salter on the French religious situation. The opposition of the Pope to the formation of associations for worship Mr. Salter considers to have been unwarranted and to have had its origin in the papal conviction or claim that all the property of the Catholic Church belongs to the Roman Pontiff and the bishops. Mr. Salter reflects to a considerable extent the views expressed by Mr. Dell in the *Fortnightly*. The one-sidedness of Mr. Dell's statements have over and over again been fully exposed. Though desirous of taking an impartial view of the controversy, and of forming a just judgment on the situation, Mr. Salter has missed two important factors in the problem: 1st. The Pope claims control of the churches and church property only because, and so far as such control is required to safeguard the authority of the hierarchy and its full authority over worship; 2d. The settlement effected by the Concordat was intended and accepted as an inadequate compensation for the unjust spoliation of the Church in the violent days of the Revolution. Mr. Salter assumes that church property belonged, absolutely, by a just title, to the State.

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* *The Conflict of the Catholic Church with the French Republic.* By William M. Salter. Philadelphia: The Ethical Addresses Publishing Company.

JUVENILE LITERATURE. From our Catholic publishers come two groups of reading matter for the younger world. One set is primarily religious, the other is primarily entertaining, but in both edification and entertainment are provided. The first set * consists of a number of short lives of saints, written for young boys and girls. The other † contains a number of tales for the young that, perhaps, might not be disdained by the class that is "standing with reluctant feet" by the edge of the often-sung Rubicon. Indeed Miss Keon's very good story is artistic enough to deserve the attention of mature readers who are not too sophisticated by indulgence in contemporary problem-plays or the bold realism which caters to the prevalent taste.

The author of *After the Ninth Hour* ‡ follows in the track of *Fabiola*, and takes us back to the days of the first persecution in Rome.

Round the World § is a series of illustrated articles on all sorts of subjects, from the making of cut glass to the making of American officers at West Point; and a great variety of scenery, from the Arizona Desert to the Bay of Naples.

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* *Patron Saints for Boys.* With Illustrations. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. *Patron Saints for Girls.* With Illustrations. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. *Patron Saints for Catholic Youth.* 2 vols. By Mary E. Mannix. New York: Benziger Brothers. *The Confessor at Court; or, the Martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene.* From the German. Techney. Illinois: Society of the Divine Word.

† *When Love is Strong.* By Grace Keon. *The Other Miss Lisle.* By M. C. Martin. *Winona.* And other stories. By W. J. Fisher. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *After the Ninth Hour.* By R. Monlaur. St. Louis: B. Herder.

§ *Round the World.* With Illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE BEST POEMS.
By Alice Meynell.

In this volume* of three hundred odd pages we have Mrs. Meynell's selection of the best that has bloomed in the English Parnassus, from Chaucer to Wordsworth. She has taken poetic quality alone as the norm of her judgments. No marks, to use the phrase of the competitive examination paper, have been assigned to piety, patriotism, or sentimentality. Without ignoring the approbations of tradition, Mrs. Meynell has exercised a good deal of independence in her decisions, both exclusive and inclusive. Many poems that have usually enjoyed a place in other anthologies are absent here; while some others which have been frequently ignored by recent anthologists have here come into their own again. Doubtless, almost everybody will think that some particular favorite of his own might have had the place assigned to some poem which never appealed to his taste. But everybody will, we think, agree that exquisite discernment has, in general, been displayed in Mrs. Meynell's selection. And where the entire work indicates such high critical taste, it will prove worth our while to review the grounds we have for those preferences which have not been confirmed by Mrs. Meynell's censorship.

That Mrs. Meynell has set her standards very high may be inferred from the single fact that Gray's "Elegy" has failed to obtain admission; though, indeed, Mrs. Meynell feels that she has to offer some apology for the exclusion:

> My labor has been . . . to gather nothing that did not overpass a certain boundary-line of genius. Gray's "Elegy," for instance, would rightly be placed at the head of everything below that mark. It is, in fact, so near to the work of genius as to be most directly, closely, and immediately rebuked by genius; it meets genius at close quarters and almost deserves that Shakespeare himself should defeat it.

Through Mrs. Meynell's doors the whole troop of Elizabethans have passed without question—Raleigh, Spencer, Lyly, Sidney, Lodge, Greene, Daniel, Marlow, Drayton, Sylvester, Campion, Nash, around the chief, and rare Ben Johnson. Herrick, with thirteen pieces, is outranked, as far as numbers are a test, only by Shakespeare himself; while "Holy George" and Crashaw have the ample recognition of eight poems each. Lovelace is the only cavalier who has secured a seat among the immortals; and here we must express our personal grievance that "Cupid and my Campaspe played" has been left in the outer darkness. The Scottish Ballad poetry is represented by "Helen of Kerconnell," "The Wife of Usher's Well," "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," "Sir William and May Margaret," "Sir Patrick Spens," and "Hame, Hame, Hame." If the poets in their present abode continue to take any interest in their terrestrial fame, Mrs. Aphra Behn must feel that Mrs. Meynell's approbation of the song from Abdelazar, is a measure of compensation for the indignities which she suffered in the pillory of Macaulay. When Pope observes that he has barely obtained entrance through his "Elegy," while Drummond of Hawthornden is surrounded by five of his offspring and Henry Vaughan by seven of his, he may reflect that the whirligig of time brings its revenge. Addison, Cowper, and Dryden have also to be content with one for each. Burns has two. "Oh, yes"; you will say, perspicacious reader, "of course, 'Scots wha hae' and 'Highland Mary.'" You have forgotten that neither patriotism nor sentiment can, on their own merits, pass Mrs. Meynell's strict eye. Burns gets in with "To a Mouse" and the comparatively neglected "Farewell." Wordsworth towers in pride of place, with a patriarchal train of twenty-one. If you have any pretensions to critical skill you may exercise it by trying to name them. Byron is represented only by "The Isles of Greece"; but Mrs. Meynell, in her Preface, anticipating "the inevitable question," says that in a secondary anthology—an anthology which would have included Gray's "Elegy," other lyrics of Byron would appear; and

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* *The Flower of the Mind.* A Choice Among the Best Poems, Made by Alice Meynell. London: Chatto & Windus.

> if the last stanza of the "Dying Gladiator" passage or the last stanza on the cascade rainbow at Terni,
>
> "Love watching madness with unalterable mien,"
>
> had been separate poems instead of parts of "Childe Harold," they would have been amongst the poems that are here collected in no spirit of arrogance, or of caprice, of diffidence or doubt.

From the foregoing indications of the anthologist's preferences, it may be guessed that Shelley and Keats obtain conspicuous recognition. Between them they enjoy forty pages. All the greater poems and odes of each are included, together with many of the shorter ones. The collection closes with Hartley Coleridge's "She is not fair."

Certainly, Mrs. Meynell has not admitted anything unworthy into her collection; and we must be grateful to her for having rescued from the gathering dust some of the most beautiful little lyrical poems of the language. Yet we cannot help feeling that her exquisite feminine taste might have obtained considerable advantage from the collaboration of some robust masculine judgment. There is but one example of martial poetry in the collection, and that a not very striking one, Campbell's "Hohenlinden." There is little or no representation of that poetry which appeals less to the fastidious cultivated taste than to the elemental man, yet between Chaucer and Wordsworth there is many a poem which makes the heart throb faster and fills the reader with the glow of action. Mrs. Meynell has, perhaps, made her decisions too exclusively in the atmosphere of the drawing-room or the library. This will be apparent to anybody who searches this volume to select some poems for reading before a popular audience. But, it may be said, such a test savors not merely of philistinism, but of Gothic barbarism. Perhaps; yet the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were composed for popular audiences; and Molière accepted as peremptory the decisions of his old housekeeper.

CHRONICLES OF REBECCA.
By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

We are debtors again to Kate Douglas Wiggin for this delightful volume.* The fascinating little heroine of these chronicles first won our hearts in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and in the present sequel, though we see still more of Rebecca, we leave the last page wishing that there were many more chronicles to be recorded. The inborn qualities of unconscious humor, of sympathy, of frankness, of leadership that belong to the personality of this original heroine, go to make up a sterling character study of American girlhood. In turn, Rebecca's many friends, with all their native charm, figure prominently in these new episodes. The story, abounding in touches of genuine humor and pathos, comes as a delightful treat to both the younger and the older reader.

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* *New Chronicles of Rebecca.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

By Bellord.

Since the appearance in abbreviated form of the *Meditations on Christian Dogma*, by the late Bishop Bellord, there has been a widespread demand for their publication in full. This demand has been met by the Sisters of Mercy, of Callan, Ireland. The present publication * includes two volumes.

It is a notorious fact that there is a growing tendency to regard Christian dogma as a matter for the catechism class and the school-room, and to consider it as something quite independent of practical, every-day life and conduct. The theory that ethics is independent of religion has infiltrated itself in a measure into the popular mind and the popular way of looking at life. "What," for example, "has the truth of the Blessed Trinity to do with our moral conduct; what support and inspiration can it give to us for a nobler and higher life?" We know the absolutely essential connection between dogma and Christian conduct; that without the former there is no such thing as faith, and without faith it is impossible to please God. Yet how often do we bring this truth home to ourselves and make the teachings of our faith matters of practical application; of loving service; of guidance and direction? And do we realize the pressing importance of training the coming generation in this wholesome and strong way, whereby faith will be to them a practical thing of life, and, really living their faith, they may be intelligent, earnest children of God?

Bishop Bellord's meditations ought to be a popular book among Catholics. The meditations, though learned, will be intelligible to the simple; and profitable, as well, to the erudite. They include all the subjects of Christian teaching—God, the Blessed Trinity, Creation, the Incarnation, the Blessed Virgin, the moral aspect of our conduct in life, Grace, the Virtues, the Sacraments, Death, and Judgment. The meditations show both the wonderful and surpassing fruit that may be drawn from Christian dogma, and that what is generally regarded as a dry, abstract study, may be, as well, a most practical and devout exercise. The reader will not only be aroused and inspired in his affections; he will also be instructed and fed with nourishing and sustaining meat. For his matter Bishop Bellord has drawn from widely different sources, from St. Thomas, from Max Nordau, Benjamin Kidd, and Herbert Spencer. We emphatically commend the work to priests and to laity. The volumes may be procured directly from the Sisters of Mercy, Callan, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland.

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* *Meditations on Christian Dogma.* By the Rt. Rev. James Bellord. 2 vols. Callan, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland: The Convent of Mercy.

MARY IN PROPHECY AND FULFILMENT.
By Quigley.

Here is an old acquaintance under a new name.* The change is an improvement. The present title is more dignified, significant, and sonorous than the old one. It required a little courage and some perseverance to ask a bookseller for *Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum;* and the name was no less repellant to the ear than it was clumsy to the eye. Generally speaking, epistolary controversies, carried on in a newspaper, scarcely deserve to be preserved permanently in all their original exuberance. The main question is often smothered by irrelevancies, or lost sight of, as side issues or incidental disputes are pursued; and, unless one, at least, of the disputants has the serenity and self-control of a Newman, many pages will be marred by personal recriminations that, however they may have stimulated the enjoyment of those who followed the fight in their morning newspaper, seem but paltry personalities to one who reads twenty years after, caring only for solid argument or logical exposition. This volume is not entirely exempt from the original sin of its kind. It might be cut down to half its size without eliminating anything more than ephemeral value. But the remaining half is so solid, that if we cannot have it put through the refining process, we prefer to have it as it is, rather than not have it at all. It contains an able defence of Catholic doctrine concerning the Blessed Virgin and the worship of the saints; a striking exposition of the principle of development, as a key to the consistency of the Church; and some straight, effective argumentation against the claims of the Church of England.

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* *Mary, Mother of Christ, in Prophecy and Fulfilment.* By R. E. Quigley, K.C. Third Edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Half a dozen sermons on the Blessed Sacrament are published by Messrs. Pustet in a thin paper volume.* The sermons are plain, sound, solid, and logically divided. They are very suitable for Corpus Christi, the Forty Hours' Devotion, or the occasion of First Communion. There is at least one bizarre legendary miracle that might have been left out by the translator, who, by the way, has done his work well.

The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Christ Child Society, of Washington, D. C., has just reached us. The continued and ever-increasing work of this Society demands special praise. In its early years the Society limited its efforts to the relief of the poor children of Washington. It has now widened its scope to settlement work and has already established settlement houses in six sections of the city. Its work among the Italians is worthy of note. We can but trust that each succeeding yearly report will show the same proportionate increase of fervor and of effectiveness as the reports of the past seventeen years have evidenced.

Dr. A. M. Fernandez De Ybarra, in this pamphlet † of fourteen pages, has given us a valuable contribution to the history of the Spaniards in America. It deals particularly with Dr. Diego Alvarez Chanca, a physician of much learning, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage of discovery. Dr. Chanca sent to the municipal council of his native city, Seville, what is unquestionably the first written document concerning the flora, the fauna, the ethnology, and the anthropology of America. The author gives paragraphs from this letter, which include a description of the first part of Columbus' second voyage. A very appreciative letter of Cardinal Merry del Val accompanies the pamphlet.

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* *The Sublimity of the Blessed Sacrament.* From the German. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

† *A Forgotten Worthy—Dr. Diègo Alvarez Chanca.* By A. M. Fernandez De Ybarra, M.D. Reprinted from the Journal of the American Medical Association. Chicago: Press of the American Medical Association.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (8 June): A decision of the Pontifical Commission *De Re Biblica* on the authorship and authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. The reasons to the contrary brought forward by the critics in no wise weaken the tradition that St. John the Apostle wrote the Last Gospel. Internal testimony confirms this decision, and furthermore the alleged difficulties can be solved now as in all previous times. The Fourth Gospel cannot be considered otherwise than as a strictly historical document.——The Holy Father has formally approved of the establishment of Catholic colleges for women at Oxford and Cambridge. Four rules are laid down for the new institute: it must be separated from the University proper, it must be under the management either of nuns or Catholic ladies, it must have a private chapel, the students must be chaperoned when going to and returning from lectures. ——The Rev. James F. Mackin, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Washington, D. C., has recently received a testimonial of the Holy Father's great pleasure and satisfaction. The good priest is accorded well-merited praise and justly extolled for his valiant endeavors to carry out the "Motu Proprio" on Church Music.

(15 June): An interesting study of *The Grammar of Assent,* and an attempt to measure its far-reaching possibilities if justly considered.

(22 June): A rather full account of the history of the Latin Vulgate, suggested by the Commission given by the Pope to revise that text.——Mr. T. L. Corbett introduced in the House of Commons a motion to inquire into the need for inspection of monastic and conventual institutions. While the motion was defeated, as it has always been on its periodical appearance about July 12, a different temper seems to have intervened, for this year the vote was very close and great feeling was displayed upon both sides of the debate.

(29 June): Considerable interest continues to be manifested in Rome in the question of the authenticity of the Holy House of Loreto.

The National Review (July): The regular department, "Episodes of the Month," always furnishes interesting, if not—for men differ sometimes on political matters—agreeable reading. The *National* never hestitates to express its mind in clear and unmistakable terms.——Captain Mahan writes on "The Hague Conference and the Practical Aspect of War." Captain Mahan argues that a nation may seek advice, but may not abdicate responsibility. We quote at some length from the article:

> In putting forward these truths of material pressure, with a bareness perhaps somewhat brutal, I must not be understood to justify, far less to advocate, the predominance of material considerations over moral. I simply look existing facts in the face, which is in strict accord with my proposed point of view—the practical aspect of war, its place in the economy of the world which now is, and the possibility of shortly replacing it with some alternative equally efficacious and less detrimental, the world remaining the same. I believe, with full intensity of personal conviction, that when moral motives come to weigh heavier with mankind than do material desires there will be no war, and coincidently therewith better provisions of reasonable bodily necessities to all men. But the truth still remains as stated by Jesus Christ twenty centuries ago, that between material and moral motives men and nations must commit themselves to a definite choice; one or the other—not both. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. By his own definition Mammon applies as clearly to the simplest bodily necessities, to the mere food and clothing, as to the grossest insolence of luxury. The question is not of the degree of the devotion, but of the service chosen, of the Master. This will be either the moral motives summed up in the phrase Kingdom of God, or the material. So far as the advocacy of peace rests upon material motives of economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better. The common sense of mankind recognizes the truth of this affirmation. We speak of mixed motives; but we know that, be they two or many, one alone receives true allegiance and will prevail. The others may modify or hamper; to one alone belongs the title "master"; and we have common proverbs and common experience that the service of the moral assures in the end sufficiency of the material.

The author concludes:

> Let us not deceive ourselves by fancying that the strong material impulses which drive those masses of men whom we style nations, or races, are to be checked or guided, unless to the argument of a reasonable contention there be given the strong support of organized material power. If the organized disappear, the unorganized will but come into surer and more dreadful collision.

——In "Kaiser Wilhelm v. Count Witte," by Julius, it is charged that the German Kaiser's influence effected the removal of the Russian Premier——Jesse Collins writes that the necessity for a reform in the English antiquated land system is now generally admitted; but the writer attacks as entirely unsatisfactory the land policy of the present government.——R. Bosworth Smith makes a plea for the better observance of Sunday.

The Crucible (June): Henry Cullimore, M.A., writes of modern language teaching in secondary schools. Its educational value, as now taught, he considers very great. "If we are being taught to think by means of other school subjects," he says, "language teaching will tend to make us think sympathetically and broadly. And as its educational effect is produced not by making us masters of any given language, but by making us interested in the linguistic habits of strangers, it is no great evil that the curriculum of a modern secondary school is large, and that consequently the amount of space on the time-table reserved for teaching any one language is limited." ——"The Mother's Part in the Education of her Sons" receives attention from the pen of Jeanne Leroy-Allais. The physical and moral health of a lifetime, she insists, nearly always depends upon the purity of childhood. At an early age especially, and even until manhood's estate is reached, a mother's vigilance and care are of vital moment.——Mary Blanche Leigh describes the work of the Nymphsfield Boarding Out Committee, and the success with which it has met during the four years of its existence.

The Bombay Examiner (25 May): Fr. Searle's article on Telepathy is reprinted from THE CATHOLIC WORLD.——A correspondent cites a case of mysterious stone-throwing which occurred in her father's house, when the latter refused to move out on demand of the landlord. "Every evening about sunset stones, starting from pebble size and gradually increasing till they became so huge as to terrify, began to fall near those within the house, but without harming anybody." This mysterious stone-throwing frequently occurs in India, when the natives have any grievance to settle. While in some cases the phenomenon is shown to be due to human agents, in others it is seemingly inexplicable.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): *L'Irlande Contemporaine et la Question Irlandaise* is reviewed at length by the editor, who is of opinion that M. L. Paul Dubois has accomplished his task better than most Irishmen could have done. Such vital topics as, "The Land Question"; "The Economic and Financial Situation"; "The Gaelic League"; "The Education Question"; and "The Literary Revival"; are ably handled by M. Dubois. "What strikes one most in the whole study," writes the reverend reviewer, "is the accuracy and minuteness of the information, the acuteness and penetration of the criticism, . . . and the all-pervading sympathy with Ireland which runs through the work."——Rev. P. Morrisroe has a somewhat exhaustive discussion on Altar Wine. In this age of unscrupulous merchants, the Church has to guard against the possibility of an invalid Mass arising from the use of adulterated material. Under four theological headings, the question of what constitutes real wine is treated in a practical and technical manner. Decisions given by the Congregation of the Holy Office where doubts have arisen, are quoted.

Le Correspondant (10 June): Henri Bremond contributes an apology for Huysmans. He refers to this writer's holiness in the most eulogistic terms, and speaks of him as one whom he could defend before the devil's advocate. ——"The Right of War" is discussed by Charles Dupuis. After relating the history of the movement to define rights, etc., he criticizes a recent German publication on the subject, as revolutionary, and as one which sets at naught many of the conventions agreed upon in

1899.——Auguste Baucher is of the opinion that Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's plan, for the limitation of armaments, will not be accepted at the Hague.——In his chronicle of economical and social movements, A. Béchau notes the fact that in the matter of exports France is the one country that does not show increase. ——France, though progressive and active industrially, at the present time is in a state of unrest, due principally to the menace of the progressive tax. It has the tendency to produce on all sides lying and hypocrisy, particularly in the matters of income and capital. The law has already been denounced by seventy-seven of the Chambers of Commerce of France.

(25 June): Albert Touchard, writing on the relative strength of the United States and Japan, is of the opinion that the American navy is superior in units and not inferior in discipline and courage. The difficulties to be overcome by each would be about equal.——Were France to lose Christianity, there is certain to be a moral decline. This is the thesis Abbé Klein defends, and in support of it notes particularly the alarming increase of drunkenness.——Are we more just in our criticism of art than critics were in the eighteenth century? By comparing the letters written from Italy in 1739 and 1740 by Charles de Brosses with those of Marie-Charles Dulac, Paul Hazard is loath to say. Critics of both periods have their faults. De Brosses misunderstood Giotto. But why should we blame him, when in the same breath we condemn those he loved, such as Carlo Dolci or Guido Reni? Nowadays artists and critics are more individualistic and care less for rule.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (June): M. E. Jordan, criticizing Bishop Donai's history of the Inquisition, demurs to the right reverend author's frequent apologies for that tribunal.——The Abbé Dimnet reproaches M. Baudin for caricaturing rather than characterizing Newman in a late work on the English cardinal. M. Baudin is a keen and ardent scholastic, and he endeavors to show that Newman was not a philosopher, that he was a sentimental romanticist, "brother to Chateaubriand, Rousseau, and George Sand"; and that he distrusted logic because he did not understand its nature and function. These assertions M. Dimnet rejects as based upon a total misapprehension of Newman's temperament, and of the problems which he set himself to solve.——M. Charles Calippe shows how Lamennais' mind passed from belief in Catholicism to a sort of positivism.

La Revue Apologétique (May): This review enters upon its ninth year. Studies on vital present day questions, such as the Johannine Authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the Divinity of Christ, the Eucharist and Modern Criticism, the Supernatural, etc , are promised for the coming year. ——The ancient history of Christianity in the Sorbonne is treated by H. Dutovquet, S.J.——L. Méchineau continues his history and analysis of the idea of an inspired book, occupying himself in this issue with the centuries extending from the Council of Trent to the middle of the nineteenth century.——"The Dogma and Authentic Acts of the Martyrs" is completed in this number. Confirmation of Catholic dogma and practice is found in the recorded words of those who died for Christ in the early ages of the Church.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (1 June): A. Pacaud devotes several pages to the discussion of Ollé-Laprune's conception of moral certitude, and the application of this to religion. Moral certitude, according to the late philosopher, is of a firmness that excludes all doubt, though the evidence is not really mathematical. The author concludes that it would be "difficult to find any philosophical theory that harmonizes better with the Catholic doctrine of faith."——The symptoms and peculiar causes of the religious crisis in youth, form the theme of M. Gossard's article.——A. Hamon defends the sanity of Blessed Margaret Mary.——While science, literature, and the press would have us believe that the Church in France has had its day, E. Terrasse gives reasons why this is not so.

(15 June): A. Durand continues the series on the Gospel account of the infancy of Christ, and discusses the historical value of various texts.——Ch. Ponsard makes a few suggestions on college education.——After a careful study of the biblical account of Josue and the sun

H. Lesêtre writes that it is expedient to interpret this account poetically.——A. Hamon takes exception to those who claim that St. Theresa was hysterical. He bases his position on the saint's pathological, intellectual, and moral state.——"Religion," writes E. Terrasse, "is the line that unites man with God. If this line is broken, man falls, the family is scattered, society crumbles. Religion is necessary for the happiness of the world."

Études (20 June): Alexandre Brou, in a lengthy exposition, apologizes for the work of the foreign missionaries. Adverse criticism of the results accomplished by them he pronounces unjust.——The Idea, frankly considered as such, independent of any theory of its evolution from sensuous impressions and images, M. Joseph Ferchat finds to be a strong proof of the spiritual soul. The psychology of the idea he treats at some length.——Obedience in the Army is studied from the moral view-point by Maurice de la Taille.——Apropos of a recent translation of the *Imitation of Christ*, M. Joseph Brucker contributes a paper on the history of this excellent little book and its author.——The decision of the Biblical Commission on the authorship and historicity of the Fourth Gospel is quoted in full.——M. Adhémar d'Alès discusses the relation of Catholicism to society.

La Civiltà Cattolica (15 June): Le Roy's conception of dogma is severely criticized. His endeavor to minimize the intellectual side of dogma and to interpret it in a practical sense, as though its meaning predominantly refers to conduct rather than to belief, and his further effort to maintain that dogmatic formulations cannot be fitted into an intellectual or philosophical scheme, are declared to contradict the official Catholic teaching as to what dogma means. The study of Pope Liberius is continued, aiming to show that the Arians have falsified history respecting this Pope and his famous lapse.——Another article describes the legistation of the first Christian emperors.——A criticism of Kant upholds the thesis that this philosopher's notion of autonomous reason conflicts with the rights of God.

Revue Thomiste (May–June): R. P. Edouard Hugon, O.P., in the leading article, speaks of the relation of Faith to Revelation. The latter is properly understood only as a special, direct illumination from God. Faith in the true sense cannot exist without such a revelation.——The Theory of Autonomous Conscience is made the object of exposition and refutation by Fr. H. A. Montague, O.P.——Many ventures have been made as to the authorship of the "Te Deum." R. P. Cagin has recently attributed its composition to Nicetas de Remesiana. His theory is discussed at some length and its merits weighed by Fr. A. Agaësse, O.S.B.

L'Action Sociale de la Femme: M. René Doumic has a conference on the teaching of French literature. He takes issue with the proposal made by M. Salomon Reinach that, for purposes of study, the prose-writers of the eighteenth century be substituted for those of the seventeenth. The latter, he insists, have a greater educative value than the former, since they possess not only an art of expression that is superior, but moral ideals that are wanting in their successors of the eighteenth century. He appeals to his hearers to combat the growing spirit of revolt against Bossuet and his contemporaries, in favor of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists.——The editors outline their plan for the dissemination of good French books, to offset the influence of the atheistic propaganda. ——Two important conferences are reported; one by M. Ed. Aynard on the social *rôle* of women; the other by Mlle. Ponson on the Normal School.

The Expository Times (June): Dr. Hastings announces a new one-volume Dictionary of the Bible. It is not an abridgment of the larger work, but an entirely new one—all the articles written afresh by specialists.——Dr. Matheson's *Representative Women of the Bible* is briefly noticed —a work in which the author's "imagination soars almost out of sight."——Apropos of Dr. Turche's article on "Christianity and the Comparative Study of Religions," in the *New York Review*, which is favorably noticed, it is said that there are students of comparative religion opposed to Christianity, not because they have studied religion comparatively, but because they began the study with the purpose of pulling down Christianity.

They emphasize points of similarity between Christianity and other religions, and at the same time ignore or hide differences.——Dr. Edwin Abbott's new work, which he calls *Apologia*, is adversely criticized. It is said that he has failed to accomplish his purpose, which was to explain how it is that he rejects all miracles and yet believes in the Divinity of Christ. To this is added a synopsis of Dr. Ryle's refutation of the Neurotic theory of the Miracles of Healing which appeared in the last number of the *Hibbert Journal*.——Hildebrand Höpfl, O.S.B., calls attention to Erasmus' rendering of II. Cor. iv. 3.——Fr. Vincent McNabb gives in outline St. Thomas' proofs for the Resurrection of Christ.

The Dublin Review (July): Wilfrid Ward, in "Two Views of Cardinal Newman," discusses two late books: *The Mystery of Newman*, by Bremond; and *Newman, Pascal, Loisy, and the Catholic Church*, by Williams. Mr. Ward finds the former entirely unsatisfactory, incomplete, and almost grotesque. "M. Bremond has taken as a model for his work a smaller man cut out of the real Newman—and a good deal altered and damaged in the cutting" The criticism of Bremond's work is extensive and detailed. On the other hand, Mr. Ward thinks that Mr. Williams' book is, in spite of its defects, of very high value. He hopes to have the occasion later to discuss the value of some of its contentions. "We cannot, in view of the present weakening of all belief in the supernatural, afford to lose such works, either because they do not conform to what is largely an etiquette of theological phraseology, or even because in the stress of real and helpful thought incidental statements are made which are open to just criticism and need revision."——"Roma Sacra," by Dr. William Barry, is occasioned by Benjamin Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilization*. It is a study in world-civilization. "We owe our civilization to the Pope. Can it survive without him?"——P. J. Connolly, S.J., writes critically on Brunetière. For Brunetière all French literature may be reduced to three great epochs, which are marked respectively with the characters of subjectivism, objectivism, and idealism. Romantic literature is subjective; Naturalism is objective;

Idealism preserves a happy balance between the two. A grasp of these principles of Brunetière will give the key to his whole critical armory.——Fr. Benson, writing on "A Modern Theory of Personality," says that the scene of the present struggle between theology and secular science is in the field of psychology. The writer states that, as an amateur, he attempts to indicate the outlines of the dangers and the possibilities of the theory; the theory under discussion is the one worked out by such writers as Hudson, Starbuck, and Myers. This hypothetical theory, to the mind of Fr. Benson, tends to establish a presumption, on the scientific side alone, for a belief in the survival of human personality after death.——"The Feast of the Dead," by Fr. Thurston, is a criticism of Dr. Frazer's article on "The Feast of All Souls," wherein Dr. Frazer maintained that the feast was nothing more or less than an ancient Celtic festival which the Church, unable to suppress, was at length induced to assimilate. Fr. Thurston shows that Frazer's contention is without reasonable evidence.——Count de Mun has a most important article in French on "The Religious Question in France."

The Reverend Ethelred Luke Taunton, well known to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, to whose pages he was a frequent contributor, died May 9. Father Taunton was the first of his family to take Orders since the Reformation, and was born October 17, 1857. He joined the Oblates of St. Charles, with whom he was ordained a priest in 1883. In 1888 he left that Community, after meeting with a serious accident, which was the cause of his subsequent persistent ill-health. For many years, however, he was a diligent literary worker, a frequent contributor to many magazines, and the author of several historical works, including: *The Black Monks of St. Benedict; The Jesuits in England; The Little Office of Our Lady;* and *The Law of the Church.* Father Taunton was also a musical critic of note. R. I. P.

Current Events.

France.

The events which have recently taken place in four departments in the South of France are both interesting and instructive. The French people have long ago passed from under the domination of monarchs, and, after long struggles, have attained to that most complete degree of self-government which is represented by a Republic. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are universally recognized as the ideals of national organization, and yet peace has not been attained. The discontent of the wine growers first manifested itself in enormous assemblies. At a single place—Montpellier—there was held the largest mass meeting that has ever taken place in France, more than 500,000 people having assembled from the regions in its neighborhood. Every effort was made by the organizers of the movement—for it was deliberately planned—to keep it peaceful and within the bounds of legality. But this proved impossible. At Nîmes, Perpignan, Toulon, Montpellier there were riots. At Perpignan was seen the old-fashioned token of revolution—the erection of barricades. These, however, were soon pulled down.

It was found necessary, after much hesitation on the part of the government, to call out the troops. Then an event took place which, disguise it as they may, has sent a thrill of anxiety through every Frenchman's heart. At Narbonne, at Montpellier, at Perpignan the soldiers showed not only sympathy with the agitators, but clear marks of insubordination. The garrison at Narbonne told their officers that they would not march against the crowd, even if they were ordered to do so. The men forming the regiment of Infantry at Montpellier began to hiss when told to be in readiness for action; a large number of the soldiers jumped over the wall and there was a regular mutiny. The men of the Second Engineers openly declared that they had decided not to march, and would hold up their arms, butt-end uppermost, if brought face-to-face with the wine growers. It was at Agde that the most serious of these occurrences took place. There 300 men of the 17th Regiment of the Line left their barracks and, having prevailed upon an even larger number stationed in another barracks to make common cause with them, pillaged the powder magazine and set out to punish the soldiers who, by obeying orders, had been faithful to their duty.

These events have caused the gravest anxiety, and with reason. An attempt has been made to explain the insubordination of the soldiers by what is called the system of *recrutement régional,* a system which, for various reasons of military and economic convenience, leaves the conscribed soldiers in the vicinity of their own homes, among their own relations and friends. To call upon soldiers to act against them would naturally be more than even a soldier could do. There seems reason to think, however, that this is only, at the best, a part of the truth. There has been for a long time an actively promoted propaganda of anti-militarism, of which M. Hervé is the leading representative. The promoters of this propaganda teach that all military service is pernicious, that the army is the last means left to capitalists of oppressing the poor, that it is better for soldiers to shoot their officers than the enemy. Tracts and leaflets innumerable have been circulated inculcating these teachings, and there are those who think that the recent occurrences manifest the fact that these teachings have not been without result upon the minds of the soldiers. A former Inspector-General of the Army, General Langlois has declared in the Senate that the *morale* of the troops is affected. The cure of the evil is, however, he thinks, still easy; the sacred fire of devotion to duty still lurks beneath the thick layer of cold cinders which has accumulated within the last few years. The mutinous troops have been transmitted to Africa. The government has been able and willing to vindicate the law, and to punish its infraction. The whole matter gives, however, reason, as the French say, furiously to think. It is important to notice that the movement is in no sense political.

It was not, however, in the ranks of soldiers alone that insubordination was found. Civil officials, who in France are almost as subservient as soldiers, and are, in fact, very much in the same position, threw in their lot with the movement. More than 200 mayors, with their respective councils, formally resigned their offices and gave in their adhesion to the non-payment of taxes, a course openly adopted by the agitators as the means of securing their aims. Flags were hauled down from the town-halls, and in their stead black banners were hoisted. In one case the doorway of the town-hall was bricked up to indicate the opinion which they had formed of the uselessness of the government. It is clear when the French people are really moved they are ready enough and able enough to find ways of showing it.

The government seems, on the whole, to have acted in a suitable manner. Without having been too eager to take repressive measures, when it became clear that such measures were necessary, it did not hesitate to act energetically. A bill was introduced into the Chambers, to prevent the abuses of which the wine growers complained—the watering of wine and an excessive admixture of sugar. After a somewhat long discussion, rendered necessary by the fact that what was good for the people of the South was not favorable to the interests of the people of the North, the bill was passed in a modified form. The government refused to accept the resignations of the mayors, and made an appeal to their patriotism which, after the arrest of one of the more prominent of those officials, seems to have been effectual.

The Committee of Argeliers, at the head of which was M. Marcellin Albert, the government treated with well-deserved severity. This Committee had arrogated to itself the right to govern the four departments as if it were a legitimate authority, and had for a brief space become omnipotent. To M. Clemenceau's circular to the mayors M. Albert had replied: "We have no orders to receive from the Prime Minister." The order to arrest the Committee was given. Four out of the seven, however, succeeded in evading the officers, among them M. Albert. He took the somewhat histrionic course of going to Paris to interview the Premier. This was the climax of his career; M. Clemenceau advised him to surrender, paying his railway fare back to the Midi. The Southerners did not appreciate so prosaic a return and M. Albert, having found that his power was waning, gave himself up to the police. The outcome has yet to be seen.

If the movement has come to an end, it is due rather to the use of force than to any willing acceptance of the duty of obeying the law. In fact, this duty seems to be recognized in very few places and by very few people. In England the spectacle has been seen for some years past of reverend ministers and grave deacons, and even of justices of the peace and magistrates, refusing to pay rates legally assessed. This resistance has been rewarded by an attempt to change the law on the part of the government. And now there are some Anglicans and even Catholics who, having seen this success, are themselves threatening to take the course which was condemned before as hostile to all good government.

With the best will in the world to obey the law, as altered in their favor, a problem of sufficient magnitude remains to be solved. The fact is undoubted that some two millions of people are on the borders of starvation; the cause of that fact is not a failure of the harvest, but too good a harvest; more wine has been produced than can be sold. There are, however, those who say that the over-production is artificial and dishonest, that adulteration to an alarming extent has been practised, and this not by other wicked people, but by the wine growers themselves. If this is the case, the remedy will easily be found by a return to the ways of truth and justice, and regret for the sufferings of so large a number will be changed into satisfaction that as they have sown so have they reaped. In fact, moral delinquencies seem to be the root and source of many of the events which are causing anxiety to the country.

It is believed by many that the so frequent accidents which have occurred in the French Navy are due to the recent widespread adoption of *sabotage*. When men holding high places have not hesitated to advocate it, it is not to be wondered at that workmen should adopt the practice. *Sabotage* means the wilful spoiling of anything a man is charged to do. A man employed to make a nut who deliberately so makes it that it will not hold is practising *sabotage*. That a man who had a bad master or who was not sufficiently paid should so act was publicly declared right by one of the members of the French Assembly. People who accept such teaching can hardly be expected to appreciate the teaching of the Church.

The ministry of M. Clemenceau still remains in office, although with a reduced majority. The necessity of supporting it in energetic action against the illegal proceedings of the wine growers obtained for it a larger measure of support in the Chamber than it would otherwise have received. Continental Cabinets have, as a rule, very precarious lives, and it is difficult to account for their fall. The waning influence of the present French Cabinet is, however, said to be attributable to the Income Tax Bill, which has been introduced by the Minister of Finance, M. Caillaux. Some of its provisions are of so inquisitorial a character that the mere proposal to introduce them excites the greatest opposition.

The visit to Germany of M. Etienne, the distinguished promoter of the French colonial attempts, and a recent War Minister, and his reception by the Kaiser and his Chancellor, have revived rumors that Germany is still actively pursuing the plan of bringing about an *entente* between the two countries. The so-called mission of M. Etienne has, consequently, been much discussed. The government, however, declares that it is no way responsible for M. Etienne's visit. The *entente* with England remains in full force and vigor. An Exhibition is being held in London with the hope of strengthening the bonds by the extension and development of trade to be promoted by the Exhibition.

The conclusion of the agreement with Japan has given great satisfaction; for it removes the anxiety which undoubtedly existed in the minds of many Frenchmen as to the possibility of Japan seizing an opportunity to revenge herself for the undue complaisance shown by France towards Russia in the recent war.

Although the French have a poor opinion of kings, the latter, on the contrary, seem to have a high opinion of the French, or at all events of their head and representative, the President. M. Fallières has, within the space of some four weeks, been made the recipient of the Grand Cross of the order of St. Andrew, given by Tsar; of the Maha-Chaki Order, given by the King of Siam; and of the Order of the Chrysanthemum, given by the Emperor of Japan.

Germany.

In Germany as well as in France moral delinquencies of a special character are the cause of most of the disturbances which have to be chronicled. The common parasites of all personal governments, back-stairs intriguers, worse than the pests of popular institutions—demagogues—are, of course, always at work; but it is startling to learn that in these our days, and in the home of criticism, learning, and science, these causes of trouble to honest workers for the good of the state have also been guilty of practises not fit to be mentioned. This at least is the charge publicly brought against the *camarilla*, of which Count Philip Eulenberg was the head—a *camarilla* which has for long had great influence over the Emperor, and which has led him to take several important decisions, particularly that of dissolving the Reichstag last December. The Count, however, is bringing an action in the Courts of Law to vindicate himself from the accusations which have been brought against him, and it is to be hoped, for the honor of Germany, that he will be successful.

The Emperor, of course, knew nothing of the alleged guilty proceedings, and as soon as he learned of them inflicted due punishment upon the wrong-doers. In fact, except in the matter of duelling, right morals find in the Emperor a vigilant defender and enforcer. He has caused what is described as a wholesale expulsion of officers from the military riding school at Hanover on account of their addiction to gambling, and to those who were left he used very strong language in condemnation of the practice. In future officers who habitually indulge in high play will be dismissed from the service.

The scandals which have arisen on account of the violation of the moral law by some two or three of the Colonial governors seem to show that these functionaries think that they can be a law unto themselves. The unsavory proceedings of Dr. Peters, which were brought before the world some years ago, and which caused his dismissal from the service, have again excited attention on account of a libel action which he has brought against a paper at Munich. We are not concerned with him, or with the action itself; but it served to bring out before the world the notions which some men prominent in the political world entertain on the subject of public morality. At the libel action evidence was given by General von Liebert, ex-Governor of German East Africa, member of the Reichstag, the president of the Anti-Socialist League, to whom was addressed Prince Bülow's manifesto during the last election. This high authority sought to justify Dr. Peters' proceedings, by declaring that it was impossible to get on in Africa without cruelty, and that human life had an entirely different value there from what it had in Europe. He condemned the Courts which had condemned Dr. Peters. It is only fair to say that the General's utterances have themselves met with widespread condemnation.

A somewhat important change has been made in the German Imperial Ministry, while in the Prussian Ministry two changes have taken place, Count Posadowsky, the Imperial Secretary of State for the last ten years, has retired from office, and by so doing has strengthened, it is thought, the position of the Chancellor, Prince Bülow. Although not hostile, yet they were not by any means friendly. General regret is felt at the resignation of the Count; for to him is attributed in a large measure the progress which has been made in the social legislation which is so distinguishing a mark of recent German legislation. Although an aristocrat himself, and a member of the landed class, his attitude towards the great social problems of the day became sympathetic, and he was the advocate of far-reaching reforms. He was the chief author of the measures for the protection of children, seamen, and shop assistants, which have been adopted, and of the system of insurance against old age, accidents, and illness. He had in charge the new programme of progressive social policy. On this account his retirement has caused something like consternation. Moreover, he did not approve of the attack made upon the Catholic Centre by Prince Bülow. He is succeeded as Imperial Secretary by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who has hitherto been the Prussian Minister of the Interior and who, although a Conservative, is said to have manifested some liberal instincts in his treatment of the relations between the Prussian police and the Prussian public. He has also proved himself a capable administrator.

A new Minister of Education has also been appointed in

Prussia. No change of policy seems to be involved in this substituting Dr. Holle for Dr. von Studt, as the views of the former are declared to be based on a strictly religious foundation. The appointment, therefore, does not realize the hopes of the Liberals and Radicals who, in Germany as elsewhere, are in favor of the secularization of education. The problem presented to Prince Bülow is somewhat difficult. In the Imperial Reichstag he has to govern with the help of Liberals and Radicals in opposition to the Catholic Centre; while in the Prussian Diet he has to rely upon the support of the Catholic Centre against the Liberals and Radicals. His Liberal and Radical supporters in the Reichstag are by no means pleased with the recent appointments.

In the hope of improving the relations of Germany and England a party of journalists of the latter country have been returning the visit paid last year to England by certain German journalists. They were received with the utmost courtesy, not only by the Kaiser but also by the King of Saxony and the Prince-Regent of Bavaria.

Even more dignified visitors were the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen of the City of London, who went over to Berlin in full state. These were entertained by the municipalities of Berlin and Charlottenberg; received by the Reichstag, and welcomed by the Emperor (although not in person on account of absence from Berlin), at his palace at Potsdam. Those hospitalities although, of course, they cannot decide the question of peace or war yet contribute in no small degree to create an atmosphere favorable to the better decision. On his side, the Emperor sent to England representatives of himself at the unveiling of the statue of the late Duke of Cambridge. These representatives were, of course, received with all honor and duly decorated. The exchange of civilities will culminate in the visit which, after so many years of absence, the Emperor is to pay to the King of England in the coming autumn.

Austria-Hungary.

The first session of the Reichsrath, the Lower House of which meets for the first time elected by universal suffrage with the abolition of all distinctive privileges, was opened by the Emperor in person. In his speech he made an almost pathetic appeal for union and harmony: "It is my most lively desire to leave, when the time shall come, as a precious inheritance to my peoples, the assured existence of their national possessions, and thereby to guarantee to all a national peace that may be a joint treasure to all lovers of the Fatherland. . . . To all who hold dear their popular characteristics, and the weal of the State, I address the plea that they will co-operate with entire devotion to the attainment of this goal."

The introduction of universal suffrage was due to his trust in the loyalty of his people. This widening of the foundations of State would, he hoped, go hand in hand with a concentration and increase of the State's political power. He reminded the members that the right to participate in decisions created co-responsibility for the fate of the body politic. A long list of proposed social and agrarian reforms was given, including a scheme of insurance for sickness and old age, which he looked upon as the crown of the social work which he had begun in his early youth by the liberation of the peasant class. The speech concluded with the following impressive words: "Through the grace of Providence it has been vouchsafed to me to lead two generations of my peoples. I have seen the toils of my princely office rewarded by a love and loyalty tried in all the vicissitudes of destiny and by my peoples' progress in well-being and civilization. To further this progress, and well and truly to administer the inheritance of the glorious history of our fathers, is the task to which I have dedicated my whole life. With this same goal before your eyes you will find the way to concord and internal peace, which to see assured I should esteem the highest favor of fate. May the reconciling spirit of love of the common Fatherland brood over your work, and may the blessing of the Almighty accompany you therein." It is to be hoped that the spirit and aims of the monarch may be shared by every member of the new Assembly, and that the abolition of every privilege which is its distinctive characteristic may have practical results. The President of the Chamber was chosen out of the ranks of the Christian Socialists who constitute the distinctively Catholic party. Nothing further has so far to be recorded of the proceedings of the Parliament, and so it may be presumed that all is going smoothly.

Quite otherwise is it with the Hungarian Assembly. Not long ago Europe was resounding with outcries about the wrongs which the Magyars had to suffer from the Liberal party, which was said to be Austria's instrument for oppressing disinterested lovers of liberty and national rights. For years all parliamentary proceedings were paralyzed and institutions of self-government were in great danger of becoming discredited. Scenes were witnessed which would have brought a saloon into disrepute. Within the past few weeks there has been a renewal of deliberate parliamentary obstruction and a repetition of disgraceful proceedings.. But now it is the Magyars who are the oppressors of the downtrodden and the foes of liberty. Although in a minority in the country, the Magyars have a large majority in Parliament over the various other races represented in the Hungarian House. And they wish to stand in something of the same relation towards those races as the Austrian Germans were accused of wishing to take up towards the Hungarians. Among these races are the Croats who, looking upon themselves as having been treated unjustly in the proposed exclusive use of the Hungarian language even on Croatian railways, have begun to practise what the quondam obstructors declare to be obstruction of an altogether outrageous character. Scenes have been witnessed which vie with those of which before the Magyars were the authors, and epithets which it would not be seemly for us to recount.

The minor question which was the cause of the trouble last year led to the revival of fundamental political questions involving the relations betweens the two nationalities. The Ban has resigned and has been replaced by an official more opposed to the Croatian aspirations than was his predecessors. The Compact of 1867 between Austria and Hungary placed the Croatians practically at the mercy of Hungary. In 1868 an arrangement was made between Hungary and Croatia which has proved oppressive, especially in a financial sense, to the latter. Several members of the present Hungarian government promised, during the conflict with Austria, certain concessions. These promises, now that they are in power, they have made no effort to keep. On the contrary, the Hungarian Premier, Dr. Wekerle, declared in the Chamber that the government would pursue a severe course in order to teach the Croatians respect for the unity of the State and to keep them within their proper limits. A former Premier, Baron Banffy, goes farther and proposes to make the Ban of Croatia merely the representative of the Hungarian executive, thus depriving the Croats of the autonomy which they have hitherto possessed, and refusing to Croatia the position which they themselves have been claiming as to Austria. Croatian obstruction in the Chamber is to be overcome by the government's enactment of an ordinance on their own authority. The Magyars are, in fact, acting in a more arbitrary manner than ever they accused the Austrians of doing. The Croatians are determined to offer strenuous resistance. They have refused to take any further part in parliamentary proceedings.

Russia.

Affairs in Russia are in much the same state as they were after the dissolution of the second *Duma*. A good deal might be written about prospects, expectations, hopes, and fears. But when everything depends, as it still does, upon the will of an autocrat, these affairs are of little more interest than are those in the Dominion of, say, the Amir of Afghanistan.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

THE most interesting incident of the National Editorial Association's convention, at the Jamestown Exposition, was a speech by the venerable Crosby S. Noyes, editor of the Washington *Star*. His subject was "Journalism Since Jamestown," and incidentally he drew a striking contrast between the conditions attending the pioneer colonist, like Captain John Smith, who had no newspaper press to aid him, and those attending the public man of to-day, like President Roosevelt, whose success and prestige have been due largely to exploitation of his words and deeds in the up-to-date journal. His speech was filled with happy simile, appreciative and satirical comment, and vigorous defense of the profession in which he has been a conspicuous figure.

Mr. Noyes said, in part:

Captain John Smith's achievements, in the way of planting and sustaining the English colony under the most formidable difficulties, were as worthy of glorification as the deeds of Theodore Roosevelt, but he lacked the aid of the newspaper press that has so greatly helped the latter in his upward career.

The newspapers have given Mr. Roosevelt their vigorous support in his reform policies; have exploited all his sayings and doings through the twenty-four hours of the day; glorified the man and his work and made his name a household word in every home in the land. He has seemed somewhat slow in acknowledging his indebtedness to the press, but perhaps he will think of it some day when he is not too busy.

Captain John Smith had no such newspaper aid, and his great deeds have thereby gone unhonored and unsung.

Following up this reference to the early absence of a public press, the speaker reviewed briefly the history and progress of the English and American newspaper. A notable point showing modern advancement was cited in the fact that only seventy years ago, in 1837, not a single newspaper representative was present in the Senate at Washington to report a word of Webster's famous reply to Calhoun on the currency question.

Discussing the journals of to-day, Mr. Noyes made this caustic comment on certain of them:

Take a copy of an up-to-date penny dreadful. You will find it packed with horrors. The front page and several inside pages are devoted to lurid depictions of the great scandal-murder case, the special thriller of the day, with pictures and biographies. . . .

At first glace the appearance of such a paper as representative of modern journalism has a discouraging look; but on a closer view, when it is seen that the newspapers of this degraded class can be counted almost upon the fingers of one hand, and that the clean, sane, reputable journals of the country number twenty thousand or more, we can take a more cheerful view of the situation.

* * *

The papers which Professor Frederick Starr contributed to the Chicago *Tribune* upon his return from the Congo Free State have now been collected in a small volume under the original title, *The Truth About the Congo*. Chicago:

Forbes & Co. It was under this title that the articles were first published. They have been the cause of malicious and untrue statements concerning the author, and have made him the subject of bitter attack.

Professor Starr's account of the country is not by any means in agreement with that of some other observers. It is, upon the whole, favorable to the Congo rulers. Readers who are looking for harrowing tales of the atrocities, about which so much has been written of late, will be disappointed.

That there have been atrocities he admits; that many are still committed there—as elsewhere—he does not deny; that they will continue he thinks highly probable. But as to the frightful floggings, the chain gangs, the mutilations, and the various other horrors which have been dwelt upon, he makes light of them. Flogging is general in the Free State. Of that he is convinced; but in all my journey in the Congo, he adds, while I frequently heard the word flogging, and constantly heard the word chicotte, I never heard the French term for either. The Belgians, he holds, are not responsible. He saw plenty of flogging, however, and gives a lively description of the ceremony as he saw it conducted. Chain gangs are to be seen at every post. But Professor Starr does not seem to be greatly impressed by these phenomena. To grieve over the weight carried in the form of chain and ring is simply ridiculous; there are to-day thousands of women among these Congo tribes who, for the sake of decoration, carry about their neck a heavy ring of brass weighing twenty, twenty-five, or thirty pounds. It is no uncommon thing for both men and women to have a weight of thirty, forty, or fifty pounds of brass and iron rings and ornaments upon them. Moreover, he thinks it very doubtful that the natives are as susceptible to pain as we are.

While Professor Starr is apt to discount the stories of atrocities, he is likewise inclined to disagree with the usual idea of the African character. The frequent charges of dishonesty and ingratitude seem to him unjust. The African knows, as well as we do, what constitutes truth, yet he lies, especially to white folk. He has as clear a knowledge of mine and thine as we, and yet he steals from his employer. The explanation is that he thinks we are constantly getting something from him; he knows that the white man is a stranger, and consequently to be respected; for throughout tribal life the stranger is a menace; he is being plundered because he is a being who plunders. That, according to Professor Starr, is how the matter appears to the African; and it is easy to apply this conception in explaining other matters which have often astonished the white man.

The Protestant missionaries generally seem to him too full of a complaining spirit. They are always grumbling and finding fault with the Government, whether the Government is responsible or not. If their attention is called to some apparent purpose to reform abuses, they shake their heads and say it will come to nothing; it is a subterfuge. If, as time passes, the thing assumes the appearance of reality, they say there is some hidden and mysterious purpose back of it; the State would never do so well unless it were preparing some new iniquity. The attitude of complaint becomes habitual; the ability to see improvement seems completely lost.

Professor Starr, as it will be seen, is, upon the whole, inclined to stand up for and to defend the Belgian Administration. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Holy Eucharist. By the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. Pp. xix.-278. Price $1.20 net. *Pragmatism.* By William James. Price $1.25. *Story of Ancient Irish Civilization.* By P. W. Joyce. Price 50 cents net.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Notable Pictures in Rome. With many illustrations. By Edith Harwood. Pp. xvii.-306. Price $1.50 net. *Sicily. The New Winter Resort.* An Encyclopedia of Sicily. By Douglas Sladen. Illustrated. Pp. xiv.-616. Price $2 net. *The Roman Capitol in Ancient and Modern Times.* By E. Rodocanchi. Pp. xvi.-250. Price $1 net. *The Museums and Ruins of Rome.* By Walter Amelung and Heinrich Holtzinger. In two vols. Price $3 net per set.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
The Administration of an Institutional Church. A Detailed Account of the Operation of St. George's Parish in the City of New York. By George Hodges and John Reichert. Pp. xxii.-324. Price $3 net.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Meditations for Seminarians and Priests. By the Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. Translated and adapted. Price $1 net.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York:
Sodality of Our Lady. Hints and Helps for Those in Charge. By Father Elder Mullan, S.J. Pp. 256.

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York:
The Gothic Quest. By Ralph Adams Cram. Pp. 355.

Tennant & Ward, New York:
A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature. By Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. Booklet. Pp. 55. Price 10 cents.

The National Civic Federation, New York:
Socialism. By W. H. Mallock, M A., of England. Paper. Pp. 138.

George C. Peck, New York:
The New Apocalypse. By Henry Grafton Chapman. Paper. Pp. 38.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.:
Industrial Education. A System of Training for Men Entering upon Trade and Commerce. By Harlow Stafford Person, Ph.D. Pp. vi.-86. Price $1 net.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
La Familia de Santa Teresa en América y Primera Carmelita Americana. Por el Dr. D. Manuel Maria Pólit. Pp. 383.

The Burrow Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio:
History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes, of the same Society. Text. Vol. I. From the First Colonization till 1645. Pp. ix.-655.

Australian Catholic Truth Society, Melbourne:
Daily Prayer. Pamphlet. Price 1 penny. *The Very Rev. Father M. T. Ratisbone.* Pamphlet. Price 1 penny.

Sands & Co., Edinburgh, Scotland:
The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room. Conversations on some Matters of Moment. By Francis Aveling, D.D. Westminster Lectures. Third Series. Edited by Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. Including six lectures: *The Church Versus Science; Mysticism; Socialism and Individualism; Authority in Belief; Revelation and Creeds; Theories of the Transmigration of Souls.*

P. Lethielleux, Paris:
Le Progrés du Libéralisme Catholique en France sous le Pape Léon XIII. Vol. I. and II. *Luttes pour la Liberte de L'Eglise Catholique aux Etats-Unis.* Pp. 128. *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ.* Pp. 440.

Victor Lecoffre, Paris:
Saint Elio. Par Paul Parsy. Price 2 *fr.*

Alphonse Picard et Fils, Paris:
Guibert de Nogent. Historie de sa Vie. Par G. Bourgin. Pp. lxiii.-249.

Bloud et Cie, Paris:
Lamennais et Lamartine. Par C. Maréchal. Pp. 373. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *La Force Curatrice a Lourdes et la Psychologie du Miracle.* Pp. 39. Price 1 *fr.* *La Crise Religieuse et l'Action Intellectuelle des Catholiques.* Par C. Dupuis. Pp. 90. Price 1 *fr.* 50.

Gustavo Gili, Barcelona:
Instrucción para ensenar la virtud á los principiantes y Escala Espiritual. Por el Padre Fray Diego Murillo. 2 vols. Price 12 Pesetas. *Los Excesos del Estado.* Por el Ilmo. Dr. D. J. Torras y Bages. Pp. 85. *El Cathólico de Acción.* Por P. Gabriel Paláu, S J. Pp. 176. *La Importancia de la Prensa.* Por D. Antolin L. Paláez. Pp. 249. Price 2'50 Pesetas. *Caracteres del Anarquismo en la Actualidad.* Por Gustavo la Iglesia. Pp. 456. Price 5 Pesetas. *La Comunion Frecuente y Diaria.* Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Pp. 138.

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THE ITALIAN PRESS—ITS PARTIAL PERVERSION.

BY R. E.

"GOOD wine needs no bush," and it would be superfluous to write in order to dwell upon the good qualities of the annual output of newspaper matter; these will invariably find advocates enough, beginning with the editorial staff who produce them. But, though to pull up all the tares and leave only the wheat standing is an impossible task, we yet may very profitably employ a little time in weeding in that garden of print where, although so many fair flowers flourish, weeds, alas! do abound in ever-increasing profusion.

It is because we hear so much and such a deal of "high falutin" as to the "beneficial powers of the press," that we begin with an "attacking" statement, and think it may be just as well to dwell a little on the other side of the picture, and consider some of the frequently bad and insidiously evil effects of press influence on the public mind. Indeed, if only we could, we would dearly like to pillory certain "gutter-press rags" which, like all cheap-and-nastys, find easy circulation among those classes of persons always ready to swallow more than their proverbial allowance of a "peck of dirt."

Having now resided abroad, at intervals, for many years, we think it is true to say that one requires so to live, to grasp fully to what depths the press can sink and to what aims, subversive of morals and religion, it can lend itself. People living in England, or America, naturally do not see more than one—if even that—foreign paper, French, Italian, German, to which they may subscribe, and that probably one of the leading, high-toned papers, such as the *Figaro*, *Le Temps*, *Corriere*

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della Sera, *Kolnische Zeitung*, etc. Consequently, they with difficulty can believe the statements often made by permanent English or American residents abroad, as to the deplorable lack of censorship of the press which exists on the Continent, and its imperative need. It is not too much to say that if a tithe of what is daily published, circulated, exposed for sale, on the newspaper *kiosques* abroad, were to be translated into English, or issued in journal form in London, Edinburgh, New York, there would ensue such a "spontaneous combustion" and revolt among newspaper readers as would lead to a prompt suppression of the same and the much-to-be-desired punishment of their editors.

The "power of the press," of which we read and hear so often, lies not so much in the quality of its utterances as in the quantity of its readers. Given an uneducated, fallow public mind, and nothing will be too grossly unbelievable to be believed; and newspapers will continue to be a power in the land, in any land, so long as people continue to believe firmly that whatever is in print is true. The old adage, of believing nothing you hear and only half of what you see, is of little account nowadays, and most persons will seriously affirm, by way of testimony to the truth of their assertions, that "it was in the papers to-day!" The gospel truth of the press appears to be an established conviction of the ordinary public mind, and we expect it to be but a matter of time before we shall see in the law courts, witnesses being sworn—not on a mere Bible—but on a copy of (let us say) the *Daily Mail*. (We make a present of this idea to the judges, as a solution of the difficulty which we believe still attends the swearing-in of non-Christian jurors.)

But the particular bit of cabbage patch which we want to hoe just now, and which has come under our daily notice for years, lies in Italy. Not that only in Italy bad papers unfit for print are daily published, but we can quote from facts which are constantly before our eyes—and of making many newspapers in Italy there is no end—literary and unliterary, religious and anti-religious, political and non-political, dull and clever. Very much the same gamut is sounded as in other countries, but one invariable, dominant note is eternally harped on in every Italian paper we have ever seen, and that—the presence always, in every kind or class of journal, of strong personal bias for or against the Church. No editor and his staff can let Church matters alone in Italy for twenty-four hours; not a leading article appears but some sort of reference must be made for or against religion; and the religious question rages in Italy, cropping up at every turn. This is a most noticeable feature in Italian journalism to Anglo-Saxon eyes, for as a rule, except in definite religious papers and magazines, recognized as such, we let Church matters alone to work out their own salvation, and are not forever letting loose lay terriers to try and worry ecclesiastical cats.

Though there are, of course, some Italian papers (we are speaking of that class to which, in accordance with the title of this article, we intend to refer) that know how to express themselves in fairly becoming language, there is a class of paper which gives vent to the most poisonous and subverting opinions, in language which leaves behind it all bounds of ordinary decency. We quote, as an instance, that our readers may see for themselves what we mean, the following, taken from the advanced socialist paper *L'Avanti*. A short time ago the *Osservatore Romano* (a Vatican organ in so far as it is made use of by the Vatican when official utterances are to be published), dealing with that most thorny subject, the character, etc., of Giordano Bruno, expressed itself very unfavorably towards that personage—perfectly legitimately so—but this is how its references to Giordano Bruno were alluded to by its violent contemporary (we give full quotation together with our translation):

> I DIFFAMATORI DELLA STORIA.
>
> *L'Osservatore Romano* di stasera pubblica alcune righe su Giordano Bruno, le quali rilevano tutta l'oscenità settaria di quegli animi di sagrestani. Ecco quel che dice del filosofo nolano, etc.

> THE TRADUCERS OF HISTORY.
>
> The *Roman Observer*, of this evening, publishes some lines on Giordano Bruno, which *show up the sectarian obscenity* of the *sacristan spirit*. This is what it says regarding the Philosopher of Nola, etc.

This is an almost everyday example of Italian billingsgate.

Another more insidious method of influencing for evil the public mind, is in the choice of extracts from foreign papers which are reprinted, and which are generally those which most profitably might be omitted. Take this example, reprinted from *Le Soir*, whose editors apparently are rejoicing in the fact of having converted the church of the expelled Marist friars, at Le Plaisance, into a cinematograph hall. The Italian paper prints the following edifying notice:

> Al posto dove sorgeva l'altare, noi abbiamo messo il cinematografo. Cosi invece della Messa noi offriamo al pubblico un trattamento morale ed istruttivo, che incontrerà, ne siamo certi, l'approbazione unanime.

> On the spot where the altar used to stand, we have put a cinematograph, *so that in place of the Mass we offer the public a moral and instructive entertainment*, which we are convinced will meet with universal approval, etc.

These and such as these are the titbits offered for the Italian public's delectation. Italy is dominated by its press more than almost any other country, and it can be easily imagined what effect this incessant open and underhand attacking of things religious—this constant drip, drip upon the stone—must have. Add also the fact that here newspapers are published at a half-penny; so that every workingman who can read can probably afford to buy the one of his fancy.

Bad as the influences of the above types of papers undoubtedly are, their effects are yet mild in comparison with those of the now notorious and almost unmentionable *Asino*—a paper which within the last few years has reached the acme or rather the apogee of what may be regarded as the output of moral filth. No adjective can be too strong as applied against this production, and one re-emerges as half suffocated from a sewer after a perusal of its vilely worded attacks against everything that represents morality or religion—attacks against the Church, the Pope, the priesthood—in which it hesitates at nothing, pouring forth its weekly polluting stream of poison.

This paper, with its highly colored and often clever cartoons and caricatures as frontispiece, is exposed on all stalls for sale, and though a law already exists in Italy by the enforcement of which its sale might be prohibited, so far, owing to a partial-spirited indifference on the part of ministers of justice, it has gone on its way unmolested.

However, "deepest Black means White most imminent," and in its more recent issues so scandalous and openly flagrant has been the *Asino's* breach of all laws of decency, that protests have at last made themselves heard at headquarters, and in the Italian Parliament the deputy Santini has energetically pushed a measure, which has culminated in the trial of the editors and management. Pending the trial, the paper is having its (let us hope) last fling, and its illustrated immoralities meet the eye everywhere, exposed as they are where every Italian boy or girl can read and see them. Truly there is an eleventh *Bolgia* in the Inferno waiting for a second Dante to describe, and where shall be found alike together the authors and editors and subscribers of their talents and wealth to the soul destroying journals which spring up in all countries and in all languages.

The excesses of the press abroad are almost incredible. It is a perfectly horrible sight to any one believing in a God and a future state and that man has a soul as well as a body to care for, to see even the little children daily looking at, being permitted to read, and hearing read aloud, whatever garbage a certain set of atheistical and impure-minded men may choose to throw and strew around them; and it is a disgrace to Italy, *Il Bel Paese*, that such publications as referred to should be allowed to flourish, and no official check be placed upon them. Whilst her gardeners sleep their perpetual siesta, her garden runs to riot; and if, together with the increase of education, Italy does not see to it that fit food for young Italy's intellectual digestive powers is supplied, and that in place of the present cheap refuses now eagerly swallowed, at least wholesome nourishment is provided, neither she nor any other similarly erring nation can hope to avoid the cataclysm already threatening the world —that of a Proletariat without God, without morals, in possession.

The argument that it is in the power of the reader to accept or reject at will the statements laid before him, is useless, for it is an established fact that when acknowledged "leaders of public thought" write for the public—the public is led. Moreover, the responsibility of such leaders lies in this, that holding as they do the position of accepted and recognized directors of public opinion, they have *no right to think their unformed thoughts aloud in print;* nor can they fall back on the statement that what they have written is only so much "undetermined, indefinite suggestions or reflections, and not authoritative assertions; they are subject to correction," etc. These and such like catch phrases are generally employed after some most decisive opinions have been expressed. When these views are signed by some well-known writer's name they must, of necessity, carry weight; the final disclaimer goes to the winds and is unheeded by the average reader, who forthwith proceeds (possibly unconsciously) to assimilate and make them his own.

If editors of papers and writers of press articles would more often reflect on their responsibility *before* God and *to* man, fewer irresponsible articles would be laid before those millions of readers who read without judgment, and imbibe as truth whatever is laid before them.

Uncomplimentary as it sounds, a great deterrant to this blind belief in their paper's utterances would doubtless be, in many cases, a personal acquaintance and knowledge of those who write for them! But only a few of the multitude personally know the writers for papers which they read, only a few grasp the fact that that awe-inspiring pronoun "WE" is but the multiplication of the most egoistic "I" of the individual who is giving expression to his own (very often) most bigoted views of the question in hand.

If, instead of quoting and implicitly believing the "excellent article in to-day's *Times*, *Standard*," etc., the reader would spare another second of his time to thinking "such and such an article was written by Mr. —— and embodies his personal views," and so accordingly allow for the personal bias which permeates most press utterances—then, as Professor Teuflesdröckh might say, *Then* would the articles, stripped of their disguise and the many enfolding garments of individual opinion, step out naked to the eye; and one would arrive at their *raison d'être* and at the man who writes them; and of the man who writes them Teuflesdröckh again would tell us—he is but "an omnivorous biped that wears breeches!"

But is there no remedy which can be found; no antidote to the spreading poison? May not, perhaps, the very force which creates the evil, if rightly directed, stem it, extirpate it? Why, in this century of syndicates, cannot a *Press Syndicate* be formed, which shall have funds invested for the sole purpose of—wherever some strikingly obnoxious species of newspaper is making its way—there establishing a counter one, outbuying it, underselling it, stamping it out entirely. If this syndicate were formed among the good class of the press, and supported by public subscriptions and made international, then the really beneficial powers of the press would be definitely employed in a crusade against the increasing publication of impure matter, and would gain the support and backing of all right-feeling persons. It might, too, prove a safety valve to the millionaires unable to spend their millions, and who are now sometimes reduced to giving costly dinner parties to their pet dogs or monkeys.

If our International Press Syndicate ever comes into existence, we believe it would bring about the much-desired eradication of bad journalism, and secure a universally high standard instead. Nothing is truer than that "it is easy to be amusing if one does not shrink from being nasty," and it is this force of humorous nastiness which so often creates a big sale of bad-toned, immoral papers. Moral papers, to combat immoral ones, must therefore not be lacking in humor—as sometimes they are—and we await, with anxiety and curiosity combined, the first appearance of the new Italian paper which, issuing from Bologna and being started by public subscription with the sole purpose of combating week by week the *Asino*, has chosen as its title *Il Mulo!* *Absit omen*, we hope it may prove to be devoid of certain characteristics generally attributed to mules. It is something—a very great something—that the effort *is* being made and proceeding from Italy herself, *cóntro la stampa immorale*—against the immoral press; and that this phrase is becoming a heading occasionally to be met with now in one or two good leading papers.

It is almost inevitable that counsels of perfection should remain such, and good advice as to not believing all one sees in print should not be taken! An uneducated and an unreflecting public will doubtless continue (in spite of this article!) to believe what it can get and read for a half-penny. We re-assert, however, that it is for these unreflecting minds, that reflective editorial ones should legislate, and, in fact, are responsible. Our "seed field is time," and the sowers, the rulers of the press, should sow good seed in the vast world-fields before them, lest they "reap—the whirlwind." For "liberty is one thing, but excess of liberty is another," and the great Juggernaut car of "liberty of the press" rolling on has already crushed its millions of victims, in the form of minds poisoned, young hearts and thoughts depraved, evil insinuated, and morals eternally undermined.

Is there no power in Christianity, even in Catholic Italy, which can intervene and check its course?

LISHEEN; OR, THE TEST OF THE SPIRITS.*

BY CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.,

Author of "My New Curate"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PORPHYRY VASE.

THE meditations of Ralph Outram, as he stood in his dressing gown before his glass the morning after the dinner party, were not pleasant. Morning meditations, as a rule, are not pleasant. It is only when the blood has begun to course swiftly through the brain, and to shake off the stagnancy where unpleasant visions dwell, that fresher and more exhilarating ideas come upward. His was not the unpleasantness of anticipations or remorse, but only vexation at having been betrayed into what he called "a tactical blunder." There are some minds to whom tactical mistakes are of far more serious consequence than deadly sin. Outram's was one of these; and, between his teeth, as he performed the duties of his toilette, he cursed that old professor, that treacherous whisky, those opiate cigars, those odious women, for betraying him into what might prove the more serious trouble of his life. For, all the long way home, Mabel, who had recovered rapidly from her swoon, was ominously silent, or answered only in monosyllables; and he knew from her calm, stony face, as she entered the house, and went straight to her room, that she had seen a significance beneath the simple vesture of his story, that was known to no one but himself.

"Those women," he muttered, "you cannot show them a pebble but they want to build a mountain out of it. With their intuitions, their inspirations, their fancies, their suspicions, one dare not even lift the corner of the veil that every man, from a sense of duty, should keep pegged down over his past life."

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And then he went over in detail all that he could remember of his story and its suggestions. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him with startling suddenness. He pulled back the sleeve of his dressing gown and shirt and looked long and anxiously at a mark high up on the arm, like the cicatrice of an ancient wound, except that instead of being long and narrow, it was a circular blotch, rimmed by a ridge of flesh and sunk down in a pale, flabby skin in the centre. Then he pulled open his shirt front and stared at his breast in the glass. Yes; there were a few healed wounds here and there.

"The marks of Paythan triangular knives, we shall say," he murmured. But his face wore a frown of anger and vexation. He dressed leisurely, turning over in his mind a hundred things which he might say to his wife; and debating earnestly with himself what would be the most politic course to pursue—to make light of the whole thing; to laugh away her anger or her fears; to simulate anger; to fall back upon his usual cold, sneering manner, and then, if the lady persevered in her unpleasant mood, to hiss defiance at her; or—to make a clean breast of all and to commence anew. Alas! no; that cannot be even thought of. It would be sheer madness. The veil must be kept pegged down. All men do it. Society could not otherwise cohere. These little dissimulations are the cement of good society. If all men and women were to lay bare their secrets to the world, what a cataclysm there would be! It would be just like a West Indian earthquake, when the terrified inhabitants rush out clothed in sheets and towels and counterpanes.

"I shall lie still till the earthquake comes," he said. "I cannot afford to appear in undress before any one."

Like all men who amuse themselves by anticipations, he was a little pleased, and yet disappointed, to find that Mabel had not come down to breakfast. The Major was alone, sitting over in his armchair near the fire. He was now hardly able to move. His lower extremities had been turned into stone. He was reading a letter, apparently with great interest, aud not without emotion.

"Here is a letter from Bob," he said, as Outram came over and held his hands to the fire. "You remember Bob?"

"Of course—Maxwell. What news?"

"Strange enough. This is what he says":

CAHERCON, April 20, 18—.

DEAR MAJOR: Here is a letter as from the dead. I have had all the experiences of a Robinson Crusoe, or Haroun al Raschid, for the past seven or eight months; and am just now located as above as farmhand and general overseer or time-keeper over some marble quarries. Most likely you would not hear from me until my term of probation had expired, but I want you to do something for me, and without delay. You know Bernards—Colonel Bernards? He lives down near Killiney. His agent is Steevens, Maguire & Co. Well, I want him to sell me at once a farm which is on his estate here, called Lisheen, lately occupied by a family named McAuliffe, whom he has evicted, and who are now lodged in Tralee gaol. The farm is practically worthless to him now, as you know. No one dare take it. And I shall give his own sum, provided he sends me promptly deed of sale, duly signed, etc. I will explain all afterwards when we meet. How is the old enemy? I hope he is sparing you. I know almost nothing of the outer world, and am afraid of asking questions. All can wait.

Yours truly, ROBERT MAXWELL.

Address as above, and keep strictly private.

"Quixotism after Quixotism," said Outram. "Some Kerry colleen has bewitched him; or, perhaps, he is so enamored of his Robinson Crusoe life, he is going to abandon civilization forever and take up the farm at—what do you call the place?"

"And get himself shot," said the Major. "Lisheen, he calls it, half mountain, half bog, I suppose, like all Kerry."

"Well, well, wonders will never cease," said Outram, going over to the breakfast-table and touching the gong.

"See is Mrs. Outram coming down to breakfast," he said to the footman.

"No, sir"; was the answer. "Mrs. Outram's maid says that she will breakfast in her room."

"Very good. Tired after last evening," he said to the Major. "We had a most stupid dinner; and I was bored to death by a Professor of something—a short, dumpy, Pickwickian little fellow, eye-glass, seals, corpulence, gaiters; no, he was in evening dress, that was all the difference between himself and the immortal. The fellow wanted to prove," he continued, as he poured out his coffee, "that he, who was never outside Ireland knew more than an Anglo-Indian like myself, or you—"

"The—fool," said the Major, who was particularly sore on that point. "What did you say?"

"Say? Well, what can you say to a fool?" said Outram. "His contention was that, that you can get more information out of books than by experience—by reading about a thing than by seeing it."

"And what did you say?"

"I said all I could," said Outram. "I exhausted my knowledge, and poured it through the sieve of the fellow's mind; and then I remembered a wise old saying: Answer a fool according to his folly."

"How was that?" asked the Major.

"I invented a story, or rather built up a legend upon a few facts, as novelists do, and poured it through his little brain as he sipped his whisky and water. He swallowed it all as easily as he swallowed his liquor. And he was so entranced that he induced me to tell the same story to the ladies in the drawing-room. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if they also believed it, and if it were over half the drawing-rooms in Dublin in a week."

"You must tell me that this evening after dinner," said the Major. "Or, perhaps, Mabel will tell me all about it at lunch."

"Yes, Mabel will tell it better than I. She quite understands that it was improvised for the occasion—a little fact, a lot of fiction, like all romances."

"You're going to the city?" asked the Major.

"Ye—es"; said Outram.

"Would you mind calling at Steevens & Maguire's, and say I should like to see a representative of the firm to-day, if possible?"

"Yes, certainly; they are agents, in one of those streets off Dame Street, I believe?"

"Yes, quite so. How do you know them?"

"Little business matters. I can send them a message, of course, in case I should not be able to call."

"Yes; but it is urgent. It is all about Bob's letter and his commission. And you see it must be done at once."

"Of course. I'll see to it. What is his address, by the way?"

"Cahercon, Co. Kerry."

"Very good. I hope Mabel will be able to come down early. Nothing else in town?"

"Nothing," replied the Major.

Mabel came down to lunch. She looked so pale, so woebegone, so distressed, that the Major was startled. She took her seat wearily at the table, but eat nothing. The Major looked at her with anxious eyes. He was not so entirely engrossed with his gout, as to fail to see, for some time past, that his daughter was not happy. No complaint ever passed her lips; but she went about the house looking after her household duties, dressed, drove out in her carriage; dressed for balls and dinners, went to levees; but in such a mechanical and spiritless way, so dull, so cold, so unemotional, that her father saw clearly there was something wrong, but he forbore asking questions, for he dreaded revelations.

"She was naturally cold and reserved," he thought, "her mother's disposition—but this new manner or disposition is something more."

But this afternoon her features were dragged and distorted, as by some acute pain; and there was cut deeply upon them the sad sculpturing of sorrow and of woe. She turned aside from the table, drew a chair opposite the fire, and with hands folded on her lap, continued gazing in silence at the jets of flame that burst from the burning coal. The Major was too deeply impressed to say anything. He shifted uneasily in the armchair, and was silent. Then he bethought him of Bob Maxwell's letter, and fumbling for it, he handed it to her. She merely glanced at the subscription and handed it back. Then she said:

"Father, could we—I mean you and I—go away somewhere?"

"Go away?" echoed the Major. "Not now, Mabel, not in the height of the season, when no one leaves town."

"Couldn't we sell out this place and furniture, and go abroad—to Spain, to the Riviera, to Algiers, anywhere?"

"What's the matter with you, Mab?" the Major said. "You're not well!"

She burst into passionate weeping, and kneeling on the hearth-rug by her father's feet, she put her head on his hand, and moaned:

"Well? I'm too well, God help me! If only I were ill enough to die, and be at rest!"

"Now, now, Mab," said her father. "This is nonsense, or, what is worse, hysteria; and you know you must not give way to that. You're too young, and too newly married, to yield to such weakness!"

"Ah, my God, if I had never married," she moaned piteously. "If only I had the sense to remain with you, and nurse you to old age and the end! Oh, what madness possesses girls that they do not know their happiness, and must fling it away?"

And she wept bitterly.

"Come now, Mab," said her father. "This won't do. What has come between you and Ralph? I know you are not happy together. But that often happens. By the way, what was the story he told last night at dinner? Come, tell it all to me. Ralph said you could tell it better than he."

"Did he tell you that, Father?" she cried, with eyes flashing through her tears.

"He did. It was his last word this morning, as he was going to the city. He said he concocted a story last night to please some old duffer of a professor. It was all fancy, or nearly so. But, he says, it will probably be all over gossipy Dublin before a week."

"What a liar! What a hypocrite!" she murmured. "It was his own history he told. Men must make a confession of their lives sometimes; and he was excited with drink. Did you suspect that he was ever addicted to drink, poor old Pap?"

"I did. God forgive me, I knew it!" said the Major, with humble sorrow.

The two sat silent for a long time, watching the flickering fire, and busy with their own thoughts.

"Ah! if you had only married Bob—poor Bob!" said the Major at length.

But she put her hand over his mouth and stopped him. Then, after another pause, she rose up and left the room. As she went upstairs to her room, wearily and with heavy steps, catching at the balustrade to help her, she paused for a moment beneath a lobby window of colored glass. Here on a pedestal was the porphyry vase, which had been sent by an unknown hand from India, with the Sanskrit letter which her husband refused to interpret. She had passed it a hundred times before without a thought, except the unconscious admiration of its perfect and polished beauty. Now, she stood still, and studied it. The great broad cavity shone beneath the colored glass of the window, here crimson, here blue and yellow. She thought she would give a good deal to know its history—who made it, whence it came. Then her husband's words about the little Hindoo girl came back to her; and she remembered, with a kind of vague horror, that he said she never turned out any work of art from her hands, except with some symbol, or symbolic meaning, which sooner or later would be revealed. She argued then: This vase is a symbol—but of what? She couldn't think. But as she watched it, she thought she saw the coils of the green snake, knotted at the bottom of the vase, stir; and she shrank back in terror. It was pure imagination, of course. But she took up a heavy paper-weight that lay on the table—a five-pound solid shell, fixed in mahogany, which her father had brought home from India; and poising it in her hand, as if in self-defence, she looked again. Whether her imagination, strung by sleeplessness and worry, was over-excited, or whether the lights that flickered and faded from the window, deceived her, she thought she saw the hideous green reptile stirring again; and in a paroxysm of horror, she brought down the heavy paper-weight with all her force upon the snake. The green stone crumbled as if it were glass, and the porphyry vase parted in two, as if cut by a knife. It did not fall to the ground, but remained on the pedestal, the edges, clean cut, now an inch apart; and she saw that the thickness of the beautiful vase graduated from three or four inches at the foot to an inch in the centre, and then widened out to greater thickness, where the edge of the vase lipped over.

Horrified at what she had done, she still felt a strange thrill of exultation, as if the breaking of that vessel symbolized some decisive turn of fate for her. "At least," she thought, "it means a change, a rupture of present relations, a new life, and that is a great gain."

She went to her room, and sat down to think. Leaning her weary head on her hand, she looked out through the window where the dreary sun was shivering down the west amidst banks of gray, ashen clouds. She began to review her married life—her first feelings of repulsion from her husband, which broke on her ambitious schemes and made them seem a sacrilege, committed in what should be the home and sanctuary of pure, unselfish love; her surprise, growing rapidly to indignation, when she discovered, at first unwillingly, then with growing feelings of disgust, her husband's real character; her attempts at secrecy, keeping the lid firmly down on the terrible secrets of her wifehood; her forced dissimulations in society; her feeble efforts to maintain her dignity at home; the revelation, that she had made the one great blunder of a woman's existence, irreparable, except by the merciful finger of death—all came up, to weigh her to the earth in remorse and sorrow. The cold, setting sun peeped into no more dismal scene than the boudoir of that beautiful girl.

The sun went down. The twilight fell. Then the night. The shadows darkened round her and wrapped her up in their gloom. Thus she sat motionless, staring into the night, until she heard the footstep on the stair that she knew to be her husband's; and she felt that the great crisis in her life was at hand.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER COSGROVE'S DILEMMA.

There was one very troubled soul, in and around Lisheen, during these critical days. Father Cosgrove was one of those strange spirits, who could bear with the most perfect equanimity his own troubles; but was weighed to the ground with the thought of the sufferings of others. Humiliations he had patiently borne, poverty was his chosen lot in life; time could have no fate in store for him which he dreaded; and therefore, so far as he himself was concerned, he had neither anxiety, apprehension, nor remorse. But, like a true priest, he bore the infirmities of others, and carried their sorrows.

The eviction at Lisheen was a sore trial to the heart of this tender priest. He had heard nothing about it until the following day. And then he and his pastor did all in their power to alleviate the misery of this little unhappy portion of their flock. But this was not his chief trouble. Strange to say, he was more deeply concerned about Brandon Hall than Lisheen;

more apprehensive of the future that lay before Hugh Hamberton, than that which seemed already to have created itself for Owen McAuliffe and his family.

He had conceived a strange liking for Hamberton. Beneath all the cynicism of the latter, he had discerned indications of a certain nobility of character, which he knew to be rare amongst men. When men rage against their kind, it is generally from disappointed hopes, or cruel disillusion. The man that can be patient with humanity is a saint, as we have already said, or one who has accepted its baseness as a part of the finite condition of things. Hamberton's verdict on his race was: "You are wholly and altogether beneath contempt; but, such as you are, as I have not the discredit of your creation, I must make the best I can even of you." "And then," he might have added, and this was the one thought that was perpetually harassing the mind of his friend, Father Cosgrove, "I shall part company with you as swiftly as I may. I cannot meet worse, whithersoever I go."

Now, there was but one tie, one condition, that seemed to bind him to earth; and, so far as Father Cosgrove could see, that condition would soon end. For he seemed to understand the moment that Maxwell and Claire met, that they were destined for each other. It was not foresight, nor calculation, nor worldly wisdom; but some intuition, belonging to such delicate and detached souls, that created the presentiment that in this obscure tramp was to be found the chief actor in the future destinies of Brandon Hall. And when a little later on he found that, by a singular chain of circumstances, Maxwell was absolutely established in a position of confidence under Hamberton, nay, was a respected visitor at the Hall, and had been seen with Miss Moulton on her rounds of visits, on the sea-beach, or out at sea, he became quite distressed; and with the wordly imprudence that characterizes such minds, he thought it time to interfere. He had not the slightest prejudice against Maxwell; he even liked him; but Maxwell had become to his imagination the evil genius of the family, and he felt it his duty to fight against what he knew to be inexorable Fate.

"I want to say something very particular—very particular to you," he said one day to Hamberton, closing with that curious gesture he had of waving one hand in the air.

"By all means," said Hamberton.

"It's a private matter—rather a familiar affair!" said the priest nervously.

"Never mind; go ahead!" said Hamberton, who already guessed what was in the good priest's mind.

"I think—I am almost sure—I ought to tell you—there is a growing intimacy between Miss Moulton and your new steward; and you know it is always well to stop these things in the beginning."

"Quite right. That is, if they ought to be stopped at all!"

"But," said the old priest anxiously, "you do not contemplate the possibility of marriage between Maxwell and your ward!"

"Why not?" said Hamberton.

"Of course, of course, of course; why not? why not?" said the old man. "But you know nothing about him?"

"No, certainly not; so much the better," said the cynical Hamberton. "If I did, I should probably have never brought him here; or dismissed him summarily. It is only the men you don't know whom you can trust."

"I don't understand," said the old priest. "I'm very stupid. I shouldn't have spoken—I shouldn't have spoken!"

"Not the slightest harm done, my dear friend!" said Hamberton gaily. "What I meant was, that I have never met a man yet (except yourself) who improved on acquaintance. It is the unknown I trust, because in the case of the unknown you can say: This fellow may be a scoundrel. In the case of those who are known to you, you say: This fellow *is* a scoundrel. Now, I let things go on between my ward and Maxwell, because I haven't yet found him a rascal. I probably shall and then—"

"And then it will be too late—too late!" said the priest.

"Not at all!" said Hamberton. "Claire will make the discovery simultaneously, and we shall cashier him!"

The old man shook his head.

"That is not my experience of such things," he said. "Nay; the greater the—the—offender, the more will a girl cling to him."

"Claire is made of other metal," said Hamberton. "But make your mind easy, my dear friend. I know Claire well. She will marry only a hero—some one who, at least, has shown himself made of truer metal than passes in ordinary currency.

She won't marry a divorcé; but she won't marry a man who cannot divorce himself from himself."

"I don't understand," said the old priest. "I am quite stupid about these things. I shouldn't have interfered. I meant well."

"I know you did," said the gruff man of the world, almost with affection. "You don't want to see any master in Brandon Hall except its present owner."

"Not as long as I live," said the priest courteously and humbly. "When I die, well then—well then—" And he waved his hand in the air.

"Then, I suppose you will become my Daimon—my Guardian Angel," said Hamberton. "You will watch me night and day; and yet I shall elude your vigilance. And why? Because I have a right to go out of this world, even if I were not consulted about coming into it. When I am tired I shall lie down like a sick child to rest, as some poet has it. I shall sleep on the bosom of Mother Earth; and, for the first time, know what is meant by *pax et tranquillitas magna!*"

"You will not know peace," said the priest, "for you cannot go out of life alone; and there is an Avenger beyond the grave."

"Cannot go out of life alone?" echoed Hamberton. "Oh, but I shall! And, as for the rest, doesn't your great poet put Cato in purgatory?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" said the priest. "I should not discuss these things. But the good God will guide you, and prevent you. You shall see his hand when he chooses to reveal it!"

"Well, well, say no more," said Hamberton. "But make your mind at rest about Claire. Hers is a strong nature; she cannot be led or deceived."

Although Hamberton threw lightly aside the forebodings of Father Cosgrove, he was nevertheless very much disquieted by what he had heard. He lived only for this young girl; and his one ambition in life was to see her married to some one to whom she could look up with love and veneration. He was too much of a cynic to believe that such sanguine anticipations could be realized—least of all in that remote corner amongst rude peasants and fishermen. But, like all unbelievers, there was a strong tinge of superstition in his character. He was a firm believer in the existence of those mysterious currents of being, that rush together from remotest poles, and seem to converge without any guidance but that of Fate. And when this young fellow, Maxwell, came within his ken, shrouded in mystery, his character but half-revealed, and yet showing signs of gentle birth and breeding; and when he saw that there was a certain attraction there for his ward, whose feelings had been hitherto undisturbed by contact with the world of men, he began to think that he was watching the prologue to some drama, which might eventuate in circumstances more tragic than agreeable.

He became suddenly aware, as he walked, with head stooped and slow steps, down towards the beach, of the presence of a stranger. Hamberton disliked strangers. He had a decided objection to forming new acquaintances. Fresh faces, fresh trouble, he thought. The stranger accosted him.

"Mr. Hamberton, I presume?"

"Yes"; said Hamberton brusquely. "What may be your business?"

"It is very brief," said the stranger. "You have a man in your employment named Maxwell?"

"Yes"; said Hamberton. "What of him?"

"I should like to know his history," said the stranger. "Where he comes from, and his antecedents."

"Then, why the devil don't you ask himself?" said Hamberton, nettled at the sudden possibilities that seemed to loom up before him.

"I am a police officer," said the man. "I thought to avoid all unpleasantness by asking you to clear up one or two things."

"You're on Maxwell's track, then?" said Hamberton, without apology. "In a word, he's *wanted?*"

"Not quite that!" said the officer. "But our suspicions have been aroused in a singular manner; and we want to know something about him. If you can give me the desired information, we need proceed no further, and we shall spare him some pain."

Hamberton paused for a moment. Then he said:

"Come along here, and we can talk as we proceed. What, now, do you want to know?"

"First," said the officer, "where this man comes from; his former occupation; and the reason he has adopted this mode of life."

"He came here from Lisheen," said Hamberton. "He was laborer there with a family named McAuliffe. He has come here, at my invitation, to act as steward or overseer on my works."

"We are quite aware of all that," said the officer. "But his life previous to his coming to Lisheen?"

"Of that I know absolutely nothing," said Hamberton. "You must question himself."

And he turned away.

As if on second thought, however, he followed the officer, and said:

"What do you seek Maxwell for? Is he suspected of crime?"

"I'm not at liberty to say," answered the officer. "It is possible that it may be serious; or that we may make a grave mistake."

"Very possible, indeed," said Hamberton, turning away.

Nevertheless, he was grievously troubled. It was becoming pretty clear that his ward was not altogether insensible to the strange attraction that hung around his steward; for though the latter never put himself forward, nor sought his own society, nor that of Miss Moulton, this very restraint argued in his favor. It was that reticence of conduct that belongs to superior souls. Hamberton recognized it; and was himself drawn towards Maxwell, with whom he would have been even more cordial, but for that cynical distrust with which he regarded all men. He thought it his duty, however, under these circumstances, to speak to his ward.

"Our friend, Maxwell," he said to her in the afternoon of the day on which he was questioned by the police officer, "is a puzzle, a mystery; and, strange to say, our further acquaintance with him seems to throw no light upon his previous history."

She flushed at once, and he did not fail to notice it.

"Most men," he went on, "become communicative as you grow acquainted with them, and give them your confidence; but Maxwell seems to gather himself more and more closely within the involutions of his call."

"Perhaps, like the needy knife-grinder, he has no story to tell!" said Claire.

"Well, at least, we might know whence he came, and what he was before he settled down at Lisheen. I think we agree that he is not a peasant—born or bred."

"That is quite manifest," said his ward. "But I hardly think we would be justified in probing too closely into his former life. He was employed out of sheer benevolence by you, Uncle; and, if we made no conditions then, we should make none now!"

"True, little woman," he said. "But, Claire dearest, take care! Take care! The very mystery surrounding these men is sometimes attractive!"

"Never fear, Uncle," she replied. "I shall keep watch and ward over the enemy."

"You believe in Maxwell, then?" he said. "I shall not use a stronger word."

"Yes"; she said firmly. "At least I believe he is a strictly honorable man!"

"How, then, do you account for his strange interference against these poor people at Lisheen the day of their eviction. I could have kept them in their little home but for him?"

"Yes; but you believed then, when he spoke to you and the sheriff, that he had no ill motive; and that he would make all right."

"I did. I don't understand it; but I believed then, and I believe now, that he meant well."

"So do I."

"Father Cosgrove doesn't like him."

"Priests never understand the sheep of another flock."

"Perhaps so; but, Claire!"

"Yes!"

"Be prepared for a surprise. By the way, when do these Shakespearean recitations come off?"

"On Thursday evenings."

"And your parts?"

"Lady Macbeth and Desdemona!"

"And Maxwell is Macbeth and Othello, I suppose?"

"Yes; that's the programme."

"Not a good one, by any means," said Hamberton, relapsing into his old bitter cynicism and forgetting his momentary anxiety about Maxwell. "A thoroughly bad selection, I should say. Othello was an impossible fool, and Desdemona an impossible ninny. No woman in the world would have allowed herself to be murdered in that lamb-like way, without even an effort to save herself. Iago—true to nature, human nature at its worst almost. But why didn't you select Shakespeare's two greatest plays—Lear and Timon? There he held the mirror up to nature indeed. Mark you, of Lear's three daughters, two were devils! Quite correct. In his dethronement and madness, the mighty king had but two followers—a madman and a fool. Right again. And Timon! Magnificent Timon! 'Old Timon, with the noble heart, that, strongly loathing, greatly broke!' Strongly loathing! Not half enough. No utter hatred, dislike, contempt, loathing, could be half strong enough for these base and vile sycophants that battened on him in his prosperity and abandoned him when he fell—fell through his own d——d benevolence. He should have poisoned these wretches at his banquet, and then stood calmly over them and watched their agonizing deaths. Hot water in their plates? No; that was weak, William, with your permission. Diluted strychnine or cyanide of potassium would have been better. But that 'Uncover, dogs, and lap!' is the noblest half line in all human literature. Couldn't we have it, Claire? Could Maxwell do it? There is no part for ladies in Timon; but could Maxwell do that, do you think?"

"'Tis too late now, Uncle," she said. "Some other time."

"Yes; if there shall be another time."

He stopped and paced up and down his library musing. Then he suddenly said:

"*N'importe!* If the fellow is a scoundrel, let him have his deserts. Let every miscreant have his halter, say I; or what else is the devil for? But, Claire, Claire," he said, coming over and stroking her hair tenderly, "take care, won't you? I cannot have you thrown away, little woman. Watch over the citadel, won't you? Woman's heart is such a traitor."

"Never fear for me, Uncle," she said gaily. "I do not care so much for Maxwell but that I could cut out his image if he proves unworthy."

"Well and bravely said," cried Hamberton. "Every woman should have that fortitude; and half the evils of life would be spared. And if all comes right, if Maxwell is, as you believe, and I think, a good fellow, what then?"

"Well, then," said Claire, "I shall send him to you."

Hamberton laughed. And then muttering:

"This is too sudden! Ask Papa!" he turned away.

CHAPTER VI.

SHAKESPEAREAN RECITALS.

If Father Cosgrove was grievously troubled these days about the fate which hung over Brandon Hall and the strangers who had become so dear to him, the mysterious agent, so he deemed it, of that fate was no less grievously tormented.

Maxwell had heard from the old Major in reply to his letter about Lisheen. The business details were easily settled. Colonel Bernards was only too glad to get such a troublesome place off his hands; and he sold his entire and unencumbered interest in it to Maxwell for three hundred pounds. But here arose the difficulty. How now could he carry out his hidden design, not only to restore these poor people to their home, but to make that home a wonder and a surprise to them and their neighbors forever? He had become deeply attached to them; and many a night he remained awake planning a new frame house, new furniture, new barns, fences perfect, gates of the most modern pattern, etc. He frequently pictured to himself (and found intense pleasure in the fancy) the wonder, the delight, of these poor people when, on emerging from prison, and expecting only to see a ruined home and a desolate farm before them, they would find themselves reinstated in a place that would be absolutely luxurious by comparison. But how could he do it? He dared not show himself at Lisheen. The story of his supposed treachery to the McAuliffes had gone far and wide; and he would risk his life if he were seen about the place. He could have written to his agent; but he didn't care just yet to reveal his position, except where his secret could be kept. He thought of consulting Hamberton; but he shrank as yet from the revelation. And, let it be said, he wished to win Claire Moulton for his wife without the adventitious helps that would arise from a knowledge of his real position. Yet time was rushing by. In three months the McAuliffes would be released from prison; and then—his beautiful castle would topple over and fall.

The good old Major, too, had hinted rather brusquely that Mabel was not happy. Even his old, blind eyes had seen it. And he said little things, expressed little regrets, with here and there an "Alas!" and an "If" that signified much. Was Maxwell sorry and sympathetic? Hardly. For human pride is flattered when those who have spurned us have had reason to regret what they have done. Sometimes he would feel a little savage against the Major, against Mabel, but most of all against Outram, whom he had always disliked.

"The cad," he would mutter between his teeth, "I knew he would break her heart. Poor Mab! Queen Mab!"

He was in one of these moods, when he received a letter from Outram, demanding back the talisman—the ring with the strange intaglio, which was to be the pledge, and, in some wise, the guerdon, of Maxwell's banishment. Outram contended that, as Maxwell had not kept his engagement to live as a farm laborer for twelve months, he should now resign the talisman, and confess himself defeated in his Quixotic scheme. To this Maxwell sent the following reply:

CAHERCON, April 30, 18—.

DEAR OUTRAM:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter. I thought that Major Willoughby would have kept my present position and incognito secret, particularly from you. But, quite possibly, the many troubles, domestic and other, that are now pressing on the Major's mind, and disturbing his peace, may have rendered him forgetful for the moment of the prudence that should have guarded my secret, especially from you. You are quite mistaken in supposing that I have not kept my engagement. I have had some grievous hardships; but I have received much illumination also; and I consider myself much a better man than when last I sat in your company in a Dublin club. I am still employed here as overseer and time-keeper, but also as farm servant and laborer. I have served six months in much the same capacity, but under lower and more menial conditions. I have suffered much, but made no mistake; and shall continue my probation for a better life until the term agreed upon has expired. And, until then, I shall retain the bauble you were good enough to lend me. The gods will protect you.

Yours truly,

ROBERT MAXWELL.

A letter which made Ralph Outram very uneasy. Cold and brutal and unfeeling, he felt the web of Fate closing around him; and, with the intense superstitions that haunt such minds, he placed a hope in that little ring and its intaglio.

The night for the Shakespearean recitals came round rapidly. Maxwell had drilled some young village lads to take subordinate parts in the entertainments; but he reserved the main characters for Claire Moulton and himself. There were many rehearsals, held in the loft over the marble stores, but now transformed into a theatre with lights, and an improvised stage, drop curtains, side scenes and all. The more Claire Moulton saw him during these rehearsals, although she studied him closely under the light of a dark suspicion, the more she became convinced that, whatever was his history, two things were clear: He was of gentle birth and had had a liberal education; and he was not only an honorable man, but had a peculiar tenderness in his character, which marked him as one of Nature's nobility. For if the hall-mark of nobility in the eyes of the noble is unemotional serenity; the hall-mark of Nature is gentleness and tenderness towards all, even the most humble. Yet, she thought sometimes, it is suffering that has made him thus; but this rather increased, than diminished, her interest in him, now rapidly growing into something more deep and tender.

There was a crowded house, for the people gathered in from all quarters to see the novelty. It would be difficult to conjecture what they expected; but, it is to be feared that if they thought the programme was intended to be purely educational, they would not have been too eager to come. "Fun and frolic," "Panem et Circenses," are still our cry. But, nothing was more foreign to Maxwell's intentions. He had a mission of elevation, of pushing up these gifted people, who were, alas! unconscious of their gifts, to higher levels; and he knew no other way of effecting this than by submitting to them the masterpieces of the world's literary master.

He was delighted beyond measure at his success. The long hall looked well in the lamplight. The rude bare rafters were wrapped in festoons of ivy and long tendrils of woodbine, just then breaking into leaf. The stage was rude; and the benches were rude; but the former was covered with plants and flowers;

the latter were filled with an eager, and, as events proved, a most appreciative and intelligent audience. Hamberton sat in the front bench, more moody than cynical, for he knew that behind the mock tragedy on the stage, there was a more real and terrible tragedy impending.

The proceedings commenced with the singing of one or two of Shakespeare's lyrics; and then came the murder scene in Macbeth. The two leading characters were so disguised that the simple peasantry failed to recognize them; and this made the awful scene more impressive. It would have flattered Claire Moulton exceedingly, at least in her dramatic *rôle*, could she have heard the comments that were made by this impressionable and emotional audience upon her impersonation of Lady Macbeth. It was simply marvelous how they caught up the thread of the story—the weakness and vacillation of Macbeth, his despair, and the more than masculine determination of his wife.

"She's the divil out an' out," whispered one.

"She'd do it herself, only she thought she saw her father," said another.

"Wondher that same shtopped her," said a third.

But there was universal contempt for Macbeth. A murderer was bad enough; but a weak murderer, and one who would place the guilt on innocent men, was beyond all human forgiveness.

In the last scene, the murder of Desdemona, rustic feelings ran very high. The callousness of Othello, and his short, brutal answers to Desdemona's plaintive and piteous appeals for mercy, seemed to wind the people up to a pitch of desperation. Their contempt for the "nigger," their pity for his beautiful wife, and the excellent acting of both, infuriated the people, until they quite lost themselves, forgot it was a drama, and thought they were face to face with a real tragedy. The women were moaning and crying, the children were yelling with fright; and, at the moment, when the Moor went over and placed the fatal pillow on the lips of the unhappy woman, there was a general rising of the men, which would have issued badly for Othello, had not Hamberton risen, and with one motion of his hand, quelled the emotions of the people. They sat down quivering with excitement, which was only stilled, when Othello drove the dagger into his own breast. This appeared to relieve their feelings:

"Bad ind to the ruffian. Sure it was only what he desarved."

"Where's the good of his sorra? They're always sorry whin it can't be remedied."

"Yerra, shure 'twas only play actin' they wor."

"Yerra, av coorse; didn't ye hear the Masther say so?"

"Begor, thin, 'twas quare play acthin'. Didn't ye see him smother the poor girl? An' drive the soord into his own stumac?"

"Yerra, sure they say 'twas Miss Claire; and that she isn't dead at all."

"Miss Claire? Be this an' be that, and I thought 'twas Miss Claire, I'd have settled that chap before he sot a wet finger upon her."

The realizing, indeed, was but too perfect; and Maxwell became the butt of that truculent amusement with which crowds often pursue a victim who has merely assumed a part. If you wear a lion's skin, you must expect a lion's measure of fear or reprobation. And in Ireland, where a witty judge has said, everything is *opera bouffe*, a man must suffer for whatever part he assumes in the curious melodrama.

And so Othello, in his white tunic and red-tasselled girdle, was pursued by a hooting crowd to his own door, when the recitals were over.

"Ss—ss—ss—sh—sh—sh! Look at him, the dirty nigger, who smothered his wife! Begor, what a beauty you wor that she should take a fancy to you! 'Twas jealousy, my dear! Sure he thought no wan as handsome as himself! He'll want another now to settle her agin! Bah! Bah! Bah! Ss—ss—ss—ss!"

More or less terrified and disgusted, and yet half pleased with the unconscious flattery of the mob, he murmured to himself:

"Clearly, the work of educating these people is no child's play!" He was hot and fatigued from his exertions, and was slowly washing off the burnt cork that disguised him, when Mrs. Donegan, who was his maid-of-all-work, came in and said:

"There are two gentlemen waiting to see you outside!"

"Let them wait!" he said impatiently.

But they didn't. They came in, without fuss or excitement, and the foremost said:

"Your name is Maxwell? Robert Maxwell?"

"Yes"; said Maxwell brusquely. "What do you want?"

"I've come to arrest you," said the man, "on a charge, or rather a suspicion, of being concerned in the murder of a girl."

The thought of Desdemona, and the part he had just taken towards her, was so uppermost in Maxwell's mind, that he was quite sure the officer referred to her; and he said angrily:

"You d——d fool, don't you know that it was but a Shakespearean dialogue. It's bad enough to be hooted by that ignorant mob outside; but you should know better."

"It has nothing to do with that," said the officer. "The charge is a more serious one, I regret to say. Come with us."

"Allow me!" said Maxwell, seeing that the thing looked serious. "There is some stupid and abominable mistake. You say I'm charged with murder, or complicity in murder. Where, and when?"

"I'd advise you," said the officer, "for your own sake to say no more. This is my warrant, if you care to see it. We've been looking for you for some time."

"I tell you there is some infernal mistake somewhere," said Maxwell. "I never had anything to do with violence except on the stage. Or, is this all a practical joke?"

"Come, come!" said the officer. "We can't delay. We have a car waiting. If you use any violence, or show resistance, I shall have to handcuff you!"

Utterly dazed and bewildered at the sudden turn in his affairs, yet perfectly conscious of innocence, Maxwell swiftly made his toilet, and called in Mrs. Donegan, bidding her see after his affairs during a short absence. Then, turning to the officers, he said, coldly, but politely:

"You are making a serious mistake for which I shall make you pay. But I cannot resist you. Please take me before Mr. Hamberton. I *must* see him."

Hamberton was in his dining-room at supper when the visitors were announced. Claire Moulton, still habited as Desdemona, was with him. They were talking over the events of the evening; and laughing at the unconscious flattery of the people towards Maxwell, when the latter entered, accompanied by the officers.

"You must forgive this unwarrantable intrusion, Mr. Hamberton," he said, in a voice somewhat unsteady from emotion, "but our stage fictions have had a curious ending. These gentlemen charge me with actual murder."

Hamberton was silent, looking down at the table, and toying with his knife. Maxwell gulped down something, and went on:

"I have not the faintest idea to what they refer, and they refuse to give any information. They seem to think they are conceding a high privilege in not having handcuffed me. There is some stupid mistake somewhere; but, at least, it has one good result. It solves a difficulty for me; and compels me to make a revelation to you, which otherwise I should have no excuse for doing."

Hamberton was still silent; but manifested more interest here. Claire Moulton was devouring Maxwell with her eyes. The latter went on simply and quietly, as if he were telling some one else's story.

"My name is Maxwell, Robert Maxwell: I am the landlord of this district, and therefore your landlord."

Hamberton now stood up. Claire Moulton looked at him meaningly, and a smile of pleasure and triumph stole over her features.

"I am a Trinity man," Maxwell continued, "an M.A. of Trinity; and I have read long and deeply. That's why I am here. I could have done like all my college associates and compeers—killed so many foxes, shot so many brace of partridge or pheasants, evicted so many tenants, and remained an honored and respected member of the aristocracy; but I read, and read, and understood that life has finer issues than these; and that I was called to a more arduous and lofty mission. I read somewhere that, sooner or latter, every spirit is tested, and an alternative placed before it, to ascend the summit of being, and find in its cold, clear atmosphere its rightful place; or to remain deep down in the valleys of Paphos, and pursue an easy, voluptuous existence, sanctioned by the usages of society, but condemned by my own conscience. I made up my mind. I was the owner of broad acres, and I held the lives and happiness of many toilers and workers in my own hands—"

"Pardon, one moment," said Hamberton. Then, turning to the officers of the law, he said:

"You see you have made a grim mistake, my men. Perhaps, however, you would wait outside, until I clear the matter up."

"If you can guarantee, sir! I fear there is a mistake, and that this is the 'mad landlord' some of us have been questing for. But we must do our duty."

"All right! That's all right," said Hamberton impatiently. "But I promise you he won't escape through the window. Don't you see he's a gentleman?"

And the officers went out.

"Go on, Mr. Maxwell," said Hamberton. "This grows interesting."

"I was saying," said Maxwell, flushed and excited, "that I held the lives and happiness of many poor earth-diggers and spade-slaves in my hands; and I could, if I had chosen, unrebuked by the customs of the age and society, have extracted their treasure, and coined it for my own selfish use. But, as I tell you, I had read wisely or unwisely; and I felt I had duties towards these serfs, as well as rights over their wretched labor. I felt that some one was called to raise up their wretched and teeming population above chronic conditions of starvation and ignorance; and I knew this could not be done from outside. They would suspect the motive of the benefaction; and they would have reason to suspect it; and my toil would be in vain. I determined to go down amongst them, to become one of themselves. The idea was floating for a long time before my mind; but only took shape when I was taunted about it in a Dublin club. I took fire. I was challenged to do what every one deemed impracticable, and even insane. There was one man especially there, a returned Indian, who was conspicuously contemptuous. I had reason to dislike him, and suspect him. He continued to taunt me. He wore a ring—an intaglio, to which he attached superstitious importance. I suddenly conceived an idea. I made a promise to go down and become a day-laborer amongst the peasantry, and to live their lives for twelve months; but I demanded that ring in return. He would have refused; but he was shamed into it. This is the ring."

He handed it carelessly to Hamberton, who examined it closely, and passed it on to Claire, who studied it also, and then unconsciously retained it.

"It is not much," said Hamberton. "One of those talismans which Arabian Mussulmans wear. It is phosphorescent, is it not?"

"Yes"; said Maxwell. "Well, at last, he consented; and I took up my strange *rôle*, and came down here to Lisheen. I had tried several farmers for employment, but met refusals everywhere. I was too genteel a tramp, I suppose. At last, footsore and weary and hungry and in despair, I came to Lisheen. The poor old woman was alone in her kitchen when I entered and made the usual appeal of a beggar. She took me in, gave me food and lodging, and such sympathy as a poor, starved tramp alone can appreciate. Her husband came in, her son, her daughter. It was all alike. I asked for work, and got it. Need I say, it was nominal on my part. My limbs ached under a pressure that was merely pleasant to these athletes of Nature. Yet, I was not dismissed. They treated me as one of themselves, only that they worked, and I was idle. At last, I made up my mind to depart, and had actually gone, when they forced me back. The young girl, Debbie, came after me, and ordered me back. It was well for me. That night I was down with rheumatic fever, and was ill for three weeks, during which they nursed me with infinite solicitude and care. Was I grateful? God knows I was. The time has come for proving my gratitude now. You know all. How they struggled against an impossible rent; how Netterville took his revenge—"

"I understand all," said Hamberton. "But I cannot make out why you prevented a settlement with the sheriff that day! You know they resented it, and the whole countryside with them."

"I do," said Maxwell, smiling. "But I wanted them to touch the very bedrock of trouble, in order to build on it more permanently; and I wanted to show another example to the world of what an Irish agent can do. And now you have to help me. This unfortunate arrest or rather ridiculous and stupid blunder, has precipitated matters. So much the better. Here are the title-deeds—the fee-simple of that farm at Lisheen, which I have purchased from the landlord, and made over to the McAuliffes forever. I want you, knowing your benevolence, to arrange for me, whilst I am away, to have that farmhouse rebuilt on the newest and most modern plans of comfort, retaining all its old homely features. I want the byres to have seven cows feeding in them when these poor people come out of prison. I want to have ten sheep in the fields. I want all the fences repaired, new gates hung up, the land tilled and sown. You can get the Land League to do it. They'll do anything for you. They'd shoot me. In a word, I want everything done for them that can be done, down to the pot on the fire, and the hens in the coop, and the pig in her sty; and I rely on you to do it. Need I say I shall bear the expense?"

He stopped. Claire Moulton, though in tears, looked smilingly at her guardian.

"'Tis a strange, weird story," said Hamberton, walking up and down the room. "One of the things that would be impossible out of Ireland, and impossible in Ireland, I would say, if I had not seen it. But, my dear fellow, when you have conquered these kingdoms, what do you propose to do?"

"To sell my property, liberate my slaves, and settle down here to work for humanity with you!"

"Tut, tut, nonsense!" said Hamberton. "You could never settle down here alone!"

"Not quite alone, Uncle!" said Claire Moulton, coming over and standing near Maxwell. Her eyes were red from weeping at the singular tale she had heard; and which Maxwell had already partly revealed to her. "With your consent, I have promised Mr. Maxwell to be his wife."

"Hallo! is that the way the land lies?" said Hamberton. "Is that how you have kept your promise to me?"

"I didn't break it, Uncle," she said, "until I knew all."

"Of course, of course," said Hamberton. "The old story, the old story. But I must clear up one thing. Hallo, there!" he cried to the officers.

They came in.

"Your prisoner is now ready; and perhaps this young lady may accompany him. But, sergeant, look here! There must have been depositions before a warrant could be issued. On whose depositions have you made the frightful blunder of arresting this gentleman, who owns half Kerry?"

"The young girl's who was arrested at Lisheen at the eviction," said the officer.

"Debbie McAuliffe?" said Maxwell in amazement.

"That's her name, I think, sir!"

"But, what could have put such an idea in the girl's head?" reflected Maxwell. "I suppose she was angry about the eviction?"

"I suppose so," said Hamberton, looking at Claire. "But her revenge was rather tragic. And how could she have conceived the idea of murder?"

"I don't know," said Maxwell. "They all took me for an army deserter, except this girl, who from the first maintained a different opinion. However, I had better go on and clear matters up. There's something gained, for they say every decent man in Ireland must go to goal sometime or another. *Au revoir!*" he held out his hand to Hamberton. "You undertake to do all I require about Lisheen?"

"Ye—es"; said Hamberton. "I think it Quixotic; but everything you have done hitherto is such.

"Well, I have found my Dulcinea!" said Maxwell laughing.

"And Claire has found her hero!" said Hamberton. "But, what will Father Cosgrove say, I wonder?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO CATECHISMS.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

IT is a curious fact, though one from which our knowledge of the supreme egotism of human nature should preclude surprise, that most, if not all, modern attempts to explain the problems of human life and destiny begin with the altogether preposterous assumption that the universe exists uniquely for man's good pleasure, and that in the light of that supposition all questions must be asked and answered. Doubtless this is because all investigation of this kind proceeds on *a posteriori* lines, reasoning from the observed effects towards their causes. Man is to investigate nature in order to observe her facts: and, having observed them, is to interpret their hidden meaning in terms of intelligible thought. Doubtless, also, the method of procedure is a natural one. We aim at science, or knowledge. But science, if the schoolmen were in the right, consists in an acquaintance with causes. And an acquaintance with causes, as well as with the nature of causes, is to be sought for in a careful observation of their manifestation in the "work done" by them.

But to begin with problems of human life and destiny is not to begin at the beginning; and to suppose that the measure of the universe is that supremely wonderful—be it spoken with all reverence—and yet utterly contemptible power that we call human intelligence, is to prejudge the issue and jeopardize any possible results of inquiry. To fix the lines of investigation beforehand in such a manner that all speculation must run in the direction of explaining things as existing uniquely *for us*, is not only to begin in the middle instead of at the beginning, but to begin with a manifestly absurd and hopelessly false principle. As a matter of fact, as a very little unprejudiced reflection will make abundantly clear, God is the beginning, as well as the end, of any and all reasonable speculation; and to start at any other point—or, what is worse, to leave God out of any speculation with regard to his creatures—is as absurd and as irrational as to attempt to solve a quadratic equation in which no values whatever are given to the terms.

If I, an individual, become conscious of the existence of but one thing other than myself, I have a ready inference of God as a starting point for all my philosophy. This is not theology. It is common sense. For it is as difficult to explain the existence of one single grain of sand on the seashore, or one blade of grass in the meadow, or one "atom" or "electron" in the laboratory of the chemist, as to account, not only for the world in which we live, but for as extraordinary a congeries of worlds as the maddest mind ever dreamed. The characters of the word creature are stamped upon every being of which our senses make us cognizant. The natural and necessary inference of Creator must be the starting point of all sensible philosophy.

For, after all, no matter to what name or title speculation with regard to the eternal truths of life and destiny may lay claim, in the last analysis it must be seen to be a philosophy. I know of no other kinds of knowledge than two—that which rests upon the firm foundations of logical demonstration, and that which comes from without as revelation pure and simple. To speak of anything that is certainly demonstrated on natural grounds as faith is a misnomer—though, of course, one may believe what, on other grounds, is also a matter of ordinary demonstration. To exalt opinion, pious or otherwise, into faith is to trifle as much with the accepted signification of terms as with the—in this case—absolutely vital issues involved.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the Principal of Birmingham University, is no exception to the general rule that one observes with regard to non-Catholic writers upon these and kindred topics. His *Substance of Faith Allied With Science* is, in a sense, a very valuable contribution to the philosophy of religion. But, to the Catholic mind at any rate, it is not, and cannot be, what it claims to be. For there is for us no such thing as faith apart from the faith of the catechism: "a supernatural gift of God, which enables us to believe without doubting whatever God has revealed."

We may believe other things—most of us do. But faith which is not "a supernatural gift" is not faith in the sense in which we use the word. We do not confuse "faith" with "opinion," or "hope," or "trust"; all of which states have their own legitimate places in our minds. Faith in the Catholic sense, is not engendered of science, or philosophy, or knowledge of any kind. It is simply a "gift of God." And for us the substance of the faith must be, as it always has been, the body of revealed truths of which the Church is the sole divinely constituted guardian and teacher. This it cannot be for non-Catholics, for most of whom it is not even a body of *revealed* truth at all.

There are, of course, in Sir Oliver Lodge's *Catechism* a number of truths put forward as the reasonable beliefs of an eminent man of science. A not inconsiderable fraction of that number are taught more briefly, and at the same time more definitely, in our own *Catechism of Christian Doctrine*. But the main point that must not be lost sight of is that, in the one case, these truths are taught as being the revelation of God, in the other, as the reasonable results of the speculation of man; or, at least, as not contradicting any certain truths of science. There is a considerable difference, not necessarily in the matter, but in the mode of the teaching. The one is faith; the other, belief. The substance of the one is clear and definite; although faith overleaps the barriers of the purely human and plunges itself into the blinding light of mystery. It loses itself in the Infinite and performs its highest and most perfect act in its assent to what it cannot fully comprehend. The assertions of the other can never be more than hesitating and tentative; for mere human belief, when it leaves the support of the certainties of natural knowledge, stumbles and falls. In place of the clarion note of revelation, there is the dubious crying of human voices. Where the custodians of the Faith dare to be categoric, there the prophets of reason first begin to falter.

This comparison I would not urge as against the attempts of philosophers or men of science "to draw up a statement of a creed," except where there is the danger of confusing the beliefs they advance with faith, such as we know it in revealed truth. They are not—and, indeed, they do not claim to be—channels of revelation. Least of all does Sir Oliver Lodge pose as the seer divinely accredited to teach the human race. His attitude, as I pointed out in a previous paper in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is one of reverence towards an established belief. It is not the Catholic faith he has in mind, but a certain number of detached beliefs—salvage from the great shipwreck of the sixteenth century—which, in a somewhat loose and nebulous state, pass current among Protestants generally as Christianity. His aim, consequently, has been to show that science has nothing to advance against, and many considerations to put forward in support of, certain religious convictions which —call them what you will, prejudices, opinions, beliefs—really are to a great extent identical with dogmas of the Catholic Church. This is a praiseworthy and a noble aim, and one that deserves our respect as well as our attention. If we discover that we must find fault with the method by which it is attained, we shall be able to mitigate any severity in our judgment when we remember precisely what Sir Oliver Lodge has in view.

In the first place, then, we must keep before our mind the fact that the "substance of faith" with which it is his object to show the alliance of science is not the substance of faith in the Catholic sense, but—where it is not merely natural theology—mere opinion or belief.

In the second place we must remember that he is seeking to give reasons in support of the various articles of his creed. In other words, he attempts not only to show that his belief is everywhere a reasonable one, but even to establish it by means of his science. It is, obviously, always an excellent thing to be able to give reasons for our beliefs. But it is not always necessary. The Catholic needs but one reason for the faith that is in him. God has revealed it. Contributory arguments or proofs, considerations or probabilities, do not make his faith one whit the more strong; nor do arguments or considerations to the contrary weaken it. It is only when the attitude of the mind is one of opinion that it is susceptible of more or less strength. There may be a hundred shades of meaning to "I am of opinion that . . ." There is but one to "I believe." Faith is an assent and, as such, does not vary in intensity.

And, lastly, we must not forget that, while there is much in that substance of faith which Sir Oliver Lodge has in view that is familiar to Catholics, there is a considerable portion that is not so familiar. Its passage through Protestantism has robbed much of it of its ancient beauty. It is oftentimes jejune and little inspiring, not full and rounded and all-compelling as it is preserved in the pentecostal shrine of the Catholic Church. For example, the God of non-Catholic Theists is not often presented in their writings as the God of a St. Thomas or a St. Bernard. The Incarnation rarely, if ever, means the same thing to a Protestant and to a Catholic. And the idea of the spiritual life—excellent and wonderful as the lives of many non-Catholics have been and are—is not to be found outside the Church of Christ. The mere fact that the expression of their several doctrines if so emphasized in practice is a patent object-lesson of the severance of the Church from all the sects.

The first question that a theologian would probably ask himself, were he to undertake the duty of reading a catechism for its *nihil obstat,* would probably be: Does the author at once definitely lead to God? From the mere fact of my existence is the reason of that existence inferred?

Were such a question asked of a censor of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, he would be obliged to answer in the negative. The first question of this catechism is not: Who made you? but: What are you? It is true that in the answer to the second question: What, then, may be meant by the fall of man? the existence of God is remotely implied. Also, in answers to other questions, the name of God occurs. But it is not until we are well through half the book that any meaning is attached to that name; and then it is in vague and very indefinite terms, ". . . our effective movements," we are told, "are all inspired by thought, and so we conceive that there must be some intelligence immanent in all the processes of nature, for they are not random or purposeless, but organized and beautiful."

How different such a method of treatment is from that of the *Explanatory Catechism of Christian Doctrine* will be apparent to any one who has attentively read the latter. The whole of the first chapter is concerned with God, though, naturally and logically, in the first instance, considered as the Creator of the individual. The definition comes as the answer to Question xvii., where it falls into place in the logical sequence of the catechism—a definition clear and succinct, leaving no possible opening for misconception or misunderstanding, "God is the supreme Spirit, who alone exists of himself, and is infinite in all perfections." But all our catechism is saturated with God. How else could it be, since its sole meaning and purpose is to declare the relationship between man and his Creator, and to show the means whereby that union with God, which is man's last end, may be attained?

I again repeat that the comparison is not here put forward so much as a criticism as in order to show the discrepancy that must inevitably exist between the teaching of a revealed religion and the pious beliefs of a merely human origin. Reason, indeed, can take us to God; but, when we stand before the God of reason, we recognize that he is not that alone, but also the God of revelation. Only, we must be content to be led by reason, and walk in its light. We must neither force the pace nor kindle little fires of fancy or poetry in order to see the better. As we shall see later, one truth thrust into the *Catechism* of Sir Oliver Lodge will serve to co-ordinate and rationalize the whole. Truth is there; but it is more or less in solution. With the addition of the truth that is wanting crystallization will take place, and the doctrine put forward build itself up into a regular and fairly consistent natural theology.

This reflection holds, not only for *The Substance of Faith*, but for most of the current "sciences" and "philosophies" of the day. Though Sir Oliver Lodge does not lay claim to speak in the name of philosophy, but in that of science, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that even the noblest philosophy to which humanity can rise falls short of revelation; and, consequently, we need not be surprised if the truths in solution in his book need the one solid fact that provides the starting point of a regular system of perfect truth crystals.

As it stands, the book does not take us very far in the direction of supernatural truth. It does not even carry us on to the point at which the philosophy of our own schools takes us in natural theology. And where the considerations centre about truths of a purely revelational origin, they cannot be said to be in any sense either scientific or philosophical. Indeed, we are frankly told in the fourteenth clause of the *Catechism* (p. 92) that "we should strive to learn from the great teachers, the prophets and poets and saints of the human race, and should seek to know and interpret their inspired writings."

In the expansion of this clause we are given to understand exactly what is meant by the "prophets and poets and saints." They are not the prophets and inspired poets of those definite revelational writings that we know as the Sacred Scriptures. The "saints" are not necessarily those of the Old or of the New Dispensation, whom we venerate as having, in an altogether remarkable degree, achieved union with God. "Great men," we are told, ". . . are the finger posts and loadstars of humanity; it is with their aid that we steer our course, if we are wise, and the records of their thought and inspiration are of the utmost value to us. This is the meaning of literature in general, and of that mass of ancient religious literature in particular, on which hundreds of scholars have bestowed their best energies; now translated, bound together, and handed down to us as the Canon of Scripture, *of which some portions are the most inspired writings yet achieved by humanity.*" (Italics mine.)

Moreover, in literature of the kind of which Sir Oliver Lodge is here writing, we must use our own powers of criticism and selection. The truths enshrined in it are not final. A refusal to accept them is not a blameworthy act. For, "if we are to form worthy beliefs regarding the highest conceptions of the Universe, we must avail ourselves of all this testimony; discriminating *and estimating its relative value in the light of our own judgment and experience*, studying such works and criticism as are accessible to us, asking for the guidance of the Divine Spirit, and seeking with modest and careful patience to apprehend something in the direction of the truth."

I have gone carefully through *The Substance of Faith* for some definite statement as to the meaning of this "guidance of the Divine Spirit." One or two of the questions seem to throw some little light upon it; but they are very vaguely worded. We are told (Question xiii.) that the grace of God is a power pervading the universe. We trust and believe that it is a good and loving power. It is "a loving-kindness in which we live and move and have our being." Its chief manifestation is to be sought "in the Life of Jesus Christ, through whose spirit and living influence the race of man may hope to rise to heights at present inaccessible" (p. 132).

Again, forming one of the statements of the creed set down in this *Catechism*, are the following words: ". . . the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way towards goodness and truth." In both cases the expressions sound familiar and quite orthodox. It is only when we read the whole *Catechism* that we discover that neither bears the meaning naturally attributed to it.

As the key-note to our own catechism is God, so in this statement of the belief of a man of science, the key-note is evolution. And, just as in order to have a well-proportioned and related conception of Catholic theology, all its doctrines must be grouped round that central dogma, so, to interpret the real meaning of *The Substance of Faith Allied With Science*, every statement must be related to that with which the volume opens.

"*Q. What are you?*"

"*A. I am a being alive and conscious upon this earth; a descendant of ancestors who rose by gradual processes from lower forms of animal life, and with struggle and suffering became man.*"

The explanation given of this clause is of the highest importance. The teacher is first warned against giving offence to those whose early religious teaching is in conflict with "the doctrine of the ascent of man." Then, if he can conscientiously do so, he is advised to draw a distinction between "the persistent vital or spiritual essence of man"—presumably the soul—"and the temporary material vehicle which displays his individual existence amid terrestrial surroundings."

As far as I know, a Catholic may, without prejudice to his faith, hold one or other of the many forms of the theory of evolution, provided he does not hold any of those extreme forms that contradict the teaching of Christianity by dispensing with God or the soul of man. The doctrine of evolution, as such, has never been condemned. He certainly will be able to make some such conscientious distinction as that suggested by Sir Oliver Lodge; for he will remember the words of his own catechism: "This likeness to God is chiefly in my soul." If he joins issue, then, with regard to this point, with the able author of *The Substance of Faith*, it will be upon grounds other than theological. He will ask how the observed "facts" upon which hypotheses of evolution are based can be made to support the weight of such a doctrine, in view of the very strong philosophical considerations to be urged against it. He may also legitimately inquire if a theory of gradual, or *per saltum* evolution is the only one that will account satisfactorily for the observed facts. The question is one susceptible of an answer on natural grounds. It is not primarily theological.

But when Sir Oliver Lodge goes on to say that "the history and origin of the spiritual part of man is unknown, and can only be spoken of in terms of mysticism and poetry" (p. 12), he does indeed fall foul of the theologians, as well as with a very large and very important school of philosophers. The statement, however, serves to emphasize the fact that the purview of the man of science who undertakes to treat of faith is limited by what is scientifically demonstrable. Beyond that point he must pick and choose. It is a large assumption to take for granted that "the history of the bodily and much of the mental part is studied in the biological facts of evolution," though, with a *caveat*, it might be granted; but, with even a rudimentary concept of revelation, the former statement is pure nonsense.

If we can have no more than a "mystical" or a "poetical" account of the origin and history of the soul, we can have nothing at all of any real thought-value with regard to the most important aspect of man. For unguided mysticism and exuberant poetical fancy, of all other human inventions, are surely the most untrustworthy. That a man of science should be able to employ the language of mysticism and poetry at all, as our author does later on, is certainly, at first sight, surprising.

It is only when we remember the peculiar significance he attaches to "faith," that we can understand how a student so careful as Sir Oliver Lodge should opine that we are gradual incarnations of a previously existing "larger self." He would have this incarnating process of self "increasing as the brain and body grow, but never attaining any approach to completeness even in the greatest of men" (p. 79).

It needs no less a sane, critical—and even a sceptical—philosophy than a God-given revelation to guard against such a "speculation" (it is particularly labelled as such) as that indulged in in the explanation of clause XII., from which this quotation comes. A better acquaintance with the scholastic doctrine of the principle of individuation of spiritual beings would have sufficed to save Sir Oliver Lodge from the pitfall into which Origen fell.

"Our body," he says, "is an individual collection *(sic.)* of cells, which began to form and grow together at a certain date and will presently be dispersed; but the constructing and dominating reality, called our 'soul,' did not then begin to exist; nor will it cease with bodily decay" (p. 78). Precisely what our author means by his succeeding dictum that "even our personality and individuality may be persistent, if our character be sufficiently developed to possess a reality of its own," it would be difficult to say; unless it be part and parcel of the main evolutional scheme into which all, according to modern popular science, must be forced. How the "not-soul" can become "soul" without losing its identity, is a difficulty that scientific evolutionists do not attempt to explain; and how a personality is to become persistent by its character developing a reality of its own, most of us, I think, will have to confess altogether beyond our grasp.

But Sir Oliver Lodge's estimate of the nature of the ego is made sufficiently clear in the first quotation. The soul is not here presented as the familiar substantial form, in that closest of unions in which form and matter constitute one individual; but rather as one term in the relationship of two distinct beings, each complete in itself. The "soul" not only dominates the body; it constructs it. At least so I read the somewhat vaguely stated passage quoted. Moreover, taken with the second quotation given, it would seem to be abundantly clear that the "soul" is the real individual, the real person, and not the being that we know, man as he is, body and soul together, the person who is conscious of his own individuality, who says "*I* feel" as well as "*I* think," who is as cognizant of the pain of a burnt finger being his pain as of the agony of grief or sorrow being his agony. St. Thomas *(Summa* 1^a, q. lxxv.; a. 4; and *C. G.* ii., 57), with his usual admirable precision, shows how this view is erroneous. It had been advanced by no less distinguished teachers than Peter Lombard and Hugh of St. Victor.

That Sir Oliver Lodge's "speculation," supported as it is by a stanza of Wordsworth, a reference to Myers' subliminal consciousness and the Platonic (or Socratic) doctrine of reminiscence, is not altogether likely to find favor in philosophical quarters, he readily recognizes. When the four pages, in which he discusses the meaning of "certain facts not yet fully incorporated into orthodox science, nor fully recognized by philosophy," come to an end, he pulls his readers up sharply with the confession that "the philosophical doctrine of the 'self' on this view is a difficult one . . ."; that, as he has given it, "the form is sure to be crude and imperfect"; and that "philosophy resents any sharp distinction between soul and body, between indwelling self and material vehicle." The implied *caveat* is in place as against the preceeding "speculation"; but it is not itself altogether free from danger. For philosophy, while protesting against the setting up of two distinct entities—body and soul—does itself draw a very sharp distinction between the incorporeal and subsistent substance, as "form," and the material body that it specifies and actuates, as "matter."

As the key-note of evolution is struck in the first answer, so it will be found to re-echo through all Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism.

The old doctrine of the fall of man is explained anew in its light. There is no fall, properly so called. On the contrary, at a certain stage in the process of evolution, man became the possessor of a moral sense. His actions, he perceived, were good or bad. He could no longer act, as he had done in the period of his animal innocence, irresponsible. Instead of a fall from a supernatural state of grace, by reason of which man suffered both in his body and soul (*Council of Trent, Sess.* v. I.); or, as St. Thomas sums up (*Summa*, 1ª 2ªᵉ, q. lxxxv., a. 3), instead of the loss of original justice and the consequent "wounds" in the natural powers of the soul—reason, will, etc., there is a true and real progress towards perfection. The fall is not a fall, but a rising in the graded scale of being. "The consciousness of degradation," in Sir Oliver Lodge's own words, "marked a rise in the scale of existence." It is obvious that such a far-fetched interpretation of the revealed doctrine of the fall of man, would be quite unacceptable to any who profess to believe in it. But Sir Oliver Lodge has left out of his consideration any idea of a state of grace. His attempt, as has already been pointed out, is not to bring the substance of a revealed faith into alliance with the results of modern science, but to harmonize certain scientific theories with certain inherited poetic and mystic beliefs that seem to have acquired prescriptive rights to consideration. In a process of harmonizing the "belief" suffers a new interpretation; and, from being merely a poetic or mystical account of a half-realized and little understood truth, rises almost to the dignity of science itself.

Let us see what we can make of this doctrine of the fall. It is identical with that taught by Mr. Campbell, whose New

Theology, in reality far more widespread than we are accustomed to think, I examined in a previous issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. If, with Principal Lodge, we leave revelation altogether out of the question and are prepared to admit the implications of the theory of evolution, such a doctrine would be both consistent and reasonable. A given type animal evolves up to the point of knowing right from wrong. At that point it becomes man, who perceives that he is responsible for his actions. At the moment of transition what is popularly known as "the fall" takes place. Evolution continues. The type man struggles upwards towards an ever-increasing perfection. His whole life-history, as is the life-history of the race, is one perpetual fall upwards. That there have been lapses—falls downwards—in the case of individuals, and even of entire races, no one denies. But, on the whole, the fall is one long process of development and progress. The historic fall took place when brute became man.

Or we may combine his teaching here with that put forward by our author with regard to gradual incarnation. In this sense, the material vehicle develops and evolves proportionately to the infusion of the "larger self." The latter comes down, as it were, to penetrate the other more and more; while the former rises towards a perfection consistent with that increasing penetration. In this view the evolution of the spiritual part of man is avoided; but a no less great difficulty suggests itself—that of the pre-existence of the soul. Neither opinion could be held by a Catholic, for whom truth revealed as to the origin, nature, and destiny of man forms part of the substance of his faith. And, apart from revelation, if we look upon the soul as the "*forma corporis humani*"—which seems the only true philosophical view to take—pre-existence is as unreasonable a supposition as spiritual (*i. e.* specific) evolution. The old doctrine, even in view of "modern scientific" assertions, seems to be the only true one.

I have gone to considerable length in drawing out these two points, as they throw much light upon the one idea that runs through the book, co-ordinating its every part. Each one of the answers to the twenty questions is framed upon precisely similar lines. Thus, "good is that which promotes development"; "evil that which retards or frustrates" it. Life Eternal in which "our real existence continues without ceasing, in either a higher or a lower form, according to our use of opportunities and means of grace" is "a growing perfection at present inconceivable by us." There is a loving and a good Power in the Universe, specially manifested in the life of our Lord, "through whose spirit and living influence the race of man may hope to rise to heights at present inaccessible."

To a certain extent such conceptions are not altogether foreign to us. But read as they stand, and, above all, interpreted in the light of that form of evolution which Sir Oliver Lodge seems to advocate, they make for relativity. The "Good" is not changelessly good. What may promote development at one stage may retard it at another. Man is never man in a true and absolute sense. He is always "becoming." And the work of the Incarnation is not so much a definitely personal one as a new factor in a general evolutionary process by which the race slowly rises to presently inaccessible heights. Such a position is an almost inevitably logical one for a thoroughgoing evolutionist to take up.

When the theory was first given to the English-speaking world by Darwin some sixty years ago, and, shortly after, was popularized by Huxley and Tyndal, it met with much opposition, especially upon the part of the clerical representatives of orthodoxy. The papers—I believe I am right in instancing the *Morning Post*, on the Sunday after the Belfast Address was reported—were full of nothing but pulpit protests against so undisguised a heralding of "atheism." There were no epithets too hard sounding for the newly-propounded doctrine. Little by little, however, that opposition died away and people—especially the clergy—began to make use of the new hypothesis in support of religion. This was a dangerous step to take. In taking it, they pledged themselves, in a sense, to all that the theory involves; and if many non-Catholics still refuse to recognize the consequences, others—and these the more logical—frankly confess that religion and all that it means is a part of the general growth and development in which all is evolving, put it down to somewhat obscure emotional or sentimental factors, and bracket it with other subjects of investigation in a comprehensive scheme of Sociology.

If the substance of religion be no more than a part of natural knowledge, and a practical way of life based thereon, it is obviously right to relegate it to such a sphere. A theory that is incapable of covering all the facts to be accounted for is useless. And it is claimed that the theory of evolution is the expression of a general law of development. It ought, in this sense, to account for anything and everything. Consequently, while, without prejudice to their faith, Catholics might be evolutionist in the moderate sense explained above, for those who do not possess—or who have lost a grasp of—the true meaning of a "revealed religion," there will be no limit to the application of this extreme form of evolution as a complete explanation of all that was, or is, or ever may be. This seems to be the line of thought pursued by most non-Catholics at the present time.

It is no part of my purpose in this paper to point out that it is a curiously mistaken line of thought; or that, of the two methods of "interrogating nature," the metaphysical one, by which we investigate things *as they are*, is preferable, for exactitude and results, to the historical one, by which, with the aid of much guesswork and supposition, we seek to reconstruct a life-history of things *as they have come to be what they are.*

What I am here concerned with is a comparison of Sir Oliver Lodge's teaching with that of our own schools. If he would grant us a personal God, not only, as He indeed is, immanent in the nature that He has made, but also supremely transcendent; if he would allow the spiritual nature of the human soul that, together with the body that it actuates, is, in natural conditions, a unique, incommunicable person; and if, instead of attempting to go beyond the limits of human powers in the divulgation of mysteries, he would recognize that these can only come, if they come at all, by way of revelation; there would be little to question seriously or to find fault with in his philosophy. But these three concessions would be much for him to make, involving, as they do, the entire foundation of his system. His "God," his "Soul," and his "Religion" are such as evolution can supply—no more; and, as such, fall far short of the "God," the "Soul," or the "Religion" of our own philosophy.

It all seems so simple to the theist who, like the musicians of "Abbé" Vogler, knows. The science of which Sir Oliver Lodge is an acknowledged master, as well as the vague and indefinite wanderings of the New Theology, await but the admission of the truth of all truths, as a touchstone to separate false speculation from true, as a centre about which the many precious truths they contain may group themselves. Without reference to God they are nought but meaningless jargon. They explain nothing. They satisfy no one. With God—"the supreme Spirit, who alone exists of himself, and is infinite in all perfections"—their broken arcs of truth come together into the perfect round which has truth itself for the centre.

Notwithstanding this fundamental opposition between the two catechisms, there is much in *The Substance of Faith* that is full of the promise of reconciliation. It is only one, it is true, of many signs that the old, crude materialisms are going out of fashion; but it is probably the most important of them all. The method and procedure, indeed, of this "modern science" are not those of mediæval philosophy; and yet there are distinct indications that Sir Oliver Lodge is neither entirely unacquainted with the work of the schoolmen, nor altogether unwilling to make use of it. Above all—though his arguments are not those commonly found in our own authors—the earnest wish to satisfy the blind craving of the heart for its God that prompted the writing of *The Substance of Faith* marks a decidedly great advance in the attitude of science and of scientific men.

"*Fecisti nos ad Te,*" wrote St. Augustine, "*et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.*" "*Inquietum est cor nostrum,*" cries Sir Oliver Lodge; and sets about using his best in science to find a haven of rest. He finds a God in nature and a soul in man. That both fall short of the reality is not his fault, but his misfortune. He was pledged to a theory that could light him no further forward on his path.

Still, the true God can be found by reason; although, as St. Thomas says, the search is not always an easy one. He makes himself known by revelation; and draws aside a corner of the veil that hangs between us and the Eternal Mysteries. No other hand than his can lift that veil, or strengthen the mind of man to accept and believe the truths it shrouds. And he has given his revelation as a divine treasure to his Church, to guard, to preserve, and to dispense to all mankind.

Here, utterly and forever, we must part company with all those who would spin the Faith out of the natural truths of reason, or accept it upon what merely natural testimony it can enlist in its support.

The attitude of the Church of God is far otherwise. Recognizing that she has a message for the world divinely accredited to her, it is her one pre-occupation, whatever happens, to preserve that message intact and to give it to the world as she received it. After all, it is not her message; but God's.

And so the Catholic Church does not profess to prove her dogmas. She knows full well that they are above reason and incapable of proof by ordinary methods. She does not ally herself, or seek to ally herself, with science. It would be of no advantage to her to do so. Her truths and laws are quite true and binding independently of either science or philosophy. When she makes use of these, it is to illustrate and defend against criticism—never to attempt to demonstrate on natural grounds. What may be, or may not be, true in science is immaterial to her. She is concerned only with her message. And as long as the philosophers and the men of science do not interfere with the contents of that divine message, they may speculate as they please, and believe what they please, and act as they please, in obedience to the natural reason that they profess to follow.

That sometimes, in an alien atmosphere, and with methods thoroughly out of touch with her own, leaders of modern thought arise to point the way through the darkness towards the glimmer of that torch which she holds aloft for the guidance of the race, even though they fail to realize the goal towards which they strive, or think it other than it is, cannot but be the greatest consolation to her children. Let us hope that *The Substance of Faith* is a forerunner of the science of the future, as it is the funeral oration of the materialistic science of the past; and trust that it will do its part in helping to lead men of good will to the light of true faith that shines brightly over the twilight of human ignorance and human knowledge.

IN THE MIA-MIAS* OUT BACK.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

> " I have gathered these stories afar,
>   In the wind and rain,
> In the land where the cattle-camps are
>   On the edge of the plain."
>
> —*A. B. Paterson.*

TO those who fear draughts, a mia-mia cannot be recommended as a place of residence. Not that a mia-mia is quite open to the four winds of heaven, since it has a roof and one wall. But while this one wall may shut out one of the winds of heaven, it gives *carte blanche* to the rest, who would seem to take full advantage of the invitation.

Of course the dust may come in too, as it does, in blinding clouds; likewise the rain—if it will. But the rain is not happy out back. It prefers the sea board; or else it pays a visit to the ranges, in whose heart is hidden music: the murmur of tired leaves, the wailing of young saplings, the soft voices of dying streams. In the dry season these creatures of the hills pour out their souls' needs in the loneliness, until in the heart of the great mother a wonderful pity awakes, and sending forth her handmaiden, whom men call rain, she charges her to minister to the sick and dying. And with swift, glad feet—as of one who brings good tidings—the rain comes to heal these children of nature; with her own hand she bathes the leaves with summer showers and gently raises the drooping boughs; with her own hand, too, she feeds the mountain rills that erstwhile languished, but now, with borrowed life, leap down the gully, calling with a loud voice to the giant ferns who guard the silent way.

So the rain comes to the hills. But not out back, for the rain recognizes but little kinship with the scrub: with the gray, thirsty land that is strewn with the stunted salt-bush. The creek may die, an' it please, out back. For the voice of the creek is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, where none may heed. So, too, the river may dwindle into a chain of gaping water-holes, muddy and brown; but the rain will show no pity. She keeps her face to the sea, while the far-stretching plains lie out with parched lips under a fierce burning sun.

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* Pronounced Mi-Mi.

The plains utter no cry. If a man loses his way out back, he must fend for himself. It is life for life in the scrub, and the stricken wayfarer who has exhausted his water supply must wrest what he may from the needle-wood tree. But the tree clings to life as the man does; not voluntarily will she yield up her store. Life is sweet to me also, says, the needle-wood tree. And even when her root has been severed, the man still needs time and labor to extract from the fibre a few drops of moisture, beating it out drop by drop into the hollow of his hand. Yet it is trifles such as this that make the difference between life and death in the waste places of the Northwest.

Among the tribes out back, no native goes alone for choice through the scrub. It is only when he happens to be rounding up stray cattle far off on the plains that he is likely to get "bushed." By nature the black boy is sociable. He dislikes solitude. Therefore, in every native settlement the mia-mias stand close up in groups. Seen in the distance the huddled-up roofs look like so many brown rabbits browsing together in the open.

At Ulladulla the station camp was about half a mile from the homestead. Further out there was a bush camp. But the bush *gayloos* gave no service, they occupied their camp on sufferance; the station authorities giving them occasional rations and a still more occasional blanket. For the rest, they lived their own life, hunting by day, and at night, spearing fish in the river.

But in the station camp it was different. Here, in return for their weekly rations, the blacks must render personal service, for both black boys and gins can ride well, and are clever in handling cattle. Then again, the gin is able to milk; and when she can do nothing else she can always "tail" cows. But besides this, she can at times give points, not only to a black boy but to every stock man on the run, for when it comes to a "cow and calf muster" then the gin comes into her own. Perhaps there are a thousand cows with a possible sixty calves to the hundred. They have all been rounded up from a wide area on to a small piece of good ground between two ridges. After the calves have been drafted out for branding, each must be restored to the particular cow that knows its own. And what with the lowing and the bleating and the constant movement of the mob, it is not an easy thing to sort out individual relationships offhand. The stockman makes various attempts, and is frequently wrong. The black boy makes guesses, and is frequently wrong. But with the black gin she never makes a mistake; she always knows.

As she sits there astride, garbed like the men in a pair of breeches and a blue cotton shirt, her quiet, observant eyes miss nothing. She does not bother about colorings, and she pays no heed to the babel around her. She and the camp horse are as one, both immovable, at the outskirts of the mob. First she watches a certain cow. Then her eyes roam away to a calf in the distance. Perhaps it is some peculiarity in the leg movement; or maybe it is a sudden turn of the head. At once the gin will mark the similarity which establishes the relationship; and, like the dust-laden wind that sweeps along in sudden gusts, the old camp horse, spurred by this light weight of a gin, will start in amongst the mob and bring out the missing calf. It is the maternal instinct of the woman that sees, where men's eyes are held; it is part of the mother love which is the heritage of those only who have labored and given birth; from the highest even to the lowest; to the woman as to the brute beast.

But though the black gin may do good work on the camp, she receives nothing for it beyond a new cotton shirt and a plug of tobacco. Not that the ordinary black boy is much better off, for, besides his rations, he may get only a handful of silver coins with which to celebrate the annual races. The Christianized native is not satisfied with this dole. What he wants is the "paper jabber" such as the white man gets; the pale slip of paper which, handed over the counter at the distant bush shanty, produces whisky in gallon measures. Yes; this is what the enlightened native asks for; the magic paper that is precious alike to black and white.

As for the gin, she is not thought to require any outside pleasures. Her place is in the mia-mia. So, when she is not working for the white man, she is building up the camp-fire against the home-coming of her lord.

She does not cook his meal. She may only make the fire;

for the black boy prefers to cook his own dinner. This is not out of any desire to save her labor, but because beef is scarce, and the gin is not to be trusted.

The natives' method of cooking is not elaborate. They possess neither oven, nor stove, nor any cooking utensils; so the food must be either grilled or baked. First some dry grass is gathered, and on top of the grass some eucalyptus boughs are piled, and then set alight. After burning for some time, the fire is allowed to die down until the surface is covered with soft white ash. On this ash the piece of beef is carefully laid, when the red embers beneath are supposed to cook the steak or the joint, whichever it may be. But, as a rule, the beef is withdrawn while it is still comparatively raw.

When cooking wood duck or green parroquets, the bird is taken just as it falls, and wrapped up in a covering of yellow clay. This is then placed on the embers and turned over at intervals. As soon as the bird is cooked, the clay wrapping bursts open, when the feathers are found to adhere to the baked clay. At this point the bird is trussed, the black fellow's theory being that every animal must be cooked before it is trussed. In the same way the gohanna or the snake is laid along the live embers until it first crackles and finally stiffens, after which it is broken into joints and the inside taken out.

It is not often in the mia-mia that the rations include flour. Nor do the natives know how to make the "damper" or the "Johnnie cakes" that the jackeroo makes when he is mustering along the boundary. But the black gin will manufacture a sort of native bread from the nardoo seed. This is crushed and kneaded into a porridge-like substance, and placed in a soft lump on the embers until it is heated throughout. It is then ready for eating. To the white man, the bread of the nardoo seed is as good as a sunstroke. But the digestion of the native camp suffers fewer defeats.

Another native delicacy is made from *pĭtchori*—a shrub eight feet high, with pale green leaves, shaped like those of an apple tree. These fresh green leaves are cooked in the eucalyptus embers, after which they are scraped up and eaten, embers and all. The peculiar property of pitchori lies in its power of intoxication. It is stronger than the white man's grog, and is proportionately prized by the natives.

As an item of diet, perhaps nothing is more relished than the flesh of the common rat. Until recent years these vermin were unknown in the back country, but with the building of granaries, vast hordes of rats have sprung up as if by some magic art. Indeed, in the year 1890 a great wave of rats swept across the empty spaces of the Northwest, providing a new and toothsome dish for the aborigines, who celebrated the event by holding big corroborees up and down the country. To this day, the black fellows out back will speak with bated breath of this particular "cunja" or rat festival.

"You know 'em cunja?" asks the black man of the white. "Cunja budgeree—him very good."

But in ordinary years, there are not enough rats to go round. And as for the beef, which is distributed from headquarters after every kill, that never does go round. In fact it rarely goes further than the black boy himself.

For this reason he cooks it with his own hands, and while he eats, his gin squats immediately behind him in the mia-mia—this being the custom of the tribes from time immemorial, when the man faced the open, spear in hand, and the woman crouched low for protection.

In the mia-mia, the man eats his fill. What is over is for the gin; and out of her share she must provide for her brood. Thus the man will demolish the small joint without any difficulty. When he has finished with it, he flings the bone over his head to the gin, and when the gin has done with it, she gives it to the piccaninnies. And when they have—but, before they can make up their minds to relinquish it, the dog has snatched it. Not that it is any good to him by now, except to sharpen his teeth on it. But the dog in the mia-mia is not entitled to much pity, because what he does not steal from the kitchen galleys of the homestead, he wrests from the dogs of the white man.

Indeed, the lot of the black gin is considerably worse than that of the mongrel that sits outside the mia-mia. To begin with, she is regarded as an inferior, and that from start to finish. She must fetch and carry from her earliest years. For her there is no period of feminine supremacy; not even in those brief anti-nuptial years does she yield any sway in the native camp. She has no rights; and fewer privileges. She is given to one black boy or to another, according as the old men of the tribe think fit. If she is well-made and clever at hunting, she is mated with a good figure of a man, on the principal of like to like. Should she be maimed, or otherwise imperfect from the physical standpoint, she will be apportioned to a weakling. There is no sentiment among the dwellers of mia-mias.

The native marriage customs are simple to austerity. There are seemingly but few preliminaries, save the building of a new mia-mia. But when the black fellow has brought his bride to her new home, her education in submission is soon developed: a conjugal beating being the first and the last lesson. This treatment is considered a wholesome corrective to feminine independence. So the black boy belabors his gin to ensure wifely respect, and to keep before her mind the central fact that he is supreme in the mia-mia. Therefore the gin submits. She belongs now, body and soul, to the man who owns her. For this is the law of the native camp. It is the ruling of the tribes, where the woman does not count.

There are times, however, when the gin gets more than her usual share of blows, and her endurance gives out. Then she will wait for an opportunity, when she will creep out, like some stricken thing, from behind the mia-mia, and leaving the piccaninnies to take care of themselves, she will glide away to take refuge in the lonely scrub.

But the days are long and the sun is fierce out there in the silence, besides which there are lurking dangers in the open spaces, and frequently the gin carries her life in her hand. Sometimes it is a black snake that stretches its sinuous length across her path. Like all natives she is in deadly fear of the serpent whose sting is quick death, therefore she shrinks back, lest her naked foot should disturb it, for, unlike most snakes, the black snake will fight from choice, even though its hole be nigh.

At night things are no better, for now she must creep along among the shadows, with her fire-stick bent down to the earth. Should she attempt to sleep, lying down beside a fallen log, she can hear the weird sound of the dingoes patrolling the scrub for food. The dingoes will not touch human flesh save dead flesh, and hers is yet warm. Meanwhile their awful cry pierces to the marrow of her bones.

Later on, the wind gets up and moans aloud among the gidya trees. Rising and falling, it comes to her, like the wailing of some human creature. As she listens, with trembling limbs and with nerves unduly strained, she thinks she can hear the cry of the piccaninny way back in the mia-mia. And the piccaninny's cry is like no other child's cry. It is a long, low wail that resembles the note of the wild dog, as it floats across the stillness of the scrub. Soon she can stand the solitude no longer—the wail of the piccaninny pursues her. And as she came, so she returns to the camp.

Nothing has changed at the mia-mia. The piccaninny has crawled outside and is playing among the dead embers, while he croons to the jew lizard that blinks its eyes in the sunshine. Absently she picks up her little one, setting it astride her hip, as usual, while she bends down to her work. The fire has yet to be made, and she must gather the wood in haste.

Between husband and wife that day there is neither explanation nor reconciliation. He knew that she would return to him, since neither black boy nor gin will remain long away from the camp; for the night has long arms, and the silence is peopled with fears.

Even the mia-mia is better than the lonely scrub; and for the next few days the truant sits there sullen and cowed. Should the station manager chance to visit the native camp at such a time, he will give her a word of greeting.

"Well, Sarah, what was the row about?"

To which inquiry Sarah will at first only shake her head. Then very slowly, and in a thin voice of contempt, she will answer:

"Oh—h—h! Him all day growl, long night time."

This is the native formula, further than which no self-respecting gin will go. To speak of a thrashing would be worse than crude; it would be unheard-of. But whether this reserve is due more to a spirit of loyalty or to a lack of suitable English is difficult to determine.

In the heart of the native there is no religious instinct, and but little parental love. And sometimes in the life of the mia-mia there arises a question not so much of ethics as of expediency. It may be that there are piccaninnies enough. In that case the newcomer is doomed.

Under ordinary circumstances the blacks are not communicative on such matters, believing silence to be best. But when the bush gayloos sit round their camp-fire at night, and their tongues have been loosened by the consumption of pitchori, their talk becomes less prudent and more crude. It is then that one learns that the flesh of a new-born child is good to them; yea! better than that of the wood duck that flies across the swamp at sundown.

While the black fellow is young, he may have only one wife. But when she gets on in years, he is given a second, for of what use is an old wife? No longer can she spear fish in the creek; nor has her hand the same cunning in the chase. Therefore he takes a new wife—one whose eye is clear and whose arm is strong to throw the nulla-nulla and the boomerang. From henceforth it is she who must provide him with fish and game, until such time as the sun drops below the sky line and the darkness closes in. Then will his tribe gather round him, singing low chants of the chase; of those fleet wild things, whose footpads he has tracked from the distant horizon even to the shady water-hole where, hiding behind the mulga trees, he has slain them in his might.

The camp-fire leaps high and the curls of smoke drift upwards as the memories of his youth troop by out of the dead past. And with the low, monotonous chant still ringing in his ears, his spirit passes away from the limitations of earth into the Great Beyond where no horizon is, into the Silent Land whence no man returns, for its gate is held by the hand of death.

PARIS AND FRENCH POLITICS.*

BY ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN.

PARIS! What a name to conjure with! How many books I have read about it; and how delighted I was to question those travelers who had been there. It is both Athens and Rome to us; and until we have seen it our education remains unfinished, our happiness incomplete. One longs for it as for paradise, and hence the saying that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, and bad ones while they live." How often during my walks by the shores of Lake Michigan, the Lake Shore Drive, the Jackson Park, and along our grand avenues, have I dreamt of the enchanting city. The boulevards that we passed going from the St. Lazare station to our little hotel near the Arc de Triomphe are very gay and so different from anything that we have at home.

My mother was so glad to see me. She had insisted upon accompanying my father to Europe, having been over only twice and never having made any long stay in Paris. They have spent four delightful months here. My father has already finished his inquiry into social questions, the mission which had been entrusted to him by the University. All doors have been opened to him, and every facility accorded of studying the many works of both public and private enterprise. He tells me that, on the whole, charitable institutions are more numerous over here than with us, but that they are less concerned than we are in teaching the needy to help themselves. Their methods are more charitable than educational. Still, there are signs of a marked advance in this matter, for up till now, as an eminent thinker, Monsieur de Lapparent, has happily expressed it, the French have been chiefly occupied in the social army with the ambulance department.

It is very annoying that my father will be obliged to cross the water again in a few weeks' time. He must be present at

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*A chapter from the forthcoming English edition of Abbé Klein's *La Découverte du Vieux Monde par un Étudiant de Chicago.*

the "commencement" of the University when he has to make a speech. I should have profited so much by his companionship. Apropos of "commencement," I astonished the French by telling them that this is the term we use for the final ceremony of the scholastic year, and I must own, with them, that it is rather a strange one. But I differ from them in thinking that we are wanting in family affection. I have spent such a charming afternoon with my parents, and they were longing to hear so many things about the two dear little sisters who have remained behind with their French governess! To hear people talk over here, one would think that one could not love his own when at a distance.

After a long chat, we had tea, and then took a carriage from the hotel. My father soon left us, as he had an appointment with the Director of the Assistance Publique, and it was my mother who had the pleasure of showing me Paris. The weather had cleared and the blue sky was dotted over with fleecy clouds.

All that I was told about Paris fell far short of the reality. The vistas seen from the Place de l'Etoile are wonderfully grand; all the avenues leading out from it lose themselves in infinite distance; and I can understand why royal visitors make their entry from this side of the city. Within the last few years the King of Spain, the King of Italy, the King of England, and the Czar of Russia have passed this way. The French apparently admire monarchy in their neighbors. The enthusiasm they displayed during the visits of these sovereigns appear to me to be rather unworthy of a democracy. Still, I ought not to forget that we, in our turn, were quite as snobbish as regards Prince Henry, who was merely the brother of an emperor.

In the middle of the Place de l'Etoile there rises a Triumphal Arch under which the body of Victor Hugo rested on the eve of his public funeral. Napoleon passed under it when returning from his victorious campaigns, and one of the avenues bears the name of the Grande Armée. It was by this road, too, that his enemies followed him in 1814, and under which the Prussians passed in 1871. The triumphal route continues as far as the Place de la Concorde, where Louis XVI. was guillotined. In the middle of it stands an obelisk brought from Egypt. A little farther away one may see the Louvre, the residence of the former kings of France. In front of it stretches a large garden on the ancient site of the palace of the Tuileries, which was burnt by the Communists. The memory of these souvenirs would be oppressive, were it not that the beauty of the prospect, the spring-like grace of the trees and flowers, and the harmonious expanse of the horizon, shed a sense of soothing indulgence over all this history. It is well that nature and art have draped these bygone acts of humanity with a softening veil, just as the moss so beloved by Ruskin renders a ruin poetic and strengthens the crumbling stones. . . . On this my first day in Europe, it is only natural that I should feel a thrill of emotion.

The drive down the Champs Elysées does not dampen my ardor; it is so lovely that I do not find the name exaggerated. Just before arriving at the Concorde, we turn to the right, cross the Avenue Nicholas II. and the Alexandre III. bridge. These souvenirs of the Czars displease me, but I do not dwell on them. The two palaces on each side of the avenue are miracles of ancient art and modern convenience. They date from the last exhibition; our World Fairs have left no such traces. Nothing seems impossible to French taste. In order to show off their motor cars they construct Athenian temples, and in the evening the colossal pillars are draped and illuminated with such fine garlands that they recall the boudoirs of the eighteenth century, and all is in perfect harmony.

On the other side of the bridge a wide esplanade leads to the Hôtel des Invalides, which is three hundred years old, but which still looks quite fresh. It is surmounted by a dome similar to that of the Capitol, but with purer and more harmonious lines. This dome is covered with gold, but no one could tell me its cost. In the very centre, under the cupola, is the tomb of Napoleon, and his body really rests there. What genius, what power! And yet, comparing the result and development of their action, George Washington's memory seems to me far grander.

We arrive at the Concorde bridge. Behind us is the Palais Bourbon, where the deputies hold their sittings. Before us is a large place bordered by other palaces, then a street, still called Royale, and at the end of it the church of St. Madeleine, which Napoleon built as a temple to his goddess Victory. We leave our carriage and ascend the terrace of the Tuileries.

In the distance we see the Arc de Triomphe, which resembles a giant mirror in a drapery of cloud, tinted red and violet by the rays of the setting sun. All is bathed in a crimson glory, and the Seine on our left is like a golden stream, while the hills, wrapped in mist, serve as a background to the blazing sky.

My mother, less naive, or perhaps more accustomed to the sight, rouses me from my reverie and reminds me that it is time to return. We go down to the subway or Metropolitan, and in a few minutes reach the Etoile. This railway is admirable. You have only to show your ticket on entering and as many travelers as it will hold can take their places. The trains are frequent and the stoppages short. In fact it is quite American.

But the other means of transport are the most old-fashioned in the world. The tramways and omnibuses have different prices, according to the classes, and often the cheapest place is the best; for instance, the outside of the omnibus, or the *impériale* as it is called, is the only bearable place in summer. But elegant people, especially ladies, do not dare to go up, for the simple reason that the *impériale* costs three cents and the inside six. What is still more astonishing is that, for precisely similar carriages and places, there are very different tariffs, and they appear to vary according to the districts. But what strikes me most in the Parisian omnibuses, is the slowness and circuitous manner of their routes. Some of them have even inspired certain songs. "Where," says an old ballad, "are the snows of former years, and all other vanished things?" "Where," adds the witty Parisian, pitying those who have embarked on so long a journey, "are the unfortunates who took the Panthéon-Courcelles?"

Another incredibly strange custom is the fashion of distributing numbers to the travelers, and only allowing them to mount after they have been called. The first day I imagined this had something to do with passports. As the whole series must be gone through, and as many numbers are frequently missing, one can imagine how much time is lost in that way. Moreover, the same ceremony recommences at each station, and one often sees fifteen or twenty postulants awaiting their turn. Very often, too, when the omnibus arrives it is either full or perhaps has only one vacant place. In fact, their number is often limited to a dozen persons comfortably seated, when it would easily hold double if, as with us, passengers were allowed to stand. But I see my notes are becoming as tedious as my subject, so I will break off. . . .

For it is tiresome to write about nothing. As to the sights of Paris, all I could relate would interest no one. Suffice it, then, to say that I tired myself out in visiting as many buildings as possible. Perhaps Europeans are not far wrong in ridiculing our mania for seeing everything.

On the other hand, if I simply record what I think may please others, I shall soon be reduced to silence. What am I to do then? After all, this is not a manual of geography or social science. As a rule, you note down what strikes you whenever you have a leisure moment. Two years ago, when I visited the Rocky Mountains, my notebook was blank on those days when I was tired with all the wonderful sights I had seen, while the leisure days were filled with uninteresting events. This was perhaps the reason why *Smith's Magazine* refused to accept it. So I must manage otherwise with my travels in France. But how am I to proceed? Well, the end will show. *Vive la liberté!*

I dined out for the first time with Bernard de Pujol—allow me to introduce him—I have nothing very good to say about him, but, since he is modest, he will not mind that. Still it would be very unjust to say anything harmful. He has excellent qualities, but he makes no use of them. I love him very much, however, because he is gentle, amiable, spiritual, and he loves me also. At twenty-four years of age—three years older than I—he is maturer than I am; but at the same time he is less of a man. I think that he has none of my energy. Although he reads a great deal he does not work at all—that appears to him wearisome. He told me he had tried it formerly, but had not been able to do anything. I have often reproached him with his inaction; he was not the least angry, nor has it made any effect upon him. To us this seems quite extraordinary. Still Bernard is capable of one kind of effort, and that is traveling. By this means he has escaped being a complete nonentity.

Having early come into possession of a large fortune, he went to Oxford, where, without over-working himself, he adopted English manners and broader ideas. Later on, he crossed the ocean and visited nearly all of the States, besides Canada and a part of Mexico. I met him in California and we have traveled over part of Arizona. He has made short cruises round Scotland, Norway, and the Eastern part of the Mediterranean. He has also been to India. The French are such stay-at-home folks that these different travels have given my friend a certain prestige.

But what extraordinary fellows his friends are! There were several of them at dinner and others came in later. We discussed many subjects. I don't want to be severe on them, as it appears they liked me. Bernard told me how astonished they were to find that I was cultured and well-bred. They admired my ideas in general, my notions of art and my knowledge of literature. The truth is, but of course I do not boast of it, I knew much more than they did. But what is there so extraordinary in that? Are we then Indians? One of the rare things which displease me in France is to see one's country so little known and so misjudged in consequence. I do not know how it is with other foreigners, but for my part, I object to this ignorance concerning the efforts we make in the way of instruction of every kind, and for the education of the race. Why Europeans send us their worse subjects, and of these we make good citizens; and with all this they take us for savages!

But don't let us get excited. Besides, this indignation is not appropriate to the genial and pleasant tone of the evening I am speaking of. After discussing various topics, the conversation turned on women, and, as far as I could gather, on those of doubtful reputation. From a delicate motive, which earned my gratitude, Bernard declared laughingly that I was not "*un type á cá*," though he added, what pleased me less, but is perhaps true, that I must not be judged by the many Americans who seek in the Old World examples and opportunities of practising a loose code of morals—vice over here decking itself in a more alluring and refined guise. Happily they began to talk of other things, chiefly of *carrière* and politics.

It has taken me some time to realize what is implied by their word *carrière*. Just as a traveler steps into a carriage when starting on a journey, so is the young Frenchman made to embrace a career for the whole of his life, and he has no more idea of leaving it before his death, than you would be tempted to quit the train before arriving at your destination. Only it should be remarked that, except for some untoward accident, during the last part of his career or journey, he is entitled to a pension, and this is for him the ideal state. The sooner he gets his pension, that is, the sooner he gets paid for doing nothing, the happier he esteems himself. Now, in order to have a successful career, one must never leave the beaten track; so weak in this country is the love of initiative and independence! Again, there is also a certain way of entering a career and advancing in it. An inquiry into the merits of the respective candidates would be too delicate a matter, this is replaced by recommendations; as there are a hundred candidates for each post, one chooses those whose patrons are most numerous and most influential. On this account public offices, the number of which is incredible, are recruited almost entirely from journalists, deputies, and other politicians. Clans of this kind may be found among us, but in a far lesser degree, on account of the little importance we attach to public life and to its official management.

I asked Bernard's friends what occupation they had, and nearly all replied that they had none. I again asked what they intended doing, to which they replied that they did not know—that they were waiting for a change of government, that at the present time all careers were closed to young men in their station. This really surprised me, and I sought for some explanation. At the risk of appearing indiscreet, I asked them if the present government hindered them from being architects, professors, doctors, surgeons, lawyers, engineers, bankers, merchants, or manufacturers? They looked at each other astonished, and did not answer. Bernard began laughing, and, patting me on the shoulder, exclaimed: "Ah, these Americans!"

And he promised to explain later. Now that I know more of the ideas of French society, I can understand what effect my words produced. They were well-bred enough to drop the subject, but I persistently returned to the charge; and having ascertained that not even one of the so-called liberal professions was represented in the group, I asked the reason. There was a moment's hesitation, and then Bernard explained: "One may take up agriculture," he said, "and formerly there was the army; but now it is mixed up with politics. There remains the diplomatic career, but that costs a good deal, and there is not room for every one; without reckoning that, there is also politics. . . . Oh, you really cannot understand what all this means, but it is the root of all the mischief." And we began to discuss politics.

I was delighted to hear this subject discussed, as I had never yet been able to comprehend from afar what really was passing in France. I must own that when near it was just as obscure.

This obscurity, it is true, would not be so impenetrable if I relied simply on the complex ideas which these young fellows developed before me. According to them: "*Le mal c'est la République, le remède la Monarchie.*" All was summed up in these two aphorisms: "A republic true to its principles can have neither a strong army nor sound finances, nor real justice, nor any permanent order; no real republic fulfils the inherent functions of a government. Everywhere the republic has sown disorder, impiety, destruction, persecution, terror."

They showed me a catechism entitled the *Royalist's Manual*, in which I read this question and answer: "What is Republicanism? Republicanism is a collection of social errors, which infallibly cause the moral and material ruin of a State." As I could not forbear exclaiming, they were kind enough to explain that all this had no connection with the United States since our Constitution was not really Republican; whereupon I was so astonished that I think I was at a loss for a reply. I then substituted facts for principles, thinking that on this ground we might understand each other better, and said: "Here you have had more than thirty years of republican government; never since the revolution has a royalist government lasted as long. Perhaps it would be better to make the best of it."

To which they replied that the republic was essentially bad, and there was no possibility of its improvement, which I found hard to understand, being accustomed to identify a republic with its representatives, and believing that it could be changed if they were. But my interlocutors were very far from this opinion, and it seemed to me that they considered all these questions rather in the abstract, looking upon the government and the national representatives rather from a philosophical and historical standpoint, and without any relation to the actual state of their country. Besides, they believe that this state of things will soon undergo a thorough transformation. "*La Republique se meurt,*" is the standing phrase in which, for the last thirty years, certain Frenchmen have been pleased to sum up their political ideas.

Once persuaded that Bernard's friends desired the overthrow of the Republic, I asked them how they thought of accomplishing it. They owned that they had no idea. I admired this frankness and tried to lead the way to a more satisfactory response. "It will," I said in all good faith, "doubtless be by gaining over the majority of the nation, and thus getting a parliament elected which will put a prince upon the throne." "No"; I was told, "there is no question of sending a royalist majority to the chambers. We know by experience that majorities are quite incapable of forming anything new. We must organize a staunch minority and await one of those stormy crises of which the Republic is so prodigal, for its principle is anarchy and division. Then the machinery for the restoration of the Monarchy will be forged of itself. It will be one man or a group of men, some delegate or other of the public power. It matters little whether he be a soldier or a civilian, he will act either by calculation or conviction, to save France if he has any sense of honor, and if he has not, well, then, for other motives."

It was impossible for me to know if Bernard's friends were jesting or not. I had heard so much of French irony! But he declared in a low voice that they were speaking seriously, and that if I appeared to doubt them they might take it amiss. In order to be perfectly frank, I said that we held other views about the respect due to our laws, especially about that due to our Constitution; and I continued my queries. But on the whole they did but repeat what I have just written. This makes it easier for me to accustom my mind to such novel ideas. I appeared, as indeed I was, so interested that Bernard told me to take away a copy of the *Royalist Manual*, in which I should find the substance of the whole conversation. I must own that I have found it useful in writing down the notes which precede. Any American who desires to read it will find himself transported as far from his native country as if he had passed from the Falls of Niagara to the Cascade in the Bois de Boulogne.

The next time I saw Bernard I could not help reverting to the same subject. According to his usual habit of divining what I meant rather than of listening, he exclaimed, almost before I had finished my sentence:

"I see what you are driving at. It vexes you that my friends should have conceived such an idea of the Republic as makes it impossible for the same word to suit your form of government. Well! they are not the only ones."

"What! You also? You who have seen for yourself—"

"I? It is all the same to me! I simply wish to say that over here Republicans as well as Monarchists, and Democrats as well as Conservatives, think that in the United States you understand nothing whatever about either a Republic or a Democracy."

"Indeed?"

"And I could easily make you see this, or rather, hear it. But for that purpose it would be necessary to take you to some meetings; and that would rather bore me. You wish it, you young tyrant? Very well, I will do so!"

Two days afterwards he took me to a lecture on "Religion and Democracy," given by the citizen Busch, at the Social Science Institute.

I was deeply interested. The lecturer, one of the most influential men of the party in power, gave us a very comprehensive synthesis of the *rôle* played by Christianity in the evolution of democracy. The first part of his discourse admirably set forth the idea that the Gospel, by insisting upon the value of the soul and the conception of one God, the Universal Father, has favored, beyond all words, those two sentiments on which true democracy reposes—belief in equality and respect for the individual man.

In the second part, which was unfortunately very short, he affirmed, almost without attempting to prove it, that the Roman Church, after having rendered incontestable services to democracy, had become during the last century its most formidable enemy, and that if the societies of the present day wished to progress, if they wished even to live, they must first completely extirpate every Catholic, nay, to speak frankly, every Christian idea.

After the lecture a discussion took place, which is not worth repeating at length. I was, however, extremely surprised to hear the lecturer—whose moderation had been great when he was the only speaker—give utterance, one after the other, to the most intolerant assertions. Thus he declared faith to be an abdication of intelligence, prayer an offence to human dignity, religious discipline slavery, the celibacy of priests a monstrosity, incompatible with an aptitude for teaching and even with the simple rights of a citizen. Finally, M. Busch replied to a questioner who asked whether one could, in the primary school, once more base moral instruction on the belief in the existence of God: "Well, no; one must have the courage to say so, a belief in God is incompatible with the spirit of democracy."

Bernard nudged me in triumph:

"Well! Well! Did I not tell you so?"

I do not know how I, a young foreigner, had the audacity to do it, but irritated by these absurd allegations, as well as by the mocking air of my friend, I burst forth indignantly:

"There are, however, democracies in which the people believe in God, and where even the chief members of the government render public homage to him. In the United States, for example, and I have a right to speak—"

"That is not a true democracy," answered M. Busch, without allowing me to finish.

A part of the audience overwhelmed him with applause; and I was forced to consider myself refuted because, the hour being late, the meeting was at once closed.

Bernard did not crow over me. He contented himself with asking if his friends were so very wrong in refusing the name of democracy and republic to the United States. I replied that all that had been said only revealed the fact that neither they nor Citizen Busch had the least idea of what a democracy was, adding: "Besides, the lecturer did not even once mention the Republic."

"Come, come!" said Bernard, "I see that that experience was not enough for you. Are you free on Sunday at four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"It is not to take you to Bostock's, alas! But into a second veritable den of ideas. I will write to Paul Hortis."

M. Paul Hortis received us with a most winning smile. As the meeting had not yet begun, he pointed out several important personages who were seated on either side of a long table. Round them was gathered an audience of about fifty people, composed of very thoughtful-looking women and some professors and students, two or three pastors, and as many Catholic priests. There were also present M. Busch and two other deputies, one a former Minister and leader of the Socialist party, three members of the Institute, and several celebrated professors belonging to the different faculties. It appears it was an assembly of a rather abnormal kind in France, where persons holding different opinions seldom meet together, and Bernard explained that many amongst the audience were known for their frankly religious attitude, whilst others were notorious for the violence of their anti-clericalism.

Religion, here also, seemed the order of the day. Certainly they speak of nothing else in France.

M. Hortis began with a summary of the preceding discourse, the subject of which was the "Church and the Republic." He reported with impartiality what each one had said. Two professors of the Catholic Church had maintained that the Church has no antipathy to the republican form of government—they themselves adhered to it with all their hearts, and the majority of their students, both priests and laymen, were of their opinion. An anti-clerical member of the French Academy had, on the contrary, demonstrated that the Church was a terrible danger to the institutions of the country. The ideas expressed were so totally unfamiliar to me that for fear of misrepresenting them I will now copy my notes, word for word, as I took them down:

"The Church has irrevocably judged and condemned you," said M. A. F., addressing the Ministers of the Republic, "and she is hastening the moment to execute her sentence. You are her vanquished ones, her prisoners. Day by day does she increase her army of occupation, day by day does she extend her conquests. She has taken the bulk of your business; she raises entire towns and besieges factories; she has, as you well know, her secret correspondence with your government, your ministry, with the heads of your tribunals, and with those in command of your army. . . . The temporal government of the popes, which was a shame to humanity, is that which your Church openly labors to establish among you. She wishes to make France a province of the Universal Pontifical States." *

Without being very familiar with the "ins and outs" of affairs in this strange land, I think there must be a certain amount of exaggeration in the fears of this M. A. F.

Paul Hortis, having ended his official report, requested M. Beauleroy, a political economist, to speak on the régime of Separation in the United States. I then heard statements sin-

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* Anatole France. *L'Eglise et la République*, pp. 118-119.

gularly flattering to my self-esteem. M. Beauleroy, whilst rejoicing that they had separated the Church from the State in France, expressed his regret that they had not shown the spirit of justice and liberty which presides amongst us in the relations of the public powers with the different sects. He plainly showed us what he called "the confiscations and the narrowness of the French Law," in taking from the Religious Associations the property they had received from charity and education, not even leaving them the ownership of the buildings for Public Worship, and subjecting even the language of their preachers to the supervision of the civil authorities.

These words excited many murmurs and interruptions on all sides.

Some one cried out: "But we cannot leave the Republic defenceless before the attacks of Rome."

"The Republic itself has nothing to fear from liberty," replied M. Beauleroy, "and the proof is that in the United States—"

"We are not in the United States," several voices shouted out.

"Come, come"; said M. Paul Hortis mildly, "and we are not in the chamber either We have asked M. Beauleroy, who has just come from America, to tell us about the legislation of Public Worship in that country. We can think what we like about it, but we must hear what he has to say."

This call to order met with nothing but approbation, and the meeting resumed its attitude of courteous attention.

M. Beauleroy entered into the minutest details of the system of absolute freedom enjoyed by our religious sects. There was nothing new to me in all this, but the audience appeared very much surprised on hearing that our religious societies can engage in teaching and charitable works without any restraint (as if this were not natural!) and that we even exempt from taxation not only churches but the different sects, the seminaries, orphanages, and *Salles des Patronages*, almost all more or less connected with religious propaganda.

The astonishment increased when he said that if our tribunals have to judge between individuals or groups of the same sect about certain conflicts of half-temporal, half-spiritual order, they refer the matter to the general discipline of the individual churches, in the same way that they would, in the case of any other society, refer the matter in question to the articles of the Statutes. But surprise bordered on indignation when the lecturer pointed out that the choice of the directors of the Societies for Public Worship was left entirely to the option of the different churches, the State confining itself to granting the persons a suitable charter or, in some cases, allowing them to do without one. He showed, by way of example, how the Catholic parishes are, as regards temporal matters, sometimes owned and administered by the bishop alone, but more frequently by a council of five persons, consisting of the bishop, his vicar general, the rector, and two laymen nominated by them.

In spite of the praiseworthy efforts of M. Hortis, this explanation provoked another tempest, in which I heard these extraordinary words; uttered simultaneously by many voices:

"But those are not republican laws."

"There now you have it," cried Bernard, "there you are. And now, my dear fellow, if you are not enlightened, I resign my office. The United States a Republic, a Democracy? . . . What humbug young man! In our days such fables are no longer believed in France."

He was so pleased that I could not silence him, and I understood nothing of the end of the debate. In any case I had heard enough to bewilder me, and I could not help, when leaving M. Hortis, exclaiming rather rudely: "In politics the French are mad."

"And what about yourselves?" replied Bernard. "We are not the only ones."

THE RECENT RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

VIII.—THE DEMONIC THEORY.

THE demonic theory of spiritism seems, as stated in our last article, to be the one which will best satisfy one who does not close his eyes absolutely to the possibility of other spirits beside human ones. It gives the simplest explanation of the phenomena. The reality of these cannot be denied by those who examine the reports which have been made on them by persons eminently trustworthy, and accustomed to scientific observations; as we have sufficiently shown, and which will be shown much more abundantly to those who will take the trouble to go more thoroughly into the literature of the subject.

And to shut one's eyes to the possibility of non human spirits certainly seems unreasonable. No reason can be given for it, except that of not introducing more causes than are necessary to account for the observed effects. But if we exclude the existence of such spirits, the explanation of the phenomena is continually involved in difficulty. The subliminal theory evidently fails to cover the ground. Some agency other than that of living human beings is required, to account for the exterior marvels which attest the communications, though the subliminal theory may account fairly well for the communications themselves.

And if we confine this agency to that of departed human souls, and believe them capable of effecting these marvels, which the living human being fails to produce without invoking them, the general result of the communications contradicts us. Surely, unless all the departed are in a conspiracy to deceive us, there would be some few at least who would be able to overcome the malign influence of the rest, and give us some true, and therefore consistent, account of the real circumstances of life after death. But we find no such account; only, as has been shown, a maze of inconsistent statements. And, moreover, even the most seemingly trustworthy of our informants are detected as impostors and liars, as some of the communicating spirits even confess themselves to be.

The supposition, therefore, that the information received by the evocation of spirits really comes from a great number of malignant ones, like the devils whose existence is made known to us by Holy Scripture and by the Church, is, in face of all the evidence. hardly an unnecessary or superfluous cause; it is indicated, at any rate, as a partial explanation by the phenomena themselves. At the very least, it is entitled to a hearing; it cannot fairly be shut out of court.

Admitting it, everything straightens out well. In the first place, it is a natural explanation of the extraordinary attesting marvels, if we accept the Christian teaching as to the nature and power of these malignant spirits. This is that they are of an order of being superior to our own. By nature, or as they were created, they had powers like those of the great angels now before and around the throne of God; and these powers they would have retained, had they remained faithful to their Creator. As it is, they are not, of course, allowed to exert their full power; and, indeed, they cannot injure us at all, if we use the means given us to resist them. But if we invite them, and ask them to show their power, they may be allowed to do so, even to the extent of much harm to us.

It seems to be probable, as we have seen, that, particularly in the circumstances of a seance, an emanation occurs, especially from the medium or sensitive, which an exterior spirit can make use of, and more use in proportion to its natural power. Granting, therefore, as all reasonably must, the possibility that some uninvited and non-human spirits of superhuman power may avail themselves of the opportunity thus given them, some extraordinary phenomena may naturally be expected, more naturally than they would be if the operators were simply departed human souls.

The very fact, then, of the marvels of levitation, materialization, etc., seems to indicate something apart from human agency. It seems hardly to be expected that the disembodied soul of man should be able to do so much more than his embodied soul can accomplish without the help of the body.

It may be remarked, in passing, that it is evident that the similarity of a materialization to the body previously occupied by a departed soul is no proof that it was formed by that soul. One might as well say that a statue made by a sculptor, or a portrait by a painter, must be a likeness of the artist.

The principal argument in favor of the ordinary spiritistic theory is, of course, that of the "proofs of identity" so often urged. These simply postulate that no one except the spirit who is supposed to be communicating could be aware of many circumstances in the life of that spirit when on earth. But the subliminal theory disposes, as has been said, of a good deal of this argument. And the cases which it will hardly cover present no difficulty to the demonic theory. For there is a great probability, if we once admit the existence of devils, that some of them will be aware of many events in the life of any departed human being from whom a communication is desired. Of many events; but not of all, even of the principal ones. And it is just here that the demonic theory seems to have a very notable advantage over the ordinary spiritistic one. The departed soul itself would naturally retain a memory of *all* the principal events of its life on earth. Its memory might not be spontaneous; it might not be able at once to give its complete autobiography, even in these principal events; but it would revert to them, with a little help in the way of suggestion, and revert to them *immediately*. But we find these spirits, who claim to be departed souls, sometimes entirely ignorant of facts which the real souls which they claim to be would surely *at once* remember; as in the case of the *soi-disant* Mr. Myers, given in our last article.

Indeed, the behavior of the spirits evoked at seances sometimes almost irresistibly suggests the working of a sort of detective bureau. A puzzling question being asked, or information being evidently expected which is not at their command, they "ring off," as it were, under the plea of "unfavorable circumstances," and work on the trail which has thus been given them. They endeavor to find other spirits who may know something about the deceased, and thus supplement their own information. The next time they are, of course, better prepared. This may not be the true or the only explanation of the tortuous course which they so often pursue, but it certainly seems a plausible and a sufficient one.

Of course the demonic theory, as far as the evidence of the phenomena is concerned, does not exclude the assistance of such departed human souls as may be able and willing to co-operate with the demons. The operation of the two kinds of spirits might be undistinguishable. But this assistance does not seem necessary to account for the phenomena. So, as far as it is concerned, the tables may well be turned on those who would shut out the demonic theory on the ground that it introduces more causes than are necessary to account for the observed effects. If they can be accounted for by the action of malignant non-human spirits, why bring in the departed human soul at all? It may be said that we know of the existence of the human soul in this world by actual experience. But we do not know of its existence after death any better than we know of the existence of devils. Christians know both by faith; but the non-Christian does not know of either in this way. For him, both hypotheses, that of the soul's survival of bodily death, and of the existence of non-human spirits, are equally tenable, except so far as the experimental evidence may incline in favor of one over the other. If it does so incline to one more than to the other; if one accounts satisfactorily for all the phenomena, whereas the other labors under difficulties in so accounting, the principle of not introducing more causes, etc., shuts out the latter.

Now this seems to be the case with the demonic and the ordinary spiritistic theories. The former accounts better, as has been remarked above, for the extraordinary phenomena of materialization, levitation, etc., as unembodied spirits of a nature superior to our own are, of course, naturally more powerful, except so far as they are restrained by a power greater than their own. It accounts also better for all the apparent "proofs of identity," since the proofs which are given are such that these non-human spirits could easily produce them; and it also explains their failures, which are very difficult to explain if the communicating spirits are really the departed souls which they pretend to be.

It must be acknowledged that in some cases, where it seems quite evident that the spirit communicating is not the particular one it represents itself to be (as in the one which we have mentioned of Dr. "Phinuit," of Marseilles), a certain stupidity is shown that does not indicate the superior intelligence which the demonic theory would call for. In such cases it may seem more plausible to presume that the spirit is merely a human one, and not intelligent, even at that. The same may be said of such attempts as those to personate Mr. Moses and Mr. Myers. And there are, in some seances, instances of a tendency to foolishness and trifling, like that of a "Poltergeist" performance, where objects are thrown around, but apparently with no intention of serious injury to any one. Still, this is in line with the nature of demons, as recorded in the lives of the saints. To discuss the phenomena of diabolical obsession and possession would open up too wide a field for our present limits, but they are well attested, and are sometimes quite similar in character to those just mentioned. And as to the matter of attempts to deceive, like those of "Phinuit," the ruling passion, we may say, of the diabolic nature is deception; the devil is known as the father of lies. And even the most intelligent person, if animated by such a desire, will be sure to carry it so far as to be sometimes even easily detected.

Again, it may be urged that the very fact of the inconsistent statements made by the spirits is against their being made by demons, who hardly need to base their statements on personal experience. It might be held that a departed human soul does not necessarily know much more about the life which it has entered than it did before entering it; but this explanation of the inconsistency in spiritistic communications would hardly serve for spirits corresponding to the Christian idea of the fallen angel. It would seem that such spirits ought to be able to get together and give a consistent set of teachings; false, of course, but not contradictory in its various parts. But, if we look at the matter more closely, even this is hardly to be expected from spirits such as Christian doctrine represents the devils to be. For Satan's kingdom, according to this doctrine, is not one of harmony and order; on the contrary, it is one of dissension and animated by the desire of rebellion by which it was first formed; the idea of getting together and agreeing on anything is foreign to it. All its members desire to conceal or obscure the truth; but each wishes to do it in his own way.

And indeed, with the best intentions—so to speak—it is not easy to concoct a consistent system of falsehood. In court, the most ingenious system of false witness is likely to break down under cross-examination. And if a great number of false witnesses are employed, the difficulty of making all their testimony agree increases immensely.

So, after all, these objections to the demonic theory, if examined, rather tell in its favor; at any rate, they are very far indeed from being conclusive against it.

But now let us look at some other evidence, which is almost conclusive for it, as it points to it almost unavoidably in some cases, and therefore (on the principle of the exclusion of unnecessary causes) would make it the probable explanation of all.

This evidence is that continued indulgence in spiritistic practices, especially when the habit of mental passivity (always recommended for success in them) has been assiduously cultivated, sometimes culminate in phenomena quite undistinguishable from the well-known ones of diabolic possession. It is true that they differ from the latter in the pretence by the invading spirits that they are departed human souls; but in the phenomena themselves there is really no difference. In the ordinary case of diabolic possession, no such pretence is made; and the reason for this is plain, namely, that there is no use in concealing their true character from those who are aware of the existence of the diabolic world. But when dealing with people who are not so aware, but who do believe in the survival of the human soul after death, they very naturally desire to avoid recognition, as it would put those whom they try to injure on their guard. We believe that Father Ravignan said that the masterpiece of the devil, in these times, is to have his existence denied.

Some cases of this kind are described in a work called *The Dangers of Spiritualism*, published by Sands & Co., of London, and B. Herder, of St. Louis, in 1902. In one of these cases (p. 96), it may be remarked that the spirit cast suspicion on his own pretence by saying that he and his comrades "have access to every fragment of a person's past history, to every secret thought and feeling, and they can, consequently, simulate any personality, living or dead. The most striking evidence, it maintained, is no proof of identity." This spirit proceeded to prove this by writing out through the medium (who was talking at the time about an entirely different matter) the following statement:

> Merely to shew you that I can write absolutely as I like and that there is absolutely no reason why, when the handwriting changes, the spook should change at the same time, because

> one spook can write in any way he chooses and simulate any writing he likes and humbug anybody. If I tell you I am Julius Cæsar, my writing is manly; if I am Tomi Atkins, I am very ungrammatticle; if I am a lady, my handwriting is small; if I am a decided woman, my writing is strong; for a boy, I write copperplate; for a litel girl at an infantskoole, I write badly; and for a decided man, I write showy.

It seems plain enough that no real departed soul could thus weaken his own credentials.

The motive of those who protest against the demonic theory is probably that they hope to obtain by spiritism some real and true information as to human life beyond the grave, and that this theory of course destroys that hope. If they were convinced that the spiritistic process of evocation gives us no such definite or certain information, they would probably be willing to accept the view that it only evokes demons, or at any rate some unknown sort of spirits, who either will not or cannot enlighten those who consult them. This is practically all that we insist on in advocating it; as to the actual existence and probable agency of the fallen angels in producing the phenomena, it can hardly be expected that those not enlightened by faith will at once be ready to admit these points. We are sorry to do anything to deprive them of what may seem to them an argument for religion; to say that spiritism does not demonstrate a future life for us; but sooner or later they will have to acknowledge that such is the case. And even if the communicating spirits were actually what they pretend to be, we have our Lord's word in the parable of Lazarus and Dives, that no real religious result would be attained; for in this parable Abraham says to the rich man: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead."

People may indeed believe the supposed messages obtained by spiritism; for they are certainly, as a rule, pleasing to human nature, promising continual progress and happiness for all; but a religion of this kind is, we may say, worse than none at all; for even the atheist has some fear that there may be a God to be feared, and eternal penalties for sin; so to abandon spiritism is not a loss, but a gain, religiously and morally.

In fact, what are the moral results of the spiritistic creed;

what is the practical outcome of believing that the messages of spiritism really are from departed human souls? It is worth while to take up this question, and not as one of mere expediency. Of course, if the truth is really injurious, it is expedient not to know it; but this does not apply to matters of religion. If the creed of spiritism is injurious to those who embrace it, the reason why it is injurious is that it is not true.

Some pretty strong testimony as to its effects is given by "a prominent worker of twenty-seven years' standing and experience in the movement" in *The Light of Truth* of June 8, 1907. He says:

> I can never lose my knowledge of the truth of its basic principles, but the plain facts are that spiritualism has not benefited spiritualists—or, perhaps, I should say professed spiritualists. They have not been made honorable by it. They have not been made honest by it. They have not been made truthful by it. SAD BUT TRUE. The fraudulent element has disgusted everybody, and it is too glaring to be ignored even by the most obtuse among us. The demand is for sensation—not reason; for the marvelous—not the true.

Another says:

> I certainly think the cause has advanced but very little; in fact, to-day I fail to see or recognize that spirituality in the ranks we used to have forty years ago.

Another:

> When I was younger than I am now, I thought the knowledge of this great truth would reform the world. I am wiser now, and believe that the spiritual forces are disintegrating rather than constructive, so far as organization goes. . . . I made great sacrifice of time and money, and you know something of the misrepresentation, slander, and abuse that were heaped on me.

Certainly these are strange results to come from a revelation made—with Divine permission and sanction, we may presume—by departed human souls to lead others into the clear light and peace which they claim now to enjoy. They are taken from a "symposium" solicited by the editor as to the spiritistic outlook. They, and other similar ones, were not intended for the profane eye. They seem to show the spiritistic world to be a kingdom of disorder, like that of the one from which we maintain that its teachings come.

We do not undertake to show, or indeed mean to assert, that belief in spiritism as a religion has, necessarily, an immoral effect on those who have accepted it. Indeed its most usually accepted doctrines are not immoral, any more than those of liberal Protestants in general are. But, in a certain sense, it is pretty clear to Catholics, and to "orthodox" Protestants also, and indeed to any one with a fair amount of worldly experience, that they tend to immorality. For they teach that even the vicious may progress to a more virtuous state after death, though their progress during life has been all the other way. This doctrine may have no bad effect on a cultured and intellectual man or woman, with no marked vicious propensities; but it is certainly very dangerous for a young person with strong sensual passions. The natural effect of telling such a person that there will be plenty of time after death to be converted from sin is evidently to make him postpone his conversion till that time.

The "spiritual affinity" idea is hardly an essential feature of spiritism; still, it is widely spread, and the immoral effects of it are quite obvious.

And the dangers to those who, either as regular mediums, or simply privately and in an amateurish way, surrender themselves to spirit influence, are also sufficiently plain. It is a perilous thing to make oneself passive to an unknown influence of any kind; and the actual experience of those who have done so in this matter is a pretty strong indication that the influence is, in most cases, at any rate, injurious, and suggestive of demonic origin, even when it does not go so far as to resemble, if not to really be, diabolical possession.

Dr. Raupert, in his important work, *Modern Spiritism*, gives a good deal of attention to the subject of its moral effect. Every one interested in the matter should read his words. We have not space to give them all, but will select a few passages. He gives the conclusions of a number of persons who speak from experience. One says:

> They (the spirits) tormented me to a very severe extent, and I desired to be freed from them. I lost much of my confidence in them, and their blasphemy and uncleanness

> shocked me. But they were my constant companions. I could not get rid of them. They tempted me to suicide and murder, and to other sins.

Another:

> I am afraid that what I have to say will offend many who are less acquainted with the phenomena than myself, . . . but I write that the experienced may more fully comprehend the dangers attending it. I am frequently asked if I still believe in the phenomena of spiritualism. I answer: Yes. I should deem it more than a waste of time to write about what does not exist. . . . I have heard much of the improvement of individuals in consequence of a belief in spiritualism. With such I have had no acquaintance. But I have known many whose integrity of character and uprightness of purpose rendered them worthy examples to all around, but who, on becoming mediums, and giving up their individuality, also gave up every sense of honor and decency. A less degree of severity in this remark will apply to a large class of both mediums and believers. There are thousands of high-minded and intelligent spiritualists who will agree with me that it is no slander in saying that the inculcation of no doctrines in this country (America) has ever shown such disastrous moral and social results as the spiritual theories. . . . For a long time I was swallowed up in its whirlpool of excitement, and comparatively paid but little attention to its evils, believing that much good might result from the opening up of the avenues of spiritual intercourse. But, during the past eight months, I have devoted my attention to a critical investigation of its moral, social, and religious bearings, and I stand appalled before the revelations of its awful and damning realities, and would flee from its influence as I would from a miasma which would destroy both body and soul. . . . With but little inquiry I have been able to count up over seventy mediums, most of whom have wholly abandoned their conjugal relations, others living with their paramours called "affinities," others in promiscuous adultery, and still others exchanged partners. . . . Many of the mediums lose all sense of moral obligation and yield to whatever influence may for the time be brought to bear on them.

Another spiritist of many years' standing writes:

> I must admit that I have lately had many misgivings with regard to the advisability of any but the sanest and strongest-

> minded dabbling in spiritism. Since . . . I have had one very nasty experience, so I feel in honor bound to stop indiscriminate propaganda till I have thought it over.

A medical man, Dr. L. S. Forbes Winslow, writes:

> The mediums often manifest signs of an abnormal condition of their mental faculties, and among certain of them are found unequivocal instances of a true demoniacal possession.

Professor Barrett also says:

> It is, of course, as true now as then (the times of the Hebrews) that these practices are dangerous in proportion as they lead us to surrender our reason or our will to the dictates of an invisible and oftentimes masquerading spirit.

Note the word "masquerading." No one knows better than Professor Barrett the facts in these matters.

The advocates of the ordinary spiritistic theory, which maintains that the communications come from departed human souls, will, we think, confess, as a rule, that remarks like these which Dr. Raupert quotes are true. The explanation or apology which they give is that low grade or poorly-developed spirits will intrude themselves, and thus spoil, to a great extent, the good effects of the teaching of the higher ones. The "Imperator" of Mr. Moses himself gave this, saying that an evil or lying spirit had thus come in while he was absent. But we have seen that there are some pretty good grounds for suspicion as to the character of "Imperator" himself. He maintained that they were all departed human spirits; Mr. Moses does not seem to have thought of doubting his word. But if others were evil and lying spirits, why not he?

Of course this ordinary spiritistic theory cannot be absolutely disproved, except to theologians, unless we resort to the exorcisms of the Church, under which these evil and lying spirits can be forced to tell the truth. But the demonic theory is the most simple explanation, at any rate for Christians. For we know that the Almighty has allowed the fallen angels to tempt and torment those who rashly expose themselves to them, and we know that they have no scruple about falsehood. Their interference accounts for all the lying that pervades the whole business; and for the immoral effects, as cited above.

Whereas, if we believe that the messages of spiritism come from human souls, there is a difficulty in supposing that they would be allowed to mix lies to such an extent in a revelation which all ordinary spiritists who believe in God at all must believe him to have sanctioned in order to give us a more convincing knowledge as to the reality of a future life, and to repair the damage which has come to the world in modern times for the loss of faith in it.

It seems hardly necessary to say anything more to Catholics about the matter. For, setting aside arguments such as we have given for the benefit of those who may need, or may be impressed by them, the fact of this business is nothing new in the history of the Church.

This practice of the *evocation* of spirits, known as *necromancy* (from the supposition made, externally at least, that the spirits are those of the dead), is of very old standing. It was evidently in vogue in the times of the Jews of the earliest days, as we see from Deuteronomy (xviii. 10–11), where we read: "Neither let there be found among you any one . . . that consulteth pythonic spirits . . or that seeketh the truth from the dead." The ordinary Protestant version has "a consulter with familiar spirits, . . . or a necromancer."

The *evocation* of spirits; it is to the result of this *evocation* that our whole argument is directed. It would not be condemned if the truth were to be learned by it; and if the spirits evoked were really what they claim to be, the truth would sometimes be so learned.

As to the *spontaneous apparition* of the dead, that is quite another matter. That the truth does sometimes come to us in this way is as certain as that it does not come in the other way. *Sometimes*, we say; for even here there is need of care. Demons, even in this way, may pass themselves off for departed spirits, as they may for angels of light. But there seems to be no real or conclusive proof, either in modern times or ancient, that a single departed human soul has ever been *evoked*. Even the case of Samuel (I. Kings xxviii.) is not considered to the contrary by many Catholic commentators; they explain it as the evocation of a phantasm in his likeness, produced by the devil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEW SYLLABUS.

SACRÆ ROMANÆ ET UNIVERSALIS INQUISITIONIS

DECRETUM.

FERIA IV., die 3 Julii, 1907.

LAMENTABILI sane exitu ætas nostra freni impatiens in rerum summis rationibus indagandis ita nova non raro sequitur ut, dimissa humani generis quasi hæreditate, in errores incidat gravissimos. Qui errores longe erunt perniciosiores, si de disciplinis agitur sacris, si de Sacra Scriptura interpretanda, si de fidei præcipuis mysteriis. Dolendum autem vehementer inveniri etiam inter catholicos non ita paucos scriptores qui, prætergressi fines a patribus ac ab ipsa Sancta Ecclesia statutos, altioris intelligentiæ specie et historicæ considerationis nomine, eum dogmatum progressum quærunt qui, reipsa, eorum corruptela est.

Ne vero huius generis errores, qui quotidie inter fideles sparguntur, in eorum animis radices figant ac fidei sinceritatem corrumpant, placuit SSmo D. N. Pio divina providentia Pp. X. ut per hoc Sacræ Romanæ et Universalis Inquisitionis officium ii qui inter eos præcipui essent, notarentur et reprobarentur.

Quare, instituto diligentissimo examine, præhabitoque RR. DD. Consultorum voto, Emi. ac Rmi. Dni. Cardinales, in rebus fidei et morum Inquisitores Generales, propositiones quæ sequuntur reprobandas ac proscribendas esse indicarunt, prouti hoc generali Decreto reprobantur ac proscribuntur:

I. Ecclesiastica lex quæ præscribit subiicere præviæ censuræ libros Divinas respicientes Scripturas, ad cultores critices aut exegeseos scientificæ librorum Veteris et Novi Testamenti non extenditur.

II. Ecclesiæ interpretatio Sacrorum Librorum non est quidem spernenda, subiacet tamen accuratiori exegetarum iudicio et correctioni.

III. Ex iudiciis et censuris ecclesiasticis contra liberam et cultiorem exegesim latis colligi potest fidem ab Ecclesia propositam contradicere historiæ, et dogmata catholica cum verioribus christianæ religionis originibus componi reipsa non posse.

IV. Magisterium Ecclesiæ ne per dogmaticas quidem definitiones genuinum Sacrarum Scripturarum sensum determinare potest.

V. Quum in deposito fidei veritates tantum revelatæ contineantur, nullo sub respectu ad Ecclesiam pertinet iudicium ferre de assertionibus disciplinarum humanarum.

VI. In definiendis veritatibus ita collaborant discens et docens Ecclesia, ut docenti Ecclesiæ nihil supersit nisi communes discentis opinationes sancire.

VII. Ecclesia, cum proscribit errores, nequit a fidelibus exigere ullum internum assensum, quo iudicia a se edita complectantur.

VIII. Ab omni culpa immunes existimandi sunt qui reprobationes a Sacra Congregatione Indicis aliisve Sacris Romanis Congregationibus latas nihili pendunt.

IX. Nimiam simplicitatem aut ignorantiam præ se ferunt qui Deum credunt vere esse Scripturæ Sacræ auctorem.

X. Inspiratio librorum Veteris Testamenti in eo constitit quod scriptores Israelitæ religiosas doctrinas sub peculiari quodam aspectu, gentibus parum noto aut ignoto, tradiderunt.

XI. Inspiratio divina non ita ad totam Scripturam Sacram extenditur, ut omnes et singulas eius partes ab omni errore præmuniat.

XII. Exegeta, si velit utiliter studiis biblicis incumbere, in primis quamlibet præconceptam opinionem de supernaturali origine Scripturæ Sacræ seponere debet, eamque non aliter interpretari quam cetera documenta mere humana.

XIII. Parabolas evangelicas ipsimet Evangelistæ ac christiani secundæ et tertiæ generationis artificiose digesserunt, atque ita rationem dederunt exigui fructus prædicationis Christi apud Iudæos.

XIV. In pluribus narrationibus non tam quæ vera sunt Evangelistæ retulerunt, quam quæ lectoribus, etsi falsa, censuerunt magis proficua.

XV. Evangelia usque ad definitum constitutumque canonem continuis additionibus et correctionibus aucta fuerunt; in ipsis proinde doctrinæ Christi non remansit nisi tenue et incertum vestigium.

XVI. Narrationes Ioannis non sunt proprie historia, sed mystica Evangelii contemplatio; sermones, in eius evangelio contenti, sunt meditationes theologicæ circa mysterium salutis historica veritate destitutæ.

XVII. Quartum Evangelium miracula exaggeravit non tantum ut extraordinaria magis apparerent, sed etiam ut aptiora fierent ad significandum opus et gloriam Verbi Incarnati.

XVIII. Ioannes sibi vindicat quidem rationem testis de Christo; re tamen vera non est nisi eximius testis vitæ christianæ, seu vitæ Christi in Ecclesia, exeunte primo sæculo.

XIX. Heterodoxi exegetæ fidelius expresserunt sensum verum Scripturarum quam exegetæ catholici.

XX. Revelatio nihil aliud esse potuit quam acquisita ab homine suæ ad Deum relationis conscientia.

XXI. Revelatio, objectum fidei catholicæ constituens, non fuit cum Apostolis completa.

XXII. Dogmata quæ Ecclesia perhibet tamquam revelata, non sunt veritates e cœlo delapsæ sed sunt interpretatio quædam factorum religiosorum quam humana mens laborioso conatu sibi comparavit.

XXIII. Existere potest et reipsa existit oppositio inter facta quæ in Sacra Scriptura narrantur eisque innixa Ecclesiæ dogmata; ita ut criticus tamquam falsa reiicere possit facta quæ Ecclesia tamquam certissima credit.

XXIV. Reprobandus non est exegeta qui præmissas adstruit, ex quibus sequitur dogmata historice falsa aut dubia esse, dummodo dogmata ipsa directe non neget.

XXV. Assensus fidei ultimo innititur in congerie probabilitatum.

XXVI. Dogmata fidei retinenda sunt tantummodo iuxta sensum practicum, idest tanquam norma præceptiva agendi, non vero tanquam norma credendi.

XXVII. Divinitas Iesu Christi ex Evangeliis non probatur; sed est dogma quod conscientia christiana e notione Messiæ deduxit.

XXVIII. Iesus, quum ministerium suum exercebat, non in eum finem loquebatur ut doceret se esse Messiam, neque eius miracula eo spectabant ut id demonstraret.

XXIX. Concedere licet Christum quem exhibet historia, multo inferiorem esse Christo qui est objectum fidei.

XXX. In omnibus textibus evangelicis nomen *Filius Dei* æquivalet tantum nomini *Messias*, minime vero significat Christum esse verum et naturalem Dei Filium.

XXXI. Doctrina de Christo quam tradunt Paulus, Ioannes et Concilia Nicænum, Ephesinum, Chalcedonense, non est ea quam Iesus docuit, sed quam de Iesu concepit conscientia christiana.

XXXII. Conciliari nequit sensus naturalis textuum evangelicorum cum eo quod nostri theologi docent de conscientia et scientia infallibili Iesu Christi.

XXXIII. Evidens est cuique qui præconceptis non ducitur opinionibus, Iesum aut errorem de proximo messianico adventu fuisse professum, aut maiorem partem ipsius doctrinæ in Evangeliis Synopticis contentæ authenticitate carere.

XXXIV. Criticus nequit asserere Christo scientiam nullo circumscriptam limite nisi facta hypothesi, quæ historice haud concipi potest quæque sensui morali repugnat, nempe Christum uti hominem habuisse scientiam Dei et nihilominus noluisse notitiam tot rerum communicare cum discipulis ac posteritate.

XXXV. Christus non semper habuit conscientiam suæ dignitatis messianicæ.

XXXVI. Resurrectio Salvatoris non est proprie factum ordinis historici, sed factum ordinis mere supernaturalis, nec demonstratum nec demonstrabile quod conscientia christiana sensim ex aliis derivavit.

XXXVII. Fides in resurrectionem Christi ab initio fuit non tam de facto ipso resurrectionis, quam de vita Christi immortali apud Deum.

XXXVIII. Doctrina de morte piaculari Christi non est evangelica sed tantum paulina.

XXXIX. Opiniones de origine sacramentorum, quibus Patres Tridentini imbuti erant quæque in eorum canones dogmaticos procul dubio influxum habuerunt, longe distant ab iis quæ nunc penes historicos rei christianæ indagatores merito obtinent.

XL. Sacramenta ortum habuerunt ex eo quod Apostoli eorumque successores ideam aliquam et intentionem Christi suadentibus et moventibus circumstantiis et eventibus, interpretati sunt.

XLI. Sacramenta eo tantum spectant ut in mentem hominis revocent præsentiam Creatoris semper beneficam.

XLII. Communitas christiana necessitatem baptismi induxit, adoptans illum tamquam ritum necessarium, eique professionis christianæ obligationes adnectens.

XLIII. Usus conferendi baptismum infantibus evolutio fuit disciplinaris, quæ una ex causis exstitit ut sacramentum resolveretur in duo, in baptismum scilicet et pœnitentiam.

XLIV. Nihil probat ritum sacramenti confirmationis usurpatum fuisse ab Apostolis: formalis autem distinctio duorum sacramentorum, baptismi scilicet et confirmationis, haud spectat ad historiam christianismi primitivi.

XLV. Non omnia, quæ narrat Paulus de institutione Eucharistiæ (I. Cor. xi. 23–25), historice sunt sumenda.

XLVI. Non adfuit in primitiva Ecclesia conceptus de christiano peccatore auctoritate Ecclesiæ reconciliatio, sed Ecclesia nonnisi admodum lente huiusmodi conceptui assuevit. Imo etiam postquam pœnitentia tanquam Ecclesiæ institutio agnita fuit, non appellabatur sacramenti nomine, eo quod haberetur uti sacramentum probrosum.

XLVII. Verba Domini: *Accipite Spiritum Sanctum; quorum remiseritis peccata, remittuntur eis, et quorum retinueritis, retenta sunt* (Io. xx. 22–23) minime referuntur ad sacramentum pœnitentiæ, quidquid Patribus Tridentinis asserere placuit.

XLVIII. Iacobus in sua epistola (v. 14–15) non intendit promulgare aliquod sacramentum Christi, sed commendare pium aliquem morem, et si in hoc more forti cernit medium aliquod gratiæ, id non accipit eo rigore, quo acceperunt theologi qui notionem et numerum sacramentorum statuerunt.

XLIX. Cœna christiana paulatim indolem actionis liturgicæ assumente, hi, qui Cœnæ præesse consueverant, characterem sacerdotalem acquisiverunt.

L. Seniores qui in christianorum cœtibus invigilandi munere fungebantur, instituti sunt ab Apostolis presbyteri aut episcopi ad providendum necessariæ crescentium communitatum ordinationi, non proprie ad perpetuandam missionem et potestatem Apostolicam.

LI. Matrimonium non potuit evadere sacramentum novæ legis nisi serius in Ecclesia; siquidem ut matrimonium pro sacramento haberetur necesse erat ut præcederet plena doctrinæ de gratia et sacramentis theologica explicatio.

LII. Alienum fuit a mente Christi Ecclesiam constituere veluti societatem super terram per longam sæculorum seriem duraturam; quinimo in mente Christi regnum cœli una cum fine mundi iamiam adventurum erat.

LIII. Constitutio organica Ecclesiæ non est immutabilis; sed societas christiana perpetuæ evolutioni æque ac societas humana est obnoxia.

LIV. Dogmata, sacramenta, hierarchia, tum quod ad notionem tum quod ad realitatem attinet, non sunt nisi intelligentiæ christianæ interpretationes evolutionesque quæ exiguum germen in Evangelio latens externis incrementis auxerunt perfeceruntque.

LV. Simon Petrus ne suspicatus quidem unquam est sibi a Christo demandatum esse primatum in Ecclesia.

LVI. Ecclesia Romana non ex divinæ providentiæ ordinatione, sed ex mere politicis conditionibus caput omnium Ecclesiarum effecta est.

LVII. Ecclesia sese præbet scientiarum naturalium et theologicarum progressibus infensam.

LVIII. Veritas non est immutabilis plusquam ipse homo, quippe quæ cum ipso, in ipso et per ipsum evolvitur.

LIX. Christus determinatum doctrinæ corpus omnibus temporibus cunctisque hominibus applicabile non docuit, sed potius inchoavit motum quemdam religiosum diversis temporibus ac locis adaptatum vel adaptandum.

LX. Doctrina christiana in suis exordiis fuit iudaica, sed facta est per successivas evolutiones primum paulina, tum ioannica demum hellenica et universalis.

LXI. Dici potest absque paradoxo nullum Scripturæ caput, a primo Genesis ad postremum Apocalypsis, continere doctrinam prorsus identicam illi quam super eadem re tradit Ecclesia, et idcirco nullum Scripturæ caput habere eumdem sensum pro critico ac pro theologo.

LXII. Præcipui articuli Symboli Apostolici non eamdem pro christianis primorum temporum significationem habebant quam habent pro christianis nostri temporis.

LXIII. Ecclesia sese præbet imparem ethicæ evangelicæ efficaciter tuendæ, quia obstinate adhæret immutabilibus doctrinis quæ cum hodiernis progressibus componi nequent.

LXIV. Progressus scientiarum postulat ut reformentur concep-

tus doctrinæ christianæ de Deo, de Creatione, de Revelatione, de Persona Verbi Incarnati, de Redemptione.

LXV. Catholicismus hodiernus cum vera scientia componi nequit nisi transformetur in quemdam christianismum non dogmaticum, id est in protestantismum latum et liberalem.

Sequenti vero feria V die 4 eiusdem mensis et anni, facta de his omnibus SSmo. D. N. Pio Pp. X. accurata relatione, Sanctitas Sua Decretum Emorum. Patrum adprobavit et confirmavit, ac omnes et singulus supra recensitas propositiones ceu reprobatas ac proscriptas ab omnibus haberi mandavit.

PETRUS PALOMBELLI,
S. R. U. I. Notarius.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

DECREE OF THE HOLY ROMAN AND UNIVERSAL INQUISITION.

Wednesday, July 3, 1907.

With truly lamentable results our age, intolerant of all check in its investigations of the ultimate causes of things, not infrequently follows what is new, in such a way as to reject the legacy, as it were, of the human race, and thus fall into the most grievous errors. These errors will be all the more pernicious when they affect sacred disciplines, the interpretation of the Sacred Scripture, the principal mysteries of the faith. It is to be greatly deplored that among Catholics also not a few writers are to be found who, crossing the boundaries fixed by the Fathers and by the Church herself, seek out, on the plea of higher intelligence and in the name of historical considerations, that progress of dogmas which is in reality the corruption of the same.

But lest errors of this kind, which are being daily spread among the faithful, should strike root in their minds and corrupt the purity of the faith, it has pleased his Holiness Piux X., by Divine Providence Pope, that the chief among them should be noted and condemned through the office of this Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition.

Wherefore, after a most diligent investigation, and after having taken the opinion of the Reverend Consultors, the Most Eminent and Reverend Lords Cardinals, the General Inquisitors in matters of faith and morals, decided that the following propositions are to be condemned and proscribed, as they are, by this general Decree, condemned and proscribed:

1. The ecclesiastical law, which prescribes that books regarding the Divine Scriptures are subject to previous censorship, does not extend to critical scholars or students of the scientific exegesis of the Old and New Testament.

2. The Church's interpretation of the Sacred Books is not indeed

to be contemned, but it is subject to the more accurate judgment and to the correction of the exegetes.

3. From the ecclesiastical judgments and censures passed against free and more scientific (*cultiorem*) exegesis, it may be gathered that the faith proposed by the Church contradicts history and that the Catholic dogmas cannot really be reconciled with the true origins of the Christian religion.

4. The magisterium of the Church cannot, even through dogmatic definitions, determine the genuine sense of the Sacred Scriptures.

5. Since in the deposit of the faith only revealed truths are contained, under no respect does it appertain to the Church to pass judgment concerning the assertions of human sciences.

6. In defining truths the Church learning (*discens*) and the Church teaching (*docens*) collaborate in such a way that it only remains for the Church *docens* to sanction the opinions of the Church *discens*.

7. The Church, when it proscribes errors, cannot exact from the faithful any internal assent by which the judgments issued by it are embraced.

8. Those who treat as of no weight the condemnations passed by the Sacred Congregation of the Index or by the other Roman Congregations are free from all blame.

9. Those who believe that God is really the author of the Sacred Scripture display excessive simplicity or ignorance.

10. The inspiration of the books of the Old Testament consists in the fact that the Israelite writers have handed down religious doctrines under a peculiar aspect, either little or not at all known to the Gentiles.

11. Divine inspiration is not to be so extended to the whole Sacred Scriptures that it renders its parts, all and single, immune from all error.

12. The exegete, if he wishes to apply himself usefully to biblical studies, must first of all put aside all preconceived opinions concerning the supernatural origin of the Sacred Scripture, and interpret it not otherwise than other merely human documents.

13. The Evangelists themselves and the Christians of the second and third generation arranged (*digesserunt*) artificially the evangelical parables, and in this way gave an explanation of the scanty fruit of the preaching of Christ among the Jews.

14. In a great many narrations the Evangelists reported not so much things that are true as things which even though false they judged to be more profitable for their readers.

15. The Gospels until the time the canon was defined and constituted were increased by additions and corrections; hence in them

there remained of the doctrine of Christ only a faint and uncertain trace.

16. The narrations of John are not properly history, but the mystical contemplation of the Gospel; the discourses contained in his Gospel are theological meditations, devoid of historical truth concerning the mystery of salvation.

17. The Fourth Gospel exaggerated miracles not only that the wonderful might stand out but also that they might become more suitable for signifying the work and the glory of the Word Incarnate.

18. John claims for himself the quality of a witness concerning Christ; but in reality he is only a distinguished witness of the Christian life, or of the life of Christ in the Church, at the close of the first century.

19. Heterodox exegetes have expressed the true sense of the Scriptures more faithfully than Catholic exegetes.

20. Revelation could be nothing but the consciousness acquired by man of his relation with God.

21. Revelation, constituting the object of Catholic faith, was not completed with the Apostles.

22. The dogmas which the Church gives out as revealed are not truths which come down from heaven, but are an interpretation of religious facts, which the human mind has acquired by laborious efforts.

23. Opposition may and actually does exist between the facts which are narrated in Scripture and the dogmas of the Church which rest on them; so that the critic may reject as false facts which the Church holds as most certain.

24. The exegete is not to be blamed for constructing premises from which it follows that the dogmas are historically false or doubtful, provided he does not directly deny the dogmas themselves.

25. The assent of faith rests ultimately on a mass of probabilities.

26. The dogmas of faith are to be held only according to their practical sense, that is, as preceptive norms of conduct, but not as norms of believing.

27. The Divinity of Jesus Christ is not proved from the Gospels; but is a dogma which the Christian conscience has derived from the notion of the Messias.

28. Jesus, while he was exercising his Ministry, did not speak with the object of teaching that he was the Messias, nor did his miracles tend to prove this.

29. It is lawful to believe that the Christ of history is far inferior to the Christ who is the object of faith.

30. In all the evangelical texts the name *Son of God* is equivalent only to Messias, and does not at all signify that Christ is the true and natural Son of God.

31. The doctrine concerning Christ taught by Paul, John, the Councils of Nicea, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, is not that which Jesus taught, but that which the Christian conscience conceived concerning Jesus.

32. It is not possible to reconcile the natural sense of the Gospel texts with the sense taught by our theologians concerning the conscience and the infallible knowledge of Jesus Christ.

33. It is evident to anybody who is not led by preconceived opinions that either Jesus professed an error concerning the immediate Messianic coming, or that the greater part of his doctrine as contained in the Gospels is destitute of authenticity.

34. The critic cannot ascribe to Christ a knowledge circumscribed by no limits except on a hypothesis which cannot be historically conceived, and which is repugnant to the moral sense, *viz.*, that Christ as man had the knowledge of God and yet was unwilling to communicate the knowledge of a great many things to his disciples and to posterity.

35. Christ had not always the consciousness of his Messianic dignity.

36. The Resurrection of the Savior is not properly a fact of the historical order, but a fact of the merely supernatural order, neither demonstrated nor demonstrable, which the Christian conscience gradually derived from other facts.

37. Faith in the Resurrection of Christ was in the beginning not so much in the fact itself of the Resurrection, as in the immortal life of Christ with God.

38. The doctrine of the expiatory death of Christ is not Evangelical but Pauline.

39. The opinions concerning the origin of the sacraments with which the Fathers of Trent were imbued, and which certainly influenced their dogmatic canons, are very different from those which now rightly obtain among historians who examine into Christianity.

40. The sacraments had their origin in the fact that the Apostles and their successors, swayed and moved by circumstances and events, interpreted some idea and intention of Christ.

41. The sacraments are merely intended to bring before the mind of man the ever-beneficent presence of the Creator.

42. The Christian community imposed (*induxit*) the necessity of baptism, adopting it as a necessary rite, and adding to it the obligations of the Christian profession.

43. The practice of conferring baptism on infants was a disciplinary evolution, which became one of the causes why the sacrament was divided into two, *viz.*, baptism and penance.

44. There is nothing to prove that the rite of the sacrament of confirmation was employed by the Apostles; but the formal distinc-

tion of the two sacraments, baptism and confirmation, does not belong to the history of primitive Christianity.

45. Not everything which Paul narrates concerning the institution of the Eucharist (I. Cor. xi. 23–25) is to be taken historically.

46. In the primitive Church the conception of the Christian sinner reconciled by the authority of the Church did not exist, but it was only very slowly that the Church accustomed itself to this conception. Nay, even after penance was recognized as an institution of the Church, it was not called a sacrament, for it would be held as an ignominious sacrament.

47. The words of the Lord: *Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained* (John xx. 22–23) do not at all refer to the sacrament of penance, whatever the Fathers of Trent may have been pleased to say.

48. James in his Epistle (v. 14–15) did not intend to promulgate a Sacrament of Christ, but to commend a pious custom, and if in this custom he happens to distinguish (*cernit*) a means of grace, it is not in that rigorous manner in which it was received by the theologians who laid down the notion and the number of the sacraments.

49. The Christian supper gradually assuming the nature of a liturgical action, those who were wont to preside at the Supper acquired the sacerdotal character.

50. The elders who filled the office of watching over the gatherings of the faithful, were instituted by the Apostles as priests or bishops to provide for the necessary ordering (*ordinationi*) of the increasing communities, not properly for perpetuating the Apostolic mission and power.

51. It is not possible that matrimony could have become a sacrament of the new Law until later in the Church; for in order that matrimony should be held as a sacrament it was necessary that a full theological development (*explicatio*) of the doctrine of grace and the sacraments should first take place.

52. It was foreign to the mind of Christ to found a Church as a Society which was to last on the earth for a long course of centuries; nay, in the mind of Christ the Kingdom of Heaven, together with the end of the world, was about to come immediately.

53. The organic constitution of the Church is not immutable; but Christian society, like human society, is subject to perpetual evolution.

54. Dogmas, sacraments, hierarchy, both as regards the notion of them and the reality, are but interpretations and evolutions of the Christian intelligence which, by external increments, have increased and perfected the little germ latent in the Gospel.

55. Simon Peter never even suspected that the primacy in the Church was entrusted to him by Christ.

56. The Roman Church became the head of all the churches, not through the ordinance of Divine Providence but through merely political conditions.

57. The Church has shown herself to be hostile to the progress of natural and theological sciences.

58. Truth is not any more immutable than man himself, since it is evolved with him, in him, and through him.

59. Christ did not teach a determinate body of doctrine applicable to all times and to all men, but rather inaugurated a religious movement adapted or to be adapted for different times and places.

60. Christian doctrine in its origin was Judaic, but through successive evolutions became first Pauline, then Joannine, and finally Hellenic and universal.

61. It may be said without paradox that there is no chapter of Scripture, from the first of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse, which contains a doctrine absolutely identical with that which the Church teaches on the same matter, and that, therefore, no chapter in Scripture has the same sense for the critic and for the theologian.

62. The chief articles of the Apostolic Symbol had not for the Christians of the first ages the same sense that they have for the Christians of our time.

63. The Church shows itself unequal to the task of efficaciously maintaining evangelical ethics, because it obstinately adheres to immutable doctrines which cannot be reconciled with modern progress.

64. The progress of science requires a remodelling (*ut reformentur*) of the conceptions of Christian doctrine concerning God, Creation, Revelation, the Person of the Incarnate Word, Redemption.

65. Modern Catholicism cannot be reconciled with true science unless it be transformed into a non-dogmatic Christianity, that is, into a broad and liberal Protestantism.

On the following Thursday, the fourth day of the same month and year, an accurate report of all this having been made to our Most Holy Lord Pope Pius X., his Holiness approved and confirmed the Decree of the Most Eminent Fathers, and ordered that the propositions above enumerated, all and several, be held by all as condemned and proscribed.

PETER PALOMBELLI, Notary of the H. R. U. I.

THE FALLACY OF UNANIMITY.

BY VINCENT McNABB, O. P.

GENERALIZATIONS still make havoc with accurate thinking. A philosopher who could take an absolutely intellectual view of our present scientific, philosophic, and religious state would be most pained by the careless brandishing of these pests of thought. One of the most common and most harmful of them is the supposed unanimity of science, philosophy, higher criticism, theology.

An impartial onlooker, such as we have imagined, would be sorely tried to bring down something like contempt upon himself by innocently putting the question: "What is science, philosophy, higher criticism, theology?"

He would have to await an answer longer than most men would think; he might even have to go through life without one. He would certainly have to live his life and think his thought without meeting an answer that every one would accept. All this would distress his fine philosophic soul. But he would be still more vexed to find that though hardly two men would agree what science, philosophy, higher criticism, and theology are, they would be quite agreed about what these four could prove.

His keenest distress of mind would be caused by the common fallacy of the unanimity of scientists, philosophers, higher critics, and theologians. In an age when men—some of them professors, and not all of them from Germany—are found denying that two and two need be four, to rely upon the unanimity of any group of specialists is indeed trust upon trust.

General statements like this of unanimity, especially from the younger men, are usually coupled with that subtle, elusive phrase "modern methods." So many fallacies have lurked behind this phrase, that our unbiased onlooker, had he the power as he has the will, would prohibit every book which is defended without being defined. No matter how reactionary his "non-imprimatur" would look, his philosophic soul would rest content in the thought that it was not modern methods but the lack of them that he barred.

For to his way of thinking the methods that have made modern science, of which he is so enthusiastic an admirer, are observation and induction; not indeed careless but careful observation, not headlong but scrupulous induction. In history it is wonderful what almost infinite pains a true scholar will take to verify a date or an event, a person, a name, or even the quarterings of an escutcheon. Nor will an array of evidence tempt the trained historian into those broad and infallible theses that appear perennially in our debating clubs.

To our unbiased philosopher, then, it would seem equally the duty of scholarship to make accurate observation of present phenomena. *A-priorism* should be banned as far as possible from the observation of facts; and from the conclusions drawn from the observation, even in such a simple matter as the scientific, philosophic, or biblical views of the men of our day.

An article written to delight the mind of our philosopher appears in the *Expository Times* for December. Professor W. E. Addis, of Oxford, has published a volume on *Hebrew Religion to the Establishment of Judaism under Ezra.* The author assures us that his book is within "the limits set by sober and moderate scholarship." He continues:

> Much is certain. On many questions of capital moment—such as the dates at which the documents composing the Pentateuch were written down, the date and authorship of most of the prophetic books—there is practical unanimity among men whose knowledge entitles them to judge. This agreement has been slowly attained; it has been severely tested by discussion; nor is there the slightest ground for thinking that it will ever be seriously disturbed (p. 11).

Now be it borne in mind that our philosophic critic has no theory. He neither attacks nor defends Professor Addis. He defends accurate observation and induction. He is at once put on the watch by this appeal to the "men whose knowledge, etc." To him it is a modern form of the old fallacy somewhat brutally formulated: "When logic fails, take to abuse." He sees in it an abandonment of defence and an appeal to the *schola hominum proborum.*

That he is not alone—though he would not mind being alone in this view—may be shown from the criticism of Professor Orr, D.D., of Glasgow, in the *Expository Times*, whose words may be left to speak for themselves:

> Mr. Addis but speaks in the usual fashion on these "assured" critical results; yet I humbly submit that nothing could be more misleading than just this allegation of "unanimity" and finality in regard to the results of either the literary or the historical criticism.
>
> It would be easy to mention names, recent and contemporary, some of them of no mean weight, that do not accept the current literary datings or the theories connected with them; but let these pass.
>
> "Competent scholars" (a phrase of Mr. Addis') is too often simply a synonym for the scholars who accept these results. I refrain from emphasizing also the stampede of the archæologists, many of whom, as Sayre, Hommel, Halévy, were originally adherents of the Wellhausen school. They, too, are put out of court. But I rest my dissent on two facts.
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> The first is that in Old Testament scholarship, itself under the influence of the new so-called historical-critical movement, there is taking place a profound change of opinion, which threatens very soon to make the Wellhausen school, alike in its historical construction and in many of its critical results, as obsolete as the school of Bauer already is in New Testament criticism. I give but one instance. Hugo Winckler is a scholar of sufficiently radical tendency, whose ability and influence on contemporary thought Mr. Addis will not despise. But, even since Mr. Addis wrote, Winckler has published a remarkable address,* delivered at Eisenach, which has for its aim to assail the very foundations of the Wellhausen historical-religious theory, and demonstrate that the view of the religion of Israel expounded by this school is undermined by newer knowledge. On this subject it is difficult not to give him one's assent and, *in any case, he explodes effectually the conceit of settled results*. . . .
>
> Next I have referred to the disintegration of the older theories in the critical schools themselves. The assertion of the practical unanimity as to the dates at which the documents composing the Pentateuch were written down can only be taken with qualification, which practically nullify its value. The original simple hypothesis of a J. E. D. P. has finally disappeared and given place to imaginary processional series

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* "Religionsgeschichte und geschichtliche Orient."

> of Js. Es. Ds. Ps. Rs. (J1, J2, J3, etc.) . . . Has Mr. Addis ever seriously set before his mind what is implied, say, in a J and an E school, each retaining its peculiarities, continuing to subsist, and, like the waters of the Rhone and Sâone, peacefully flowing on side by side unchanged after the fall of the Northern Kingdom, presumably therefore in Judah, possibly even through the Exile?
>
> The P document is in even worse case (P1, P2, P3, P4, etc.) Graf was no fool, yet Graf held to the end that the Priestly Document had never a separate existence.
>
> I respectfully urge that it is time there was an abating of this habitual speech about "assured results" which nobody is at liberty to challenge. An instructive example comes at the present moment from New Testament criticism in the notable work which Professor Harnack has just published in defence of the Lucan authorship of the third Gospel and the Acts. Here again was a matter which criticism thought it had finally settled in the negative. It is refreshing to hear Harnack on the point, "despite the contradictions of Credner, B. Weiss, Klostermann, Zahn, etc., the untenableness of the tradition of Luke's authorship is held to be so thoroughly established that hardly any one to-day thinks it worth his while to prove it, or to pay any attention to the arguments of opponents. So speedily does criticism forget, and in so partisan a spirit does it stiffen itself up in its hypotheses.*

Our philosopher, with no thesis to defend except that of accurate thinking, might not altogether sympathize with the vigorous thwacks and thuds of these thorough-going foemen. Yet he might be tempted to envy them their power of honest cudgelling in case any one should hereafter deliberately employ for attack or defence the fallacy of unanimity.

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* *Expository Times.* December, pp. 119-121.

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Fourth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, which was held in Milwaukee on July 9, 10, and 11, has been generally regarded as one of the great educational events of the year. There has been more notice taken of the proceedings than in any previous year, and the public—Catholic and non-Catholic—has taken an interest in the meetings which shows that the movement is looked upon as one of importance and deep significance. The Educational Association is merely an annual conference of those who have a direct interest in Catholic education, but its growth and its working, nevertheless, have an interest for those who are outside the educational field.

The Catholic Educational Association may be said to be the spontaneous result of a need that Catholic educators had felt for many years. A meeting of seminary rectors and professors in 1898 was followed, in 1897, by the formation of the Conference of Catholic Colleges and Universities of the United States. The Parish School Conference was organized in Chicago, with eight members, in 1902. The Seminary, College, and School Conferences formed an association at St. Louis in 1904, and since that time annual meetings have been held, each one exceeding in interest and importance the one which preceded. It may be said, without exaggeration, that the meeting in Milwaukee was the most important general conference of Catholic educators that has ever taken place in the country.

A brief outline of the proceedings and the papers read will give a better idea of the workings of the Association than any description.

The proceedings opened with Pontifical Mass, celebrated by Archbishop Messmer. The Archbishop spoke a few words of cordial welcome, and declared that our schools were public in every proper sense of the word.

The Association met in the new Marquette University, which had been placed at the disposal of the Association by the Jesuit Fathers. Nothing was left undone by the Archbishop and clergy of Milwaukee and Father Burrows, the rector of Marquette University, to ensure the success of the gathering.

The opening session was devoted to routine business, and after this was transacted, the assembled delegates listened to brief addresses from Archbishops Quigley and Blenk, and from Bishop Eis.

On the evening of Tuesday a general meeting was held, and papers were read on special phases of Catholic educational work. A paper on Educational Work Among the Deaf Mutes was read by Rev. F. A. Moeller, S.J. Educational Work Among the Negroes was discussed by Rev. J. A. St. Laurent, and there was an interesting discussion in regard to the views which he expressed. The third paper of the evening was read by Rev. Charles Warren Currier, on Educational Work Among the Indians. The programme of this evening was a new feature, but it proved to be an interesting one, and it showed how the Church has valiant workers working bravely, often under the most serious disadvantages, in all parts of the educational field.

On the following evening there were papers on a subject in which all have a pressing common interest, namely, "Educational Legislation in Relation to Catholic Educational Interests." Brief papers were read from representatives of five states: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California.

Catholic interests have often suffered from adverse legislation, and in many of the states there are laws that have an unfavorable effect.

The general opinion seemed to be, that we Catholics can prevent unjust legislation, and can secure many things we desire, if we are united and active. Such unfavorable legislation as we complain of often comes, not so much from hostility, as from the fact that we are passed over or ignored; and the reason why we are ignored, in many cases, seems to be that we have not made ourselves felt. Our own apathy is our greatest danger.

On the last evening a public meeting was held in one of the theatres of the city, and there was a lecture by Professor Monaghan, of Washington, and a programme of music.

In the Association at present there are three departments, and each department held its separate meetings for the discussion of subjects of special interest. The first session of the

College department was a joint meeting with the Seminary department for the purpose of discussing the "Teaching of Latin." This is a subject in which the colleges and seminaries have an important interest in common, and much can be gained when workers in both fields come together for the purpose of discussion.

Papers were read by such educational leaders as Dr. Shahan, Dr. Dyer, and Father J. A. Conway. It is a complaint of some that the teaching of Latin is not as satisfactory as could be desired, and nothing but good can result when those who have most to do with the subject come together and discuss the problem.

The attendance of Catholic students at non-Catholic colleges was a subject of lively interest. The paper on the subject was written by Rev. J. Farrell. It was followed by an able discussion by Rev. R. J. Meyer, S.J., and by others who were present.

It is accepted by all that the Catholic college is an essential part of our educational work, and that it cannot be destroyed without impairing the integrity of the whole educational system. It is conceded that everything must be done to strengthen the colleges and to secure for them the patronage they need. It is conceded also, as was stated by Bishop Carroll in the Cleveland meeting, that since these annual meetings of Catholic educators the efficiency of the Catholic college and of the whole educational system has been greatly improved.

But there can be no doubt that there is a grave responsibility resting on those whose duty it is to look after the students who, for various reasons, attend the secular institutions. It becomes a question of means, and the Catholic chaplain is one of the means proposed. No doubt each bishop in the country will deal with the problem as seems best to him.

The matter rests with the bishops, and in dealing with it we may feel very sure that they will exercise great caution in guarding against anything that would injure the cause of Catholic higher education.

It seems probable that the Catholic body in the future will not draw many of its leaders from the ranks of Catholic young men now attending secular institutions; and the important work in hand is to study our own problems and strengthen our own educational work in all its departments. The reasons why Catholic students attend secular institutions were discussed at the Cleveland meeting, and the continued study of this subject must be productive of good results.

Other papers were read on "Supplementary English Catholic Authors for College Classes" and "The Classical Course as a Preparation for the Professions and for Business."

The papers of the Seminary department were of special rather than general interest. A paper on the "Fostering of Vocations to the Holy Priesthood," by Rev. F. X. Steinbrecher, was of great interest to pastors.

The attendance at the session of the School Department was large, and the interest shown was very great. The first paper was read by Rev. P. C. Yorke, on "The Educational Value of Christian Doctrine."

The discussion was conducted by Father Finn, Drs. Pace and Shields, and others.

If the Catholic Educational Association had done no other good, it has justified its existence by the clear manner in which this idea has been presented to Catholic educators, namely, that Catholic education has no reason for existence unless it has its own individuality, and that its only salvation is in being true to its own standards and ideals. The Catholic system has everything of value that can be found in any other system, and it has also the greatest educational element which is not found in other systems—religion.

The paper on "The Pastor and the School from the Teacher's Point of View," by Brother Anthony, of St. Louis, was a tactful presentation of an important subject. "The Function of Community Inspection" was treated by Brother Michael, of Dayton. Both of these papers, by practical teachers, were well received. An excellent paper on "The Catholic Church, the Patron of Learning," was read by Rev. Walter J. Shanley.

In the afternoons, on Tuesday and Wednesday, meetings of the teachers of Milwaukee were held, and papers written by teachers of the schools were read on the following subjects: "The Course of a Properly Graded School"; "Text-books in Parochial Schools"; "Supervision in Parochial Schools"; "The Cultivation of Singing in Parochial Schools."

There was also held a meeting of diocesan superintendents of parish schools, and inspectors of schools.

Undoubtedly the most important incident of the meeting was the conference of the Most Rev. Archbishops with a committee of college representatives on the state of Catholic higher education in the country. Naturally this was not a part of the Association proceedings, and the meeting of the Association was selected as the occasion for the conference. The Committee was selected by the Association to meet the Archbishops, and this action of the Archbishops is an indication of the interest which they have in the movement.

It can be seen from the foregoing account that the Catholic Educational Association is nothing more than an organization designed to facilitate the meetings of Catholic educators and to promote the general interests of Catholic education. It is purely voluntary, and its decisions have no binding force on any one.

Its annual meetings are coming to be looked on as grand annual educational rallies. Its development will be in two directions: It will unite Catholic educators in the study and pursuit of their general common interests. We are all interested in having a sound Catholic educational public opinion; we all desire that our system should be thoroughly Catholic in all its departments, and not a weak imitation of secular systems; and we all feel the need of inspiration and stimulus that come from the consiousness of the strength of our system and from meeting those who are working along with us. The growth of the Association will also be in special directions.

The special meetings are likely to multiply in the future. There may, for instance, be a meeting of the rectors of Catholic colleges; there might easily be a meeting of the teachers of classical languages, or of teachers of science. These and many other features will no doubt take place, as occasion calls for them, and the form of organization permits of an indefinite development in this direction. The Association promotes these meetings of Catholic educators and publishes results. It furnishes the arena in which the battles of Catholic education may be fought out.

The adoption of a permanent constitution at Milwaukee was, perhaps, the most important business proceeding of the meeting. This constitution was provisionally adopted at St. Louis; it has been amended several times, and was tried for four years as a working basis of union. It was carefully revised and amended by Archbishop Messmer and the Executive Board, and was unanimously adopted by the Association as the permanent constitution. The chief feature is an Executive Board in which all departments have equal representation, and the management of the affairs of the Association is in the hands of this Board.

It is sometimes said that the aim of the Association is the unification of our educational system. Unification is a word of vague import when applied to Catholic education. Unification of control is scarcely meant, because each bishop in his own diocese will govern as he deems prudent. But a common understanding leads to unity. While we suffer from too much independence and too much individuality, it would be much regretted if our unification were to lead to monopoly or to the obliteration of all individuality.

No such result is possible. There may be State monopoly of education, and the public system of education may become mechanically perfect, with consequent loss of vitality; but Catholic education will never be devoid of healthy individualism.

Catholic education is one in principle, one in its ideals. It inherits glorious traditions, its standards should be uniform and thoroughly Catholic. It should be clearly held in view by all, that the divisions of Catholic education are not distinct units which stand by themselves, with no relation to other parts, but they are parts of one great system, the expression of the one great idea of education vitalized by religion. The divisions of our system are necessary to each other, and they stand or fall together. The object of the Association is best stated in the words of the Constitution recently adopted:

The object of this Association shall be to keep in the minds of the people the necessity of religious instruction and training as the basis of morality and sound education; and to promote the principles and safeguard the interests of Catholic education in all its departments.

To advance the general interests of Catholic education, to encourage the spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness among Catholic educators, to promote by study, conference, and discussion the thoroughness of Catholic educational work in the United States.

To help the cause of Catholic education by the publication and circulation of such matter as shall further these ends.

There is ample room in the field of Catholic activity for an association which is adapted to promote these ends.

New Books.

THE DISCIPLE OF A SAINT.

By Vida D. Scudder.

The Disciple of a Saint,* by Vida Scudder, is a striking and indeed in many ways a wonderful book. Beautiful, strong, original, it offers to the reader both abundant suggestion and valuable instruction. The author's brilliant, swift, unlabored style makes the reading of each page a literary refreshment; her keen observation, correct and penetrating "psychology," fine idealism, and rich artistic expression, bespeak for her work serious critical attention.

The romantic interest of the story is slight and will appeal but little to the superficial novel reader. Touching very delicately and very gravely on the history of a love in which, for certain deep mystical reasons, human passion and religious aspiration struggle in bitter rivalry, the writer devotes herself mainly to pictures of those natural beauties that charm the lovers of the Italian spring; to impressive scenes drawn from the history of Avignon, Naples, and the Tuscan cities; to flashes from old Siena that awaken the modern pilgrim's recollections of Belcaro, the Fonte Gaja, the "Sponsæ Christi Katherinæ Domus"; to sketches that illuminate the shifting phases of fervor, depression, doubt, and final resolution in the soul of a sincere and hyper-sensitive Christian. Her selection of topics and her unquestionably happy literary touch are calculated to please every uncontentious reader.

Praising the many fine qualities of Miss Scudder's work, the critic may, nevertheless, find it necessary to admit that some of the sentences are too thought-cumbered to be easily intelligible; that there are passages—such as Bernabo's death-scene—in which, for some unimaginable reason, the author fails to exhibit her usual acute sense of fitness; and that in the critical moment at the grotto of Baia, we are dismissed, dramatically half-aroused and philosophically utterly unsatisfied.

Perhaps, too, despite the author's deft allusions and unmistakable accuracy, the historian will not be content. Of course a tale differs from an essay, and it is true that there is justification in fact for every assertion made by the author. She does not make false pictures. Yet the cautious, scientific instinct, here as everywhere, must fret uneasily at the large privilege assumed by the novelist; for strong colors, decided lines, and massed shadows, needed for the purpose of the artist, may easily create a false impression in the mind of the observer. With all their faults, those fourteenth century popes could have said much in their own defence, and if the pontifical court bred or tolerated men like Robert of Geneva and William of Noellet, it could likewise claim some credit for such as Cardinal Legate Martin and Legate Gaufridus.

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* *The Disciple of a Saint.* Being the Imaginary Biography of Raniero di Landoccio dei Pagliaresi. By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Withal it must be said that Miss Scudder pictures not unfairly the terrible spiritual crisis of a memorable age. Neri's meditation on Mount Ventoux—the most significant page of all the book—urges upon us most masterfully that eternal torment of honest men, the question as to the relation of the visible church to the gospel ideal. This problem is here put in a way to be long remembered. Little wonder that the answer given further on is but half satisfactory. No skill of words will ever avail to explain that difficulty which each man, with such help as God affords him, must puzzle out as best he can for himself. Neri will dwell long in memory as the fine picture of a soul pressed hard by problems very like those which the critical mind of the modern Catholic presents to his own believing heart. Miss Scudder has spoken of the Trecento without ever removing her finger from the pulse of the generation that inhabits Europe and America to-day. If her own philosophy remains still largely hidden from us, and if the analysis of Neri's mental processes must be called painfully inadequate, yet we have to be grateful for a book that at least partially comforts and consoles.

So many words of criticism in a review of such proportions as this present one are hardly justified. The book before us is quite unusual in its excellence, and is vastly superior to what the readers of the "best sellers" want or understand. Specialist in "Catheriniana," Miss Scudder gives the admirers of the saint a fine, splendid, inspiring piece of interpretation; close student of religious phenomena, she presents very boldly an important spiritual problem; learned, discriminating, honest, she leaves us with a principle or two to help us to a tentative solution. Her volume must make its way and do its work among people who read slowly and to learn, people who pray over their problems and their trials, people who welcome gratefully books that sympathize with poor, puzzled humanity in its struggling towards ultimate peace.

LYRICS.
By G. H. Miles.

A friendly hand has collected some of the best poems and songs* of George Henry Miles in order to secure for him a permanent niche in American literature. Miles, who died nearly forty years ago, narrowly missed distinction. He had a fine literary taste, and enough originality to have deserved, if not to have commanded, success, had he but supplemented it with severe, persevering labor. This collection contains one poem of genuine beauty and freshness, and several others so good that one almost feels angry with the author who, obviously, could have made them much better with the expenditure of a little careful filing. A graceful biographical and critical introduction by Mr. Churton Collins will serve to acquaint the present generation with the amiable and gifted man who, in the preceding one, adorned the chair of English in Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg. Two or three of the poems indicate that Miles, like his contemporary Father Ryan, was a staunch Southerner. The introduction contains a critical letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes to Fields, the first publisher of some of these poems. Holmes, while pointing out bluntly enough the chief defect of the poems—unconscious imitation of greater pens—accurately marks and handsomely acknowledges their many excellences. "Talent, certainly; taste very fine for the melodies of language; deep, quiet sentiment. Genius? If beardless, yea; if in sable-silvered—and I think this cannot be a very young hand—why then . . . we will suspend our opinion." Miles also tried his hand, with no great success, at dramatic composition. When Edwin Forrest, in his endeavors to raise the standard of dramatic art in America, offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original tragedy that should be offered in competition, Miles, who had already written many plays, submitted one entitled Mohammed. Forrest, who acted as judge, wrote to Miles that among all the plays presented he did not find one that could be put upon the stage; "but, as your tragedy of Mohammed has been considered superior to all the others, I hereby enclose you a cheque for one thousand dollars." Apart from the merit of the contents we warmly welcome this little volume, as evidence that Catholics have a place, however modest it may be, in American poetry.

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* *Said the Rose.* And other Lyrics. By George Henry Miles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

SERMONS.

The deserved fame of Bishop Moriarty who was, in his day, and it was the day of Father Tom Burke, famous as an eloquent preacher in Ireland, conferred a great vogue on the two volumes of his sermons which were published some decades ago. Although the general average of the collection was high, and some were masterpieces, there were many which seemed to have been included rather for the purpose of swelling out the work than from any claim they had to a permanent place in homiletic literature. A new edition * in a single volume has just appeared, containing the best of the original collection. The former bishop of Kerry was a man of learning and cultivation, of apostolic zeal and piety. His discourses are solid, practical, eloquent, and elegant.

Another serviceable volume is that of Father Hickey, O.S.B.† The sermons are brief, very brief, in fact rather suggestions that may be amplified at the discretion and according to the bent of the preacher who takes them as the germ of his discourse.

PLAIN SERMONS.
By Fr. Dolan.

A new volume‡ of plain sermons, by the Reverend Thomas Dolan, comprises twenty-five discourses on the chief dogmas of the Church, and the main points of moral teaching. These sermons are particularly strong in warning Catholics against such evils as liberal Catholicism, disrespect for authority, the spirit of criticizing doctrines or doctors, and mixed marriages. We wish they contained equally strong denunciations of public and private dishonesty, intemperance, and religion on false pretenses. And can any one account for the remarkable fact that Catholic sermon books never have a word to say on conscience, character, sincerity, truthfulness,

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* *Sermons by the Most Reverend Dr. Moriarty, Late Bishop of Kerry.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Short Sermons by the Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Plain Sermons.* By Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. St. Louis: B. Herder.

and similar fundamental matters? A sermon on the function and education of conscience is surely as important as exhortations to make an Easter-duty or to avoid marrying Protestants. The sermon in this book on the Virgin Mother starts out with saying that "ever and anon the omnipotent arm of God," raised in vengeance over sinners, "is drawn powerless to the side of the Almighty by a creature." Both theology and English usage forbid us to think that an omnipotent arm can ever fall powerless for any reason whatsoever. Taken as a whole, however, this volume, with its uncompromising conservatism and its vigorous style, will, we are sure, do good service to many priests.

THE INQUISITION.

Although the day may never come when there will be agreement among historians in the interpretation of the facts and their estimates of the men and measures of the Inquisition, yet the indefatigable industry with which the study of its records is pursued offers ground to hope that we may at least reach a finality of knowledge regarding the facts. Two new volumes on the subject from two of the best known historical students in the Church of France, have just appeared almost simultaneously. One is by the Bishop of Beauvais, who has already published some works on the topic.* The other,† which has rapidly reached a second edition, is from the pen of a scholar inferior to the other only in hierarchical rank.

The work of Mgr. Douais consists of two parts. The first is devoted to the historic origin of the Inquisition. His precise point is to discover the motives and circumstances which gave birth to the Inquisition as an institution. After clearing the ground in an introductory chapter touching the ancient persecution of heretics, he defines the question: "How are we to explain historically, I do not say the pursuit of heretics by two or three delegated judges, about 1210, or 1215, in some isolated spot of Christian territory, for this was conformable to the ancient principle of the *persecutio hereticorum*, but that exceptional delegation given from 1231 to numerous judges, and, soon, over almost every country in Europe, Imperial lands, Kingdoms, and grand fiefs, to carry out the *Inquisitio hereticæ pravitatis?*

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* *L'Inquisition. Ses Origines. Sa Procedure.* Par Mgr. Douais. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

† *L'Inquisition. Essai Historique et Critique sur le Pouvoir Coercitif de l'Eglise.* Par E. Vacandard. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

What was the reason for the institution of a commission with extraordinary powers and an almost universal jurisdiction over persons of every country?

The first theory which the author examines is that the clergy, placed in a precarious position, through the laxity of morals, and the indifference of bishops to growing heresies, established the Inquisition as the only means of saving clerical preponderance in Christendom. This theory he rejects for very good reasons. The next, which he also condemns, as incompatible with the facts, is one that has found favor with many Catholic as well as non-Catholic writers—the Inquisition was instituted to put a stop to the rapid growth of heresy which was alarming the rulers of the Church. Nor does he admit the other equally widespread view, that the Inquisition was the inevitable natural outcome of the normal development of the ecclesiastical legislation regulating the repression of heresy. His opinion is that the Inquisition originated from peculiar factors in the politico-religious situation during the reign of the Emperor Frederic II. The Emperor, in pursuance of his own ambitious design of dominating the Church and the Papacy, was insidiously arrogating to himself the office of persecuting and punishing heresies, and was thereby establishing himself as a competent judge in matters of doctrine. Gregory IX. saw clearly the consequences that would result from Frederic's policy if he were allowed to proceed in the course he had adopted. Consequently, to checkmate the imperial designs, Gregory established an ecclesiastical commission to attend to the work of extirpating heresy, and thus the civil power was deprived of any excuse or pretence for interfering in what appertained strictly to the spiritual authority.

In the second part of his work the author gives an account of the procedure of the Inquisition. He draws largely upon the *Directorium* of Eymerie and the *Practica* of Bernard Gui. His object is to extenuate, as far as possible, the harsher features of the great tribunal and its methods. If his purpose were less obvious, the book, which displays the result of wide study, would be more likely to do a real service to the cause. For example, a good deal of special pleading is devoted to creating the conviction that the ecclesiastical authority really left it to the option of the secular power whether or not the punishment of death should be inflicted on the condemned heretic—a view which must vanish before the light of some of the documents cited by Abbé Vacandard.

In the preface of his volume, the Abbé Vacandard, after intimating that the study of the history of the Inquisition is a task which apologists can scarcely undertake with a light heart; promises that he will treat the subject with perfect sincerity. For, with Newman, he believes that where history registers facts that are regrettable, the cause of the Church is injured, not by frankly facing them, but by vainly attempting to suppress or whitewash them. He deprecates, too, the policy adopted by many apologists of having recourse to the *Tu quoque* argument to defend the Inquisition—"You, who reproach us with the Inquisition, are you not yourselves responsible for other Inquisitions?" M. Vacandard observes:

> When one has spoken thus, one has done nothing except, by a false manœuvre, to throw criticism off the scent, to admit, by implication, that the cause of the Church is not defensible. The blame we would throw on adversaries whom we wish to reduce to silence falls back upon those friends whom we would defend. Because the Inquisition of Calvin and the Terrorists merits the condemnation of history, it does not therefore follow that the ecclesiastical Inquisition goes scatheless. The awkward comparison instituted between the one and the other, prompts, on the contrary, the thought that both merit equal blame.

The best defence of the Inquisition, he holds, consists in examining and judging it, not with regard to the condemnable conduct of others, but with regard to the principles of morality, justice, and religion.

The writer keeps his promise to the reader, and exposes the facts with frank sincerity. And he is able to show that, though indeed the truth convicts some individuals of having proceeded to extreme measures, and the age itself of a spirit at variance with the milder manners of to-day, yet, on the whole, the Inquisition was a providential and beneficent institution. From the merely critical point of view, the volume is of high quality. It traces closely and clearly, though necessarily with brevity, the particular question which the author proposes to himself; that is, the origin and development of the employment by the Church of coercive power in matters of faith, from its first introduction till it reached its full expansion in the Middle Ages.

Up till the middle of the fourth century, and even beyond that period, the author shows, the doctors of the faith who treat of the means to be employed for the diffusion of Christianity and the defence of orthodoxy are hostile to the employment of force.

> Not only do they reject absolutely the penalty of death and lay down the principle which is to prevail in the subsequent ages—*The Church abhors the shedding of blood*—but they furthermore proclaim that faith is entirely free, and conscience is a domain in which violence ought not to have any entry.

He traces the subsequent union of Church and State with the resulting imperial legislation for the repression of heresies. At the close of this section, he takes occasion to correct the false light in which Mr. H. Lea has placed the action of Pope Leo I. in the case of the Priscillian heresy. The course of events in the following periods, up to the time of Innocent III., is carefully sketched in such a way as to make it clear that, up to the times of the Cathari and the Albigenses, the Church insisted on rigorous measures only in the case of persistent disturbers of the public peace whose conversion was hopeless. He demonstrates also that, on account of the anti-social nature of the doctrines of the Cathari, their extirpation was necessary no less for the defence of civil society than for the preservation of orthodoxy.

It is in the chapter devoted to the introduction of torture by Innocent IV., in the processes of the Inquisition, that M. Vacandard most conspicuously redeems his promise of sincerity. His review of this epoch he sums up as follows:

> The impression which results is this: the Church, forgetting her traditions of early toleration, borrowed from the Roman code, which had been reinstated by the legists, laws and practices which savor of ancient barbarism. But once this criminal code was adopted, she strove to attenuate its rigors in application. If this preoccupation is not always visible—and it is not in the sentences pronounced against impenitent heritics—at least it is so in many other circumstances, notably in the employment of torture, for which she laid down this rule: *Cogere citra membri diminutionem et mortis periculam.*

The question of the responsibility of the ecclesiastical power for the infliction of the death penalty is treated both by M. Vacandard and by Mgr. Douais. Both cite, in a great measure, the same authorities; but their respective presentations of the case differ as the address of a counsel for the defence differs from a judge's charge. The work closes with a long and careful critical appreciation of the doctrines and facts exposed in the body of the work. The last words are:

> In the matter of tolerance, the Church has no need to seek for lessons outside her proper history. If, during several centuries, she had treated her own rebellious children with much greater severity than she did those who were strangers to her, this, after all, has happened from a want of consistency. To extend, as she does to-day, to every one marks of her maternal tenderness, and to lay aside henceforth all material constraint, it was not necessary that she should seek inspiration from foreign example; it was necessary for her only to revive an interrupted tradition, the tradition of her first doctors.

This able work furnishes an effective foil to the fierce attack of Mr. Lea's *History of the Inquisition;* and we are glad to learn that an English version of it will shortly appear.

FATHER GALLWEY. Only a finished artist could convey, in a gossipy little sketch of less than a score small pages,* a set of very definite impressions of a man whose life extended over eighty years. When we have read Mr. Fitzgerald's tribute to his old teacher and life-long friend, we feel almost a sense of personal acquaintance with the "dark-eyed, sallow or ivory-skinned, almost Italian-looking" Stoneyhurst professor, "with black glossy hair partly curled, a frail chest, and rather stooped," who was to be a fashionable director and a famous preacher for thirty or forty years in England. And the octogenarian is, in a few strong, clear lines, depicted as vividly as the young professor. Father Gallwey delivered a great number of eloquent funeral discourses in his day. None of them are more eloquent and none of them half so touching as this tribute paid to his memory by his distinguished pupil. The successful author's appreciation of the preacher is worth the at-

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**Father Gallwey.* A Sketch. With Some Early Letters. By his Old Pupil, Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. New York: Benziger Brothers.

tention of the occupants of the pulpit who would willingly learn what are the qualities of the sermon which impresses the pews.

> In his younger days, he was a pleasant companion, fond of jesting and always in good spirits. He certainly possessed the gift of humor, a rare thing now. Of a Sunday afternoon the congregation was well sprinkled with Protestants, who relished his manly, outspoken style, and for whose benefit he often dealt with controversial topics. There was no compromise, no smoothing down or smoothing away; he was almost harsh, calling a spade a spade, telling them in plain words that they were mere heretics, and that there was but one Church. I have known several who came regularly to listen to him.
>
> His preaching was of a high and remarkable sort—eloquent, fluent, solid, and illuminating. No one ever heard him without improvement, so deep, so new and striking was all that he said. There was no glitter or tinsel, simply because there, as in other places, he was in "deadly earnest," and merely wanted to do his Master's work. He had a sort of grim humor, too, in which he indulged when he thought it would be of profit. Who will forget the little black Bible which, at one time, he invariably carried with him into the pulpit? People were always glad to see that little black-bound Bible; for his knowledge of the Scriptures was—as was said of Samuel Weller's—"extensive and peculiar"; it was really extraordinary. The convincing way in which he expounded and illustrated one text by another, turning backwards and forwards, and finding what he wanted without delay, was wonderful. He had, indeed, the whole Scripture by heart, and his simple but profound exegesis settled the faith of all who listened to him on even a firmer foundation.

The series of letters, most of them half a century old, are not of much general interest.

THE CRISIS IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALS.
By Bureau.

This remarkable book* will increase the fame which its author has already acquired as one of the most penetrating and profound of French students of modern sociological conditions. In his present work he takes up the problem presented by the acknowledged decadence in both public and private life, of moral standards, which is causing alarm to thoughtful men elsewhere than in France, although in that country, if we may accept M. Bureau's picture as faithful, it is more acute than it is with ourselves. While his description of affairs is sombre enough to gratify the pessimist, M. Bureau's purpose is not to promote or confirm discouragement, but to inspire active co-operation for reform.

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* *La Crise Morale des Temps Nouveaux.* Par Paul Bureau. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

In the first part of his work he puts the question, why is it that amid the magnificent spectacle of material, intellectual, and, in many respects, social progress, in the modern world, nevertheless man seems to have lost the power to adjust his social life to the demands of the age? Then, in three lurid chapters, he describes the extent to which disorder and decadence have spread in private and collective life, and the rapidity with which profoundly immoral views of marital and parental life and the relations of the sexes have spread, not merely theoretically, but practically.

What are the causes of the present moral crisis? To answer this question M. Bureau examines the trend and influence, first of the modern spirit, and secondly of the traditional one —*les enfants de la tradition*. To each party he gives credit for a measure of beneficent influence and valuable contributions to the progress and amelioration of human conditions. Each one he convicts, too, of having, through an exclusive devotion to its own principles or prejudices, and a resulting misunderstanding of and hatred for the other, contributed to the present crisis, so alarming to serious men of all shades. Where is the remedy to be sought? Some progress towards a solution of the problem has been made; a certain measure of agreement has been established among all parties. But, argues M. Bureau, there is one point upon which profound disagreement still exists, and it is, precisely, the point which, above all others, must be satisfactorily settled, before any general amelioration in present conditions can be hoped for: that point is, the origin and the authority of the moral precept.

Two chapters are employed to demonstrate the failure of evolutionary ethics or the ethics of human solidarity to establish the authority of the moral law, without the acknowledgment of which the decadence in morals must continue to grow. But elsewhere there are signs of renovation. It is becoming obvious to all that there can be no protection for stable social bonds except in the religious sentiment. Concurrently Catholics, *les enfants de la tradition*, are awakening to their mistakes, and, especially, they are beginning to see the adjustments which they must make in order to exercise their legitimate influence on modern life. The author offers an effective answer to the two favorite objections against religious belief: (1) The autonomy of man is inconsistent with a belief in a moral ruler of the world; (2) Religious belief has been made an instrument to strengthen the hands of royal and aristocratic tyranny in the oppression of the people. What hope is there for a speedy acceptance of the religious idea on which alone the needed moral regeneration can be founded?

> No one can say what length of time must yet elapse before the immense majority of the citizens of progressive societies shall accept one and the same moral doctrine, and establish among themselves that union of minds which other epochs have known. We must, however, desire that this moment may not be far distant, for until it arrives, individual morality must continue to decline. As Renan has said, it is the austere traditions of our fathers, maintained through many ages, which have accumulated the intellectual and moral capital which we are now engaged in spending. Every year this capital diminishes, and it is not inexhaustible.

This is a book which will repay study; its lessons and conclusions have application beyond the country from which they have been drawn.

THE MASTER TOUCH.
By W. Q.

For some books a short notice, however laudatory in its general terms, would be something of an injustice. The purpose and the power of such books are one with the entire work. We have just finished reading such a book. It is a small volume* of but sixty-four pages, yet every page of it has its own lesson, its own beauty, its own appeal. A whole philosophy of life is summed up in *The Master Touch*, and we have seldom read a more practical, a more appealing allegory than this story of John's life and death by W. Q. For all who have the taste to enjoy good writing, and the heart to feel the value and worth of life, this little volume will be a treasure. Two selections head the work which will give an idea of its motive:

* *The Master Touch.* By W. Q. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

> Surely a wonderful and endearing mercy it is to have been created even into this sinful world.
>
> Let us thirst after the Presence of our Jesus till our hearts ache with thirsting, yet let us not so thirst for his glorious Presence in Heaven as to forget, or overlook, or make light of, his dear Presence which we already have upon earth.

The following passage is taken from the last pages of the book. John has suffered a long term of unjust captivity. He was glad to welcome anything that would relieve the awful monotony of the black days and the still blacker nights. "Where was God? Was there a God at all?"

> In the bitterness of his soul John doubted it. . . . Presently something soft fell with a flutter through the grating, and, putting out his hand, John felt the quivering body of a little bird. He took it in his hands and kissed it with his lips. How long it was since he had had anything to kiss. He felt the tremulous beating of its little heart.
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> "O God! O God!" he cried. "Oh, do not let it die!"
>
> Then he laughed aloud. "One minute I say, like the fool, 'There is no God,' and the next minute, when I want anything, I cry to him as if he were present and could hear me, even in this awful place."
>
> The weird echo of his mocking words and laughter had scarcely died away, when a clear light shone in his cell—a light clear and steady, far brighter than lightning flashes—so that his eyes were for an instant dazzled. Then he distinctly saw a Hand—a Hand held out to him as if to ask an alms, and what had John to give?
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> He saw, as in a flash, the moorland pathway leading from the forest to his mother's door stretched clearly before him, the fragrance of a lily—the lily which that same Hand had once demanded of him—filled the air.
>
> What had he now to give? Only a little, trembling, half-fledged bird; only one priceless treasure, and he had prayed that God would spare its tiny life to him. Clearly God did not ask *much*, but *all*.
>
> But this time John had learnt his lesson. He recognized the Hand that was able to keep what he could only lose. Without an instant's hesitation he laid the little robin in the outstretched palm, and it withdrew once more into the Invisible. . . . Days passed. Each morning John rose up from his hard pallet and praised God. Each night when he laid down to rest he praised him anew. His prayers were

no longer half-despairing petitions. They could scarcely be said to be petitions at all. They were acts of praise and adoration. Each day the captive awoke with an object in life. He had his God to worship and adore, and this occupation, which he carried out faithfully, kept his mind clear and healthy. Thus, day by day learning conformity to the higher will, he rose step by step towards a fuller, nobler life.

ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA.
By Thureau-Dangin.

Two temptations seem to beset the biographers of a saint: one is to idealize the subject, forgetting entirely his defects and exaggerating out of all proportion the influence he exerted upon the community in which he lived; and the other is to attribute to Divine intervention every extraordinary event associated in any way with his career. It is the yielding to these tendencies, perhaps more than any other cause, that has brought the lives of the saints into disfavor with a large portion of the reading public. The volume * before us, because it contains but few evidences of these imperfections, merits special commendation. The author of the *Life of St. Bernardine of Siena* pictures to us a strong, noble character, possessing human faults and weaknesses, yet highly spiritual, and impelled for the most part by supernatural motives. Though by no means neglecting the miraculous in the saint's life, the author hesitates to characterize as undoubted miracles coincidences whose counterpart may be seen in the lives of sinful men. Written in a bright, entertaining style, and translated, as it is, into pure English, the work reaches the same high standard of excellence as does the *Life of St. Philip Neri* by Cardinal Capecelatro, and the series of the lives of the saints edited by M. Henri Joly. It deserves to be widely read.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Religious communities, and readers of spiritual books in general, will be pleased to know of a new edition of *The Ascent of Mt. Carmel*,† with a preface by Father Zimmermann on the development of mysticism in the Carmelite Order. The present publication is a reprint of the edition of 1888, with typographical errors here and there corrected. St.

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* *St. Bernardine of Siena.* By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Translated by Baroness G. Von Hugel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

† *The Ascent of Mt. Carmel.* By St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. With a Prefatory Essay by Fr. Benedict Zimmermann. London: Thomas Baker.

John is too distinguished a master of the spiritual life and his work too well known, to need any introduction from us at the present day. Suffice it to say that this classic of the spiritual life, so much in demand and so eagerly sought for, has now been put within easy reach of librarians and superiors, a favor which will be deeply appreciated by those who desire to see the wider spread of the fine mystical ideals inseparably connected with the names of St. John and St. Teresa.

FATHER BAKER'S SANCTA SOPHIA.

For the last three centuries the book known as *Sancta Sophia* has been imparting precious spiritual lessons, and in particular most valuable instructions on the prayer of contemplation to the English-reading world. In the minds of many, the book as it stood in the Cressy edition could hardly be improved upon. At the same time we must recognize that a wider circle of readers might be attracted by an edition somewhat more modern in form. One of Father Baker's spiritual disciples, of the order of St. Benedict, recently undertook to perform this useful and indeed very difficult piece of work; and the result lies before us in the shape of a handsome volume* reproducing the treatises of *Sancta Sophia*, but so amended and revised that the substance of Father Baker's teaching is now embraced within a comparatively small compass, and placed at a price within the reach of all. The average reader will be much better able to digest the teaching of this great book when reading it with the help of the careful editing done by Father Weld-Blundell.

HISTORY OF THE INDEX.
By Putnam.

The second and concluding volume of Dr. Putnam's history of the Index† carries down the narrative of that Congregation from 1700 almost to the present day. In reviewing the former volume we remarked that Dr. Putnam tries sincerely to be impartial, and evidently conceives of the historian's office in a high and conscientious manner. That encomium we have no reason to qualify, now that we have gone through his work as a whole.

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* *Contemplative Prayer. Ven. Father Augustine Baker's teaching thereon: from "Sancta Sophia."* By Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Censorship of the Church of Rome, and Its Influence on the Production and Distribution of Literature.* By George H. Putnam. Vol. II. 1700–1900. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is fairly clear that he is not in sympathy with the practical operation, if indeed with the underlying principle, of the Index. But his endeavor is not to thrust this view of his upon us, but rather to set down along with evidence which appears to be damaging, such expressions of Catholic apologists as tend to put the Index legislation in a favorable light. We do not mean to say that the book is free from hints and phrases to which the majority of Catholics would object. But, looking at the matter impartially, we are bound to credit Dr. Putnam with the desire to be a just and equitable historian.

The volume before us gives an extensive selection from the catalogue of condemned books, and contains a very thorough statement of recent legislation pertaining to the Index. The author concludes his account of the modern Index with names so recently in the public mind as Houtin and Loisy. We must again express the hope that Catholic scholars will soon undertake for the English-reading world a history of the Inquisition and of the Index. Our present literature is utterly barren in both these fields; and we cannot gracefully point out the shortcomings of non-Catholic works until we can boast of better from ourselves.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CONGO.
By Starr.

The series of articles—of which this volume* is a reprint—published by Professor Starr in the *Chicago Tribune*, last spring, concerning the Congo question, enabled the people of America to pierce the fogs which religious and national prejudices, combined with political interests, were rapidly raising around the topic. Inspired by reading the lurid literature which the Congo Reform Association at Boston had scattered broadcast, Professor Starr resolved to see for himself. He went to the Congo and traveled thousands of miles on the lower Congo and two of its greater tributaries. In order that he might preserve his independence, and anticipate future imputations on his impartiality—a wise precaution, as the issue proved—he paid his own expenses throughout the entire journey. He visited government posts, missions, trading stations, native villages; conversed with state-officials, missionaries, traders, native chiefs, plantation workers, and, everywhere, investigated personally the conditions of the natives and the methods of the whites. He saw much to criticize—and he criticizes freely and frankly. But of the frightful outrages, such as he had expected to meet everywhere, he says there was almost nothing.

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* *The Truth About the Congo.* By Professor Frederick Starr. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

> I found at many places a condition of the negro population far happier than I had dreamed it possible. The negro of the Congo—or Bantu, if you please—is a born trader. He is imitative to a degree. He is acquisitive, and charmed with novelties. He is bright and quick, remarkably intelligent. . . . In disposition variable and emotional, he quickly forgets his sorrows. I saw hundreds of natives who where working happily, living in good houses, dressing in good clothes of European stuff and pattern, and saving property. This number will rapidly increase, I have no doubt.

This general statement is supported by detailed descriptions of the conditions which he noted. Apart from its controversial import, the book is a fascinating story of travel, and conveys a vivid picture of life among both the natives and the white residents of the Congo. What Professor Starr asks, is the motive underlying the fierce assault upon the Congo administration? His answer is that the agitation may be traced ultimately to Great Britain's desire to grab the Congo for herself. In proof of his conviction, he quotes from British officials and from missionaries and civilians imbued with British sentiments. "Of course," said one subject of King Edward on board an Atlantic steamer, "the Belgians will lose the Congo. We have got to have it. We must build the Cape-to-Cairo road. You know we wanted the Transvaal. We found a way to get it; we have it. So we will find some way to get the Congo." These words of a young man voice, thinks the Professor, the sentiments of older ones, who are too wary to speak out so boldly.

Ought the United States to interfere? If the interest attaching just now to this question is very much less than it was when Mr. Starr published his five peremptory reasons against interference, the change is due in no small measure to Mr. Starr's arguments, which forcibly struck the temperate American public, and produced an effect which the professional politician was not slow to observe. Briefly, Mr. Starr's reasons for not interfering are as follows: First, it is not our business to police Central Africa; second, American intervention in the Congo, which would be playing England's game, would be resented by France and Germany; third, if the Congo were divided among the European powers, the blacks would continue to suffer; would we then still continue our noble efforts in their behalf? fourth, "we should not interfere unless we wish to present a glaring example of national inconsistency. Distance lends enchantment to the view. We are solicitous about the Bantu in their home under the rule of Leopold II.; we have 12,000,000 or more of them in the United States. The Bantu in the Congo we love. We suffer when he is whipped; shudder when he is put upon a chain-gang; shriek when he is murdered. Yet here he may be whipped, put on a chain-gang, murdered, and if any one raise an outcry, he is a sentimentalist. Our negro problem is a serious and difficult one. We do not know how to treat it. But it is at our door, and we can study it and find out some mode of treatment. But the years pass and we do nothing. With this example constantly before us, one would suppose that we would hesitate in meddling with the equally complicated problem, regarding conditions of which we know little or nothing, on the other side of the globe." Lastly: With our own record in the Philippines, emblazoned as it is with the official histories of Major Waller and General "Jake" Smith, we cannot bring clean hands to the reform of the Belgian administration in Africa. Besides, if we desire to do philanthropic work on the Dark Continent, why have we neglected the golden opportunity offered to us by Liberia, a nation for which we are peculiarly responsible? Just now it too is attracting British attention. Great Britain "does not now need our help in pulling chestnuts from the fire there, and there has been a strange silence and ignorance in this country regarding it as a new sphere for English influence. If we assist England in expanding her African possessions at the expense of the Congo Free State, Liberia will be the next fraction of Africa to succumb to English rule. England's methods of procedure are various. It might be a useful lesson for our politicians and statesmen to study with care Liberia's prospects. We are still young in the business of grabbing other people's lands." Besides the service he has done in elucidating the truth about the Congo, Professor Starr, by coming out to oppose arrogant prejudice, has given a valuable example of a kind of courage very much needed in this country, where we too easily accept at their own valuation busybodies who masquerade as philanthropists and reformers.

FREEDOM THROUGH THE TRUTH.

By Johnson.

This compact pamphlet* of about seventy pages is a reply from the chaplain of the Episcopal bishop of Vermont to a publication entitled, *Freedom in the Church*, by another Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Allen. The purpose of Dr. Allen, as interpreted by his opponent, is to vindicate for the clergy liberty to hold whatever views they please regarding the articles of the Apostles' Creed, provided they retain belief in the Trinity: "The other articles of the Creed, such as 'conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary,' are comparatively unimportant." Under the criticism to which it is here subjected, Dr. Allen's attempt to show that the Church of England varied its teaching on the Incarnation appears very feeble His citations from the Fathers are frequently inaccurate, and, still oftener, his interpretations of them are perversities or blunders. While we cannot, everywhere, agree with the Rev. Mr. Johnson's own reading of facts and authorities, our sympathies are with him in his endeavor to defend the dogmatic principle against the movement which, under the name of reasonable liberty, would plunge revealed religion into the all-corroding rationalism of to-day. Though Catholic theologians would differ from him in the signification of the term *Church* in the following passage, they would willingly approve of its tenor as an advice to those who are unnecessarily disturbed regarding the results of criticism on certain elements of the Old Testament.

> It is (therefore) worth while to realize that the truths of the Apostles' Creed are not in any way affected by these Old Testament discussions. The evidence for our Lord's resurrection and for his birth of a Virgin Mother remains what it has always been. The traditional belief about the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke and St. John, and St. Paul's Epistles, has the support of all the evidence it ever had; only that evidence has been brought out more vividly through recent discussions. The Church may still, with the same confidence as of old, ask of each person that comes to Holy Baptism: "Dost thou believe all the articles of the Christian Faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?" And he may still answer undoubtingly: "I do."

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* *Freedom Through the Truth.* By Rev. George B. Johnson, A. M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (6 July): That Stephen Langton recognized the Bishop of Rome not only as a *primus inter pares* but also as the absolute ruler of Christendom, is the theme of an editorial.

(20 July): The Roman correspondent writes of the exposure of the Secret League of Catholics in Germany. Some of its tenets were decidedly modern; its aim being the practical exercise of the lay apostolate for the sound and circumspect progress of Catholicity.——M. Briand's recent bill receives a lengthy notice. The real purpose of the bill, we are told, is not to simplify the procedure of transferring ecclesiastical property by hastening the solution of legal difficulties, but rather mere spoliation.

(27 July): The new Syllabus is in every way a remarkable document. "Even though it be not an exercise of her infallibility, *Roma locuta est.* Both the liberal and conservative schools, although imbued with the most laudable motive of best serving the Church, have caused great distress amongst a large number of souls. To put an end to such a deplorable state of things an authoritative utterance was a necessity. In the Syllabus the authoritative utterance is found. The Decree, however, is not infallible, yet it is binding on Catholics "in the sense that they must acquiesce in the teaching therein contained with an assent at once full, perfect, and absolute."

The Month (Aug.): A brief word of "respectful announcement and adhesion" is given the new Syllabus. It does not, as was prophesied by certain critics, "declare war on the most certain acquisitions of modern investigation, and render the position of Catholic scholars henceforth impossible." The writer continues: "Now that the Holy Office has brought all these propositions together, and enabled us to see in them what they purport to be, an interpretation of the general scheme of Catholic faith and practice, can we, whilst recognizing in the Syllabus a fair and singularly moderate statement of some well-known theories, help feeling that the interpretation is one which is quite irreconcilable with Catholicism as we received it from our forefathers and find it in our past history, and one which, so far from justifying, undermines and discredits the whole tone and character of our spiritual life?"——Apropos of the Garibaldi Centenary, Fr. Thurston illustrates the fanatical attitude of the patriot toward Catholicism. "As to his own religious convictions, he sometimes, as Mr. Trevelyan points out, called himself an atheist; sometimes in his speeches and manifestoes he shrouded himself in a sort of nebulous Christianity." His visit to England in 1864 had the effect of disillusioning many of his worshippers in that country.——The University of Oxford and the Reformation is the subject of further treatment by the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.

The National Review (August): Thirty pages of the present number are devoted to current events of the month and as many topics treated. Among the more interesting are: The Hague Conference; Free Trade and Socialism; The Crusade Against the Lords and the British Foreign Policy.——J. T. Garvin gives an estimate of Mr. Chamberlain's power and popularity in English politics.——Gallio expresses the opinion that the English people are not convinced of the necessity of tariff reform, but that the country is going for the measure "with a landslide that will more resemble a herd of cattle in panic than a country's solemnly recorded judgment."——In "Teuton and Turk" an account is given of Germany's attempt to gather strength by entering into defensive alliances. The policy began with Von Moltke.——A. M. Low is of the opinion that our relations with Japan are sure to grow more and more embittered unless the agitation for exclusion is speedily suppressed. He thinks that the Kaiser's attitude of late towards Americans points to more friendly relations between the United States and Germany, but that a treaty of alliance between the two countries is hardly possible in the near future.——Under the title "The Problems and Perils of Socialism," J. Strachey defends the British Constitutional Association against the charge that the organization has been "too negative, too abstract, and too theoretical, and therefore not practical in its attitude towards current political questions." He admits that they made insistence on certain great principles a thing of prime importance, but he considers this to be eminently practical. There is danger of the nation forgetting fundamental principles, and because of this forgetfulness allowing the foundations of social and political institutions to be swept away. The principles for which the Association stands, he says, are "liberty and individualism as against State servitude and Socialism."

Expository Times (July): Rev. J. Hugh Beibitz, in the leading paper, sketches and compares the four modern views on the Atonement as exposed respectively by Archdeacon Wilson, Dr. Dale, Dr. Moberley, and Albrecht Ritschl. He finds these theories weak in different respects and somewhat obscure as to the meaning of the Cross, of Christ's sacrifice, and of man's reconciliation to God. ——An article of a homiletic character, entitled "Seeing Christ," by the late Dr. Field, gives an explanation and commentary on John xvi. 16.——Rev. Herbert W. Horwill, writing on the exegesis of Christian Science, takes Mrs. Eddy and her book *Science and Health* severely to task. After giving several instances, one more astounding than the other, of this "spiritual" interpretation of the Scriptures, the writer is aptly reminded of those days when the giants of biblical criticism were innocent of the historical sense.——Mr. K. T. Frost has an article on "The Siege of Jericho and the Strategy of the Exodus."——There is a short appreciation of the late Gaston Frommel and his place among contemporary writers on ethics and religious psychology.

(Aug.): The first number of *The Oxford and Cambridge Review* is noticed at some length.——Rev. J. Dick Fleming writes an estimate of Ritschl, taking as a basis that theologian's three dominant ideas: the relativity of knowledge, the worth of judgments, and the Christian consciousness.——Prof. Sayce reports the work done by the American Assyriologists, Professors Hilprecht and Clay, in the discovery and deciphering of cuneiform tablets.——Rev. J. G. Skemp has an article on "The 'Humanism' of Christ."——Mr. Oesterley has a study of the biblical account of the "Burning Bush." He rejects the literal acceptation of the story and argues that it is largely legendary.

The Church Quarterly Review (July): An article on "The New Theology," apropos of the wide discussion provoked by Mr. R. T. Campbell's book bearing that title. The writer sees abundant reasons for believing that a new theology is necessary, and would engage in no quarrel with any system simply on the ground of its novelty. "We know more of what Christianity means each time a new system of philosophy comes to assist in interpreting it." But Mr. Campbell is neither philosopher nor theologian. He is only a popular preacher meddling with the philosophy of religion. And the result is a "repellent" book. The underlying defect in the work, according to the writer, is that Mr. Campbell first caricatures the old theology, presenting it in its cruder forms, and then kills it with irreverent ridicule. The system he substitutes is no improvement. If his words mean what they say, his new theology is pantheistic, and then deistic. But he is not consistent with himself. He forgets his *rôle* as philosopher, lapses into preacher, and contradicts himself. The writer finds more worth in W. L. Walker's *What About the New Theology?* and in P. T. Forsyth's articles on "The Newest Theology," etc., in *The British Weekly*. ——An interesting article on "William Archer Butler," first professor of mental and moral philosophy in the University of Dublin, and "one of the greatest preachers in the Church of Ireland." Born of a Protestant father and a Catholic mother, he was brought up a Catholic, but became a member of the Established Church. He was remarkable in several characters—poet, preacher, lecturer, controversialist, pastor. He sympathized to a degree with W. G. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and admired Newman immensely, but took issue with him on the ground of the "Development" theory.

The Examiner, Bombay (13 July): Contains the first installment of a history of the Bombay mission. The sketch is a general outline which may be filled in later; and which it is hoped will arouse the interest of those who are in a position to work out the subject for themselves. The time from 1530, when the first Portuguese missionaries appeared, is divided into five periods: The first embraces the efforts of the missionaries along the west coast of India. The remaining four cover the events which mark the life of the Church in the island of Bombay from 1534 to the present time.——An account is given of the recent mission to colored Catholics in St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., by priests from the Apostolic Mission House. Sixty converts were received by Rev. Father Doyle. Commenting on this fact, the writer shows the adaptibility of the Church to the negro's love of ceremony and enthusiasm in his religious life.

Le Correspondant (10 July): Mgr. Le Roy, writing of the state of affairs in the Congo, claims that intellectually and morally this state has progressed as no other has in history. The administration has had its faults, but it has been equal to the occasion, and will welcome comparison with that of any other African colony. The attacks made upon Catholic missionaries have their birth in the Protestant missionary journals and the anti-religious sheets of Belgium. These reports are without foundation.——Ernest Daudet contributes an article on the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle of 1818.——France for the past eight years, with a zeal that is admirable, has been taking every means at her disposal to stem the tide of tuberculosis. Heretofore all attention has been directed to the adult already infected. Professor Grancher has lately come forth with the idea that if tuberculosis is to be successfully checked, predisposed children must be preserved from it during infancy. He advises the institution of schools in healthy places to be given up entirely to children who are delicate and predisposed to pulmonary diseases.——M. Paul Gaultier writes on the art of Versailles.——Auguste Boucher contributes his usual monthly criticism of the policy and deeds of the French government.

(25 July): In an article, "France, Austria, and Italy in 1870," M. Henri Welschinger labels as false the statement contained in a recent work, *Rome and Napoleon III.*, that the Third Empire was ruined by its defence of the temporal power.——A. Feugère contributes a new lot of unedited letters of Beranger.——Lucien de Valroger, writing on "Parliamentary Tyranny," shows that the people

of France are entirely at the mercy of their legislators. They have no court of appeal in the event of their rights being violated. They have no court to test the legality of legislation. M. Valroger urges the drafting of a constitution in which the inviolable rights of citizens will be recognized. He also urges the institution of a court, after the fashion of the Supreme Court of the United States, to test the constitutionality of a law before it is promulgated.——Mgr. Battifol reviews Abbé Calvet's *Life of Abbé Gustave Morel*, late professor in the Catholic Institute of Paris.——In "The Polish Question in Prussia" General Bourelly discusses the social, political, economic, religious state of the Prussian Poles in the beginning of the twentieth century.

La Revue Bénédictine (July): "The Unpublished Commentary of the Latin Bishop Epiphanius on the (Synoptic) Gospels," by Dom G. Morin, is worthy of perusal by those interested in the study of biblical exegesis.——"The Conceptions of Martyrdom Among the Irish," by Dom Gougaud, shows that the Irish had an idea of martyrdom peculiarly their own. Red martyrdom signified the shedding of blood for the faith; white, a life vowed to chastity; green, penitence. The author thinks Providence may have given them this conception of martyrdom because their peculiar tribute to the faith has been endless sorrow and suffering rather than actual bloodshed.——Dom Ildefonse Schuster concludes his account of the restoration of the Abbey of Farfa. He gives among other noteworthy facts of eleventh century history, a short life of Hugh of Farfa, who took a prominent part in the revival of monastic discipline and morality.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 July): "The Study of Christ From the Viewpoint of Jewish History," is continued through this and the following number by M. l'Abbé Barret.——M. l'Abbé J. Chauvel discusses the question of life on other planets, and the relation of this question to certain biblical texts and dogmas.——"The number of Huguenots expatriated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes," writes Abbé Rouquette, "has been greatly exaggerated." Documents are cited to substantiate his contention.

(15 July): A résumé of press appreciations of Pope Leo XIII. is given by Mgr. Justin Fèvre. It is the first of a series of articles whose aim is to determine the popular estimate of the late pope's character and ability.

Studi Religiosi (May–June): L. Visconte contributes an article on the psychological aspect of religious conversion; tracing the lines along which such a study should be conducted; and gives his conclusions as a result of his study of the subject in its various forms.——A second article shows that spurious acts of the martyrs compiled during the Middle Ages extravagantly supplied the deficiency to be found in the very few authentic narratives of the Acts of the Martyrs of the first two or three centuries.——Domenico Battaini continues his study of the Catholic Revival in England.——And S. Minocchi writes on Biblical Cosmogony.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (July): Two chapters whose theme is social morality are quoted from M. Paul Lapeyre's *Science and Life.* The development of moral forces is described and the importance of authority in every department of life made clear.——M. l'Abbé Paul Six makes answer to the charge that conflict exists between social and religious works. The responsibility of the Church in general, and of the priest in particular, to devote himself to the social apostolate is pointed out by the writer.——Joseph de Maistre, in his attitude toward Catholic socialism, is the object of discussion by M. l'Abbé Calippe.

La Revue Apologétique (June): M. G. Lahousse begins a marshaling of evidence, external and internal, for the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel.——The "Supernatural Order" receives careful definition from the pen of M. Jacques Laminne. He considers it well to insist on this as a fundamental consideration, that the distinction between natural and supernatural rests in the final analysis on the distinction between the world and God.——M. H. M. Villard champions the cause of devotion to the Sacred Heart.——"The Catholic Renaissance in England" is concluded in this issue.

Études (5 July): P. Adhémar d'Alès, continuing his sketch of the *rôle* played by tradition in the preservation and discernment of doctrine, treats of the Reformation period and the subsequent controversial era.——A very interesting account, based chiefly on the private correspondence of the bishops concerned in the affair, of the compulsory resignation of the French episcopate, incidental to the establishment of the Napoleonic Concordat, is begun by P. Dudon.——P. Joseph de Tonquédec criticizes adversely the idea of truth, necessary or free, as he finds it exposed by some advocates of *la nouvelle philosophie*, chiefly M. Le Roy.——P. Cros describes the growth of the legend concerning the "first miracle of Manresa"—the restoration to life of a drowned hen by St. Ignatius. ——Under the title, "L'Angleterre Religieuse," a writer discusses how the various Christian bodies in England find themselves united by their respective activities in the education question, the temperance campaign, and various charitable works.

(20 July): P. Alexandre Brou defends the missionary orders, especially the Jesuits, from the charge that they betrayed the cause of the Gospel in several countries, especially in Japan, inasmuch as they failed to establish seminaries for the training of a native priesthood.——"La Crise Religieuse d'Israel," deals with the enormous lapse from Judaism going on among the Jews everywhere to-day, which, the writer argues, is principally owing to the efforts of various Christian missionary organizations.——P. Dudon concludes his account of the resignation of the French bishops under Napoleon; and he pays an eloquent tribute to those men who so loyally effaced themselves at the order of the Holy Father.——P. Adhémar d'Alès replies to a letter, which is reproduced, of P. Laberthonnière, who protests against the tone of a criticism published in the *Études* (June 20) by P. Adhémar d'Alès on the book of MM. Chevalier and Legendre, the preface to which was written by P. L. Laberthonnière.——The work of M. de Lamarzelle, in which he contrasts the principles of the social democrats with the Christian democracy expressed in the teachings of Leo XIII. and Pius X., is briefly reviewed with high commendation.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 July): H. Lesêtre discusses the question of faith. Following the accustomed method, he decides that faith can be lost; that in the majority of cases its loss is culpable; that prayer can regain it. ——Ph. Ponsard, concluding his series, gives an exposition of the advantages and disadvantages, in college life, of study circles, of the St. Vincent de Paul conferences, and of college *patronages.*——It is the conviction of E. Mangenot that the four Gospels are unanimous in their testimony concerning the burial of Jesus. His arguments are directed chiefly against M. Le Roy and M. Loisy. ——As a complement to an article by Vincent McNabb, which appeared in the *Journal of Theological Studies* of April, 1907, E. Vacandard makes a few reflections on the virginal conception as witnessed to by St. Mark.—— E. Terrasse defines fanaticism and compares it with the religion of Christ.

(15 July): In his final contribution to the study of the boyhood of Christ, A. Durant investigates the Scriptural accounts concerning the dreams of Joseph and of the Magi; the journeys of the Magi; the massacre; and finally the genealogies of Christ.——M. Salembier opens a series of articles on "The Great Schism of the West." His first installment is a detailed historical narrative of the schism.——V. Ermoni gives an account of the history of religions. He finds the various theories on this subject reducible to three main heads: the cosmological, the sociological, and the anthropological. These he states and criticizes at length.——Father Tyrrell defends himself against the sharp criticism of M. Lebreton who, in the February 1st number of this review, insinuated that Father Tyrrell had "no more respect for the ecumenical definitions of the Church than for theological conclusions," and accused him of *fidéism*—a doctrine carrying with it exclusion from the Church. Father Tyrrell defends his position, denies that he is a *fidéist*, and maintains his Catholicity *sine addito.*——Immediately following this is a response by M. Lebreton, in which he vindicates his position. He admits that his "accusations are grave," but proceeds to verify them by appealing to Father Tyrrell's own writings.

(1 Aug.): A. Baudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute,

of Paris, gives a brief Commentary on the recent Syllabus. He is struck with the moderate tone of the Papal condemnations. No error is condemned by Pius X. save such as were already reprobated by the Catholic conscience. And as for Catholic scholars, their way is now made clearer and more sure. The text is given of a letter sent to the Pope by the Catholic Institute of Paris in regard to the Syllabus. This letter states that, although the professors of the Institute are scattered on their summer vacations, the rector and the deans of the various faculties deem it their duty to send to Rome at once the cordial approval with which their university receives the Syllabus. Later another letter is to be sent expressing the same support and signed by the entire teaching corps.——E. Terrasse answers those who maintain that a good life is religion enough.

Razón y Fé (July): V. Minteguiaga discusses at some length the "Proposed Law upon Oaths and Affirmations."——"The Restoration of Studies Down to the Time of Charlemagne," receives attention from R. Ruiz Amado.——G. Portillo briefly summarizes the ecclesiastical history of Spain in the first half of the eighteenth century.——The Social Movement, which is now receiving the sympathy of many Spanish clerics, is the subject of treatment by N. Noguer.

Die Kultur (July): The first article is a transcript of a lecture delivered at a meeting of the "Leo-Gesellschaft" in Vienna, by Dr. Otto Willmann, on the subject of "The Division and Union of Labor in the Pursuit of Knowledge." He gives a brief outline of the methods of advance in science, speaking particularly of the specializing tendency of the present age.——Dr. E. Eichmann, of the University of Prague, reviews at some length the relations of Pope Pius X. and France. He shows that the Pope has followed the only reasonable course, and can await with perfect confidence the verdict of history on his policy.——Dr. Heinrich Swoboda discusses the question of "The Large City and the Care of Souls."——Dr. R. F. Kaindl gives a study of the manner of showing honor to the dead, particularly with regard to monuments and epitaphs.

Current Events.

France.

The few statesmen and the many politicians who have the control of the destinies of the various European nations have been taking a holiday; so that when, for example, it became necessary for France to deal with the outbreak in Morocco, there were in Paris only two members of the Cabinet, upon whom fell the duty of taking action. No doubt schemes are being concocted in this quiet interval, the putting into effect of which it will be interesting to chronicle. In the meantime, we have to confine ourselves to events of no great importance in themselves, the Moroccan outbreak, to which reference has just been made, being by far the most conspicuous.

The series of strikes by which France was so long disturbed has come to an end. Bakers and waiters have resumed their ordinary work, and even the two millions of wine growers are heard of no more. How successful the legislative remedies have proved it is perhaps too soon to judge; but that the people affected have been willing to accept those measures is a proof both of their good will and of the wisdom of the government in dealing firmly with the crisis.

The insubordination of some of the rank and file of the army in the course of the wine growers' movement was and still is a cause of grave anxiety. The resignation of the General Commander-in-Chief of the army and of two or three members of the Supreme Council of War, which has since taken place, seems to show that the relations between the government and the army from top to bottom are not so harmonious as the well-being of the State demands. The reason for which these highest officers resigned was, as far as can be ascertained, that they would not be responsible for the safety of France on the German side. A change in the period of service in the army, by which this period is being reduced from three to two years, is just coming into effect, and the carrying out of this change involved, as the government thought, the sending home of certain recruits whom the Commander-in-Chief wished to retain for some two or three months. As with the wine growers, so with the generals, the government resolved to govern, and was doubtless right in so doing.

The public attention has been much occupied with baloons, not only in France but also in Germany, to say nothing of England, owing to the sad accident which took place there. In France even the Premier has made an ascent in the new steerable balloon called the *Patrie.* So completely under control is this balloon that the War Office has definitely decided to adopt it as an engine of war and to make a fleet of airships on the same model. It has been sent to the frontier to watch the proceedings of the Germans. But although the *Patrie* can be controlled, it is only by the competent, a competence which is the result of a long course of training. This fact has given the French a certain confidence that they have outstripped the Germans. However, news has come from Berlin that the German army has also a balloon which, too, is perfectly under control, able in fact to go at the rate of 12½ hours against the wind. So that in a future war baloon may meet baloon.

The limit of agressive measures against the Church has not been reached. Before the adjournment of the Chamber a bill was introduced by M. Briand for the definite distribution of the Church property which is now under sequestration under the Separation Act of December, 1905. This bill provides that, after the payment of any obligations to which the property may be subject, the balance is to be handed over to charitable institutions. The aged and infirm among the clergy are not, however, to be deprived of the pensions now accorded to them; the pensions which they now enjoy will be paid until their death. All works of art, documents, books, and manuscripts, are to become the property of the State, and to be deposited in museums, libraries, and archives. Even these harsh proposals, however, do not seem to have deprived the government of the support of the people, if the elections for the departmental Councils, which have recently taken place, may be taken as a trustworthy indication. In those elections all the opponents of the Republic were badly beaten. But it is, perhaps, to be hoped that among the supporters of the Republic there may be some friends of the Church and opponents of the anti-Church policy of the Cabinet.

The social legislation, which figured so largely in the promises of the government, has not been so prominent in their achievements. An Act passed in 1905 provided for the reduction of the hours of labor of pick-workers in the galleries of mines to eight per day, to be reached by gradual stages. This will come into full operation on the 1st of January, 1910. A bill, extending the advantages of this law to all pitmen without exception, has been introduced, and this not by the government, but by a private member. To the income tax proposals of the government an unyielding opposition is still being offered. While it finds supporters among the Socialists, its opponents declare that the enforcement of one of its provisions, requiring a complete declaration of private resources, would lead to civil war. Many capitalists, it is said, are sending their money to be invested abroad.

The relations of France with foreign Powers remain substantially unchanged. An appointment made by the Egyptian government, by which an Englishman was substituted for a Frenchman, has called forth some criticisms to the effect that England was not acting in the spirit of the *entente cordiale.* A Russian paper has published a letter in which an attack was made on the French government both for its internal and its external policy. No great importance, however, is to be attached to this publication, as is shown by the warm reception which was given to General Brun, the chief of the army staff, on his visit for the purpose of conferring with the Russian army authorities.

The events in Morocco have not changed the attitude of Germany to France, the right of France to intervene being so clear. The visit of the Japanese ships has offered an opportunity of celebrating, with feasts and speeches, the conclusion of the agreement between the two countries. And so, to all appearances, there is no reason to fear a disturbance of the present peaceful conditions.

Germany.

Very little worthy of record has taken place in Germany. Further trials for breaches of duty on the part of Colonial officials are expected. These will perhaps be deferred until the return of Herr Dernberg, the business-like head of the Colonial Department, who, emulating Mr. Chamberlain, is now personally inspecting the African possessions of the German Empire. The desire to find an outlet for the ever-increasing population is very keen and is doubtless the motive for this visit.

The conciliatory policy, lately adopted by the Prussian government towards the Danes living on the border-land in North Schleswig, has not met with the approbation of the stalwart agrarians of German blood in that district. Like so many stalwarts under other governments, their vaunted support of the powers that be is conditional on these powers doing the will of the stalwarts. The recently appointed President of Schleswig-Holstein had a somewhat cruel experience of the way in which discontented loyalists can act when they are not pleased. At a banquet, at which he and a number of "autochthonous" Germans were present, he called the Danes living in the province fellow-countrymen to whom the kiss of brotherly love should be given. The "autochthonous" made not the least response to this invitation, maintaining absolute silence during the speech, and at its conclusion broke out in the defiant war-song which apostrophizes the lofty citadel of German nationality, and with the command not to waver in "safeguarding until the dawn of a brighter day what has been so hardly won." Speeches were made in the same sense. "We will rely upon ourselves, since we cannot rely upon the government." The same selfish reactionary spirit is being manifested in the Eastern Marches, where there is a growing agitation in favor of the compulsory expropriation of the Polish landlords. It is said that this activity is due to the fear entertained by the junkers that their supremacy is threatened by the new political spirit of the age with its liberal aspirations.

On the French frontier, too, the peace of the inhabitants is said to have been disturbed. Young Frenchmen working in Lorraine have been given the option of leaving the country or of becoming naturalized as German subjects, and lessons in French in the schools have been forbidden. Of the former, however, a semi-official denial has been given, which is not, however, credited in France; and of the latter a modification has been made.

The meeting of the Kaiser and the Tsar could not be without political significance, for the monarchs were accompanied by the Ministers who are in charge of the foreign affairs of each country.

In the semi-official statement, which has been published at St. Petersburg, it is declared that both sides—the German and the Russian—were agreed that neither in Europe nor in the

Far East was peace in any way threatened, that no alteration in the existing alliances of Germany or Russia with other Powers had been made, and that everything which had taken place at the meeting could only have a most beneficial influence on the peaceful course of events in Europe and Asia. The action of France in conjunction with Spain in Morocco, it was declared, could not give rise to complications. Whether the new project of Austria for the revival of the alliance of the Three Emperors called the Dreikaiserbund was discussed we are not told. A singular feature of the visit was that during it the Kaiser himself conducted public worship—it is not said that he preached—and at the service the Tsar was present.

Austria-Hungary.

So little has been heard of the proceedings of the new Reichsrath, that it is to be presumed that useful work for the good of the country is being done. The only event which has excited the attention of the outside world is an attempt which was made by a Ruthenian representative to give his speech in Russian. As there are already eight languages available in which to address the house, the rest thought that the limit had been reached, and he was silenced.

The visit of King Edward to the Emperor of Austria is also felt to be not without political significance, inasmuch as the King is accompanied by the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, while the Emperor will have Baron von Aehrenthal with him.

As to Hungary, perhaps the most significant thing is the absence of news. Nothing seems to have been done to terminate the twelve-year-long discussion for the conclusion of an economic agreement with Austria, nor have any steps been taken for the introduction of the universal suffrage measure which is the *raison d'être* for the present Cabinet's existence. The proceedings of the Hungarians are in many ways a puzzle. They pose as lovers of liberty, and yet, as we pointed out last month, they treat with the utmost severity smaller and weaker races like the Croats. Another piece of legislation is even more remarkable. The magnates object to the emigration of peasants to this country, inasmuch as it is depriving them of the supply of cheap labor which they want for the cultivation of their estates. The natural and just course would be for them to have made it worth the while of the peasants to stay. The course actually adopted was to pass a bill through the Chamber binding the peasants to remain in the employment of the landlords. Fines and even imprisonment are inflicted for a number of small offences, such as for leaving the farm without permission. The fines and imprisonment are suspended so long as the peasant remains in the employment of his master, but are inflicted in the event of his leaving. But fines and imprisonment are not the only punishment meted out to the unfortunate laborer. The Bill, as it passed the Chamber, gave the power to agricultural employers to inflict corporal chastisement upon laborers under 18 years of age. The House of Magnates was not satisfied with this: they made an effort to extend this provision to the families of laborers so far as they are minors; and while the Lower House required that the victuals given to laborers should be of first-class market qualities, the magnates were willing to allow only average market quality. These proposals met with the condemnation of the press, as rather too mediæval in character and as a brutal expression of the power of the stronger. We hope that this criticism may have put the promoters of such legislation to shame.

The Near East.

It is not often that praise can be given to any action of the Turkish government, and the praise to which it is entitled for its recent note to the Greek government is of a very modified character; for, of course, of all the evils existent in Macedonia, Turkey is, on account of its bad government, the root and cause. However, for some time back, the proceedings of the Greek bands in Macedonia have been of such an atrocious character as to have become absolutely intolerable. These bands have been organized for the deliberate purpose of exterminating the Bulgarians—men, women, and children. Village after village has been surrounded and burned, the women have been outraged and murdered, the children slaughtered. It has become impossible over a wide district for a man to work in the fields. This extermination of every other nationality has been adopted as the means of pushing the ethnological frontier of Greece farther to the north and the east. No fewer than ten bands of 400 men have been engaged in this work of devastation. The government cannot be ignorant; in fact, the bands are commanded by officers of the Army. The worst of it is that these proceedings are considered patriotic by the Greek people as a whole, and it is feared that the government dare not take efficient steps to put an end to the evil. The remonstrance of Turkey, especially as it is said to have been backed up by the representations of other Powers, may strengthen it to do its duty. There are fears, however, that, as it has benefited in the past by wrong-doing almost as bad, it will hope for an equally ill-omened success in the future. The condition of the whole of Macedonia is bad in the extreme—far worse, it is said, than is known, except by those who make personal investigations. The truth does not appear in the newspapers. Murders and outrages are of every-day occurrence. Efforts are being made to induce the Powers to take effective action; but those who know how much mutual jealousy and selfish interests count for in politics, are not very sanguine. The selfishness of the individual is great, but that of nations is greater.

Italy.

The ministry of Signor Giolitti is having, when compared with the run of ministries in Italy, a long tenure of office. It is not, however, thought that it deserves the confidence of the people, nor that it is really popular. Important questions have been evaded rather then solved, although the greatly needed Railway Service Law has been passed, as well as an Act making Sunday a day of rest. That the government retains its position is, however, due more to the apathy of Parliament and of the country than to the merits of ministers. In fact, in one important respect, they have scandalously neglected their duty. In Rome gross insults are offered to the Holy Father, such as would not be tolerated in London or go unpunished. Pictures are exhibited so defamatory in character that they would be torn down even by Protestants, and the police take no steps either to stop their exhibition or to punish the authors. It is hard to understand the state of things in the country. Stories have been circulated which even papers opposed to the Clergy declare to be, to a large extent, wholly false, and when not wholly false, greatly exaggerated. Riots have taken place in several places in consequence. The government, however, has, in this matter, acted with more energy and greater regard to duty.

The arrest of a former Minister, Signor Nasi, at the instance of the government, has caused something like an insurrection in Sicily, where he enjoyed great popularity. The disturbances, however, were due rather to the chronic state of discontent which exists in that island—a discontent due to its poverty and to the neglect of the government to keep its promises to take measures for setting things right.

Morocco.

The chronic state of anarchy existing in Morocco has been rendered more evident by the outrages which have taken place at Casablanca. The active measures taken by France and Spain to punish the evil-doers, which might have been an occasion for the interference of other Powers, had they been so minded, have been recognized as just and necessary, and so complications seem unlikely to arise.

Russia.

It is doubtful whether the people of Russia will escape peacefully from arbitrary rule. M. Stolypin remains in office, and perhaps this may be taken as a sign that hope may even yet be entertained. A third *Duma* is to meet; but when all power is in the hands of an autocrat, who glories in being an irresponsible ruler, what are any number of *Dumas* worth? It is looked upon as certain that agreements have been reached with both Japan and England which will settle for a long period all matters in dispute between them.

The Hague Conference.

About the most important event which has happened for a long time in the world—the assembling of the Peace Conference at the Hague—a great deal ought to be said. But the limitation of the space at our command prevents anything like justice being done to the subject. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing the opinion that no subject deserves more studious and careful, perhaps it may be said prayerful, attention.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

HOW many members are needed to form a Reading Circle? This question has been asked by many of our correspondents. In reply we state that the Columbian Reading Union will not make any rules concerning the number of members or the private management of any organization affiliated to it. Our work is to gather information and publish lists of books which will be of assistance to all interested in the diffusion of good literature. Reading Circles can be organized in different ways, either in connection with parish or public libraries, or on an independent basis. It makes a considerable saving of expense if the books to be used can be borrowed from a library. Obvious advantages may be obtained by those associated with Catholic circulating libraries. The books selected are purchased by the parish library, and are made accessible without extra cost to the members of the Reading Circles. In many places the same plan could no doubt be applied to public libraries. There is no fixed way of starting a Reading Circle, except that some one or more persons must agree to talk about the matter. Five members are enough to make a beginning, although a much larger number should be enrolled wherever it can be so arranged. Very few rules are necessary.

Send the name of your Reading Circle for the register of the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, and state the books and subjects selected for the coming year.

* * *

Good reference works, of which there are many, should be familiar to Catholic teachers and students—especially, of course, to those attending courses in secular institutions. We will mention a few useful books: Janssen's *History*, Parson's *Studies* and *Lies and Errors of History*, Dom Gasquet's *Eve of the Reformation*, etc., Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, Newman's historical essays, Gairdner's historical works, Dr. Shahan's *Middle Ages*, etc., Lingard's *History of England*; Summer-School Essays, Vols. I. and II., Pastor's *History of the Popes*, Conway's *Question Box*, *Literary*, *Scientific*, *and Political Views of Dr. Brownson.* This list might be extended indefinitely. Works like the *Cambridge Modern History* and *The Historians' History* should not be used without books of rebuttal on the same shelf; better, on the shelf below—nearer to the hand. The best refutation of the errors and extravagances of historical writers, Catholic or non-Catholic, by the way, is often to be found in reviews and magazines. It remains to be said that every careful student should have an index of his own. One need not be the possessor of a book to know its general contents. Nowadays most historical works are provided with an adequate index, thus immediately putting the student on the track of desired information. Another point for young students to remember is that the titles of many books convey no idea of the richness of their contents. *The Eve of the Reformation*, for instance, besides illuminative studies on subjects like Erasmus, *The Printed English Bible*, etc., contains a great amount of miscellaneous lore. *Christian Schools* *and Scholars* is, unfortunately, out of print, and the publishers are unable at present to promise a new edition. Perhaps Dom Gasquet would agree to revise it, and bring it up to date.

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Among the books that should have a large circulation are: *The Student's Handbook of British and American Literature.* Price $1.25 (The John Murphy Company). *Murray's Lessons in English Literature.* Price 45 cents (The John Murphy Company). *Phases of Thought and Criticism.* By Brother Azarias (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) And *Books and Reading* (Cathedral Library Publishing Company). The latter was prepared especially as a guide for members of Catholic Reading Circles, and was first published in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. *Selections from Cardinal Newman.* By Lewis E. Gates, Harvard University (Henry Holt & Co.) *Maynard's English Classic Series* (Maynard, Merrill & Co.), also contains a volume with appreciations of Newman's place in literature, supplemented by a brief biography and useful notes and comments on the text.

Where all is so excellent, it was manifestly a difficult matter to make choice of what is characteristic out of the forty volumes of Newman's writings and to confine oneself within due limits. The selections are varied, judiciously made, and likely to interest those to whom Newman would be probably not much more than a name. They embrace his historical sketches and character studies, some extracts from his sermons, and his masterpiece, "The Second Spring," is given entirely; hence they lend themselves to the purpose of analysis, while they instruct, appeal, etc., and carry on the interest of the reader.

We confess to some disappointment at not finding some selections from the *Idea of a University*, in which volume Newman gives us his own ideas of style and composition, and exalts both the dignity and the worth of speech, written and spoken.

Newman is surely coming to his own, to his place as the master mind in thought and word of the English people in the nineteenth century. For this volume is but one of the many proofs, now so common, of the interest he continues to exercise as a thinker, a prophet, and a saint.

No more meritorious work could be done in the department of letters than to make him known to the young as the ideal craftsman—one whose language was the fitting and true expression of his own beautiful and wonderful personality.

* * *

The third edition of an interesting book chiefly concerned with the reputation of false history from Protestant sources, is entitled *The Boyhood of Patrick Lynch*, edited by Charles Blake, Providence. Love of historic truth is the dominant motive of the author, who evidently indicates his own relation to the Catholic Church in these words from the Piozzi letters of Dr. Johnson:

"I would be a Papist if I could," said Dr. Johnson. "I have fear enough, but an obstinate rationality prevents me. I shall never be a Papist, unless in the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terror. I wonder that women are not all Papists."

In another place the following opinion is expressed: "Finding the Catholic Church too good for me . . . . . and the others too bad, I gave up going to any church, except to witness a revival, and hear the boy preacher or the wickedest man in New York."

To all who read this notice we recommend prayers for the learned champion of the despised creed boldly professed by Patrick Lynch in presence of a strong Protestant ascendancy, amid conditions which prevailed fifty years ago in New England. May the light of faith remove from his gifted mind whatever darkness may yet remain as a heritage from non-Catholic ancestors!

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

The Roman Vesperal for the Entire Ecclesiastical Year. For the use of Catholic choirs and school children. By Rev. John B. Jung. Fifth edition. Pp. 208. Price 75 cents. "*Bob*" *Ingersoll's Egosophy and Other Poems.* By Rev. James McKernan. Pp. 65. Price 40 cents. *De Sacramento Extremæ Unctionis Tractatus Dogmaticus.* Auctore Josepho Kern, S.J. Pp. xvi.-396. Price $1.50. *Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity.* By James J. Tracy. Fourth edition. Pp. xviii.-383. Price $1. *Forty-Five Sermons.* By Rev. James McKernan. Pp. 291. Price $1. *Conquests of Our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts.* By James J. Tracy. Third edition. Pp. xvii.-473. Price $1. *Ailey Moore.* A Tale of the Times in Ireland. By Richard Baptist O'Brien, D.D. Fourth edition. Pp. xi.-257. Price $1. *The Life Around Us.* A Collection of Stories. By Maurice Francis Egan. Fifth edition. Pp. vii.-409. Price $1. *Kyriale seu Ordinarium Missæ Juxta Editionem Viticanam A. SS. PP. Pio X. Evulgatam.* Pp. 63. Price $5. *The Princess of Gau-Sar* (Mary Magdalen). By Andrew Klarman. Pp. 421. Price $1.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Patron Saints for Catholic Youth. By Mary E. Mannix. Vol. III. Pp. 190. Illustrated. Price 60 cents. *Round the World.* A Series of Interesting Illustrated Articles on a Great Variety of Subjects. Vol. III. Pp. 218. Price 85 cents. *The Bell Foundry.* By Otto von Schaching. Pp. 171. Price 45 cents. *The Mystery of Cleverly.* By George Barton. Pp. 232. Price 85 cents. *The Holy House of Adoration.* Compiled by Right Rev. William Stang, D.D. Pp. 194. Price 50 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Home for Good. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. Pp. xii.-326. Price $1.25 net. Postage 13 cents.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, New York:

In the Footprints of the Good Shepherd. New York—1857–1907. By Katherine E. Conway. Pp. xiii.-266.

THE LAMP PUBLISHING COMPANY, Garrison, N. Y.:

The Prince of the Apostles. By Father Paul James Francis and Father Spencer Jones. Pp. xx.-223. Price, cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents.

C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:

Christy of Rathglin. By James Riley. Pp. 343.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica—Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis continens Ludovici Blosii Opera Spiritualia Selecta. Pp. xv.-373. Price $1.10 net.

"MESSENGER" OFFICE, Dublin, Ireland:

Temperance Catechism. By Rev. J. A. Cullen, S.J. Pp. 64. Paper.

NEW ZEALAND TABLET PUBLISHING COMPANY, New Zealand:

The Church and the World. By Very Rev. T. le Menant des Chesnais, S.M. Second edition. Pp. 355.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

George Leicester, Priest. By E. H. Hickey. Pamphlet. Pp. 22. Price 1 penny. *A Maid of Many Sorrows.* By a Sister of Mercy. Pamphlet. Pp. 16. Price 1 penny.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Theologiæ Moralis Elementa. Disposuit A. J. J. F. Haine. Fifth edition. 4 Vols. Vol. I., pp. 568; Vol. II., 556; Vol. III., 528; Vol. IV., 571. *Philosophia Naturalis.* Secunda Pars. Auctore R. P. Fr. Ed. Hugon, O.P. Pp. 342.

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